

# Hugh X. Lewis, If This House Could Talk

If this house could talk oh what a story although it's only made of wood and stone  
How it would brag about its days of glory when it almost became a happy home

I just came back in town to sign the papers the house is sold now it's no longer mine  
And since the place I built for you once meant so much to me  
Thought I'd drop by and see it one more time  
I parked the car got out and looked it over  
The unkept lawn now seemed so strange to me  
That rambling rose that I'd set out with tender care had died  
And weeds grow now where flowers used to be  
I walked up close looked through the picture window  
The past was oh so clear as I looked through  
I listened close and almost heard those tender words of love  
As I sat by the fireside with you  
If this house could talk...