

Frank Sinatra "Cottage for Sale, A"

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A 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
A beautiful garden has withered away
Where you planted roses the weeds seem to say
A cottage for sale

From every single window I see your face
But when I reach a window there's empty space
The key's in the mailbox the same as before
But no one is waiting for me anymore
The end of our story is there on the door
A cottage for sale

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