

# Hank Snow, For Sale

For sale one ring that's on your finger (it's such a pretty thing)  
For sale my memories that linger (I remember everything)  
For sale our home that stood on lover's lane  
The roses in the backyard will never seem the same

For sale one pillow stained from crying  
For sale one soul that's tired from trying  
You said to me it was never meant to be  
So goodbye good luck for sale

For sale one ring that's on my finger (it's such a pretty thing)  
You say your memories will linger (I remember everything)  
For sale our home that stood on lover's lane  
The roses in the backyard will never seem the same

You say your pillow's stained from cryin' (I'm so sad and blue)  
You say your soul iss tired from tryin' (don't know what to do)  
But it was plain to see it was never meant to be  
So goodbye good luck for sale