

Little Willie John "A Cottage For Sale"

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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
Our 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 the window
There's an 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 told on the door
A cottage for sale

From every single window
I see your face
But when I reach the window
There's an empty space

The key's in the mailbox
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The end of our story
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