

## Cottage For Sale

Guy Lombardo

Our little dream castle with every dream gone,  
is lonely and silent, the shades are all drawn,  
and my heart is heavy as I gaze upon

A cottage for sale

The lawn we were proud of is waving in hay,

Our beautiful garden has withered away,

Where you planted roses, the weeds seem to say,

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From every single window, I see your face,

But when I reach a window, there's empty space.

The key's in the mail box the same as before,

But no one is waiting any more,

The end of the story is told on the door.

A cottage for sale.