

# Sammy Kershaw, Yard Sale

Cardboard sign says yard sale.  
Real estate sign says sold.  
Family picnic table, holds all that it can hold.  
On the grass and on the sidewalk,  
Well, there must be half the town.  
Ain't it funny how a broken heart  
Can bring the prices down?

Oh, they're sortin' through  
What's left of you and me.  
Paying yard sale prices  
For each golden memory.  
Oh, I never thought I'd ever live to see,  
The way they're sortin' through  
What's left of you and me.

You left two summer dresses  
In the backyard on the line.  
Lady just brought them to me,  
Said she thinks they'll fit just fine.  
Well, there goes the baby's wagon  
And the mirror from the hall.  
I better take just one last look,  
Before they take it all.

Oh, they're sortin' through  
What's left of you and me.  
Paying yard sale prices  
For each golden memory.  
Oh, I never thought I'd ever live to see,  
The way they're sortin' through  
What's left of you and me.

Well, I wonder what you'd say  
If you could see  
The way they're sortin' through  
What's left of you and me.