

House for sale – Margriet Eshuijs

The sun went up one rainy morning
Just-a-couple-of-hours after dawn
Mrs. Hadley peaked out through her
curtains, wondering what was going on
The neighbours said over coffee cups
That nice young-couple is breaking up

In the living room, the linen and the
crystals sit all packed there set to go
I tell myself once more I won't be here
in spring to see my roses grow
And all the things you tried to fix
The roof still leaks, the door still sticks

**House for sale
You can read it on the sign**

**House for sale
it was yours and it was mine**

**And tomorrow some strangers
will be climbing up the stairs**

**To the bedroom filled with memories,
the one, we used to share**

I know you always loved that painting
From-that-funny-little-shop in Spain
Remember how we found it, when we
ducked in from that sudden summer rain
But-I-think I keep the silver tray
my-mother-gave-us, on our wedding day