

Amy Grant, If These Walls Could Speak

(Jimmy Webb)

If these old walls
If these old walls could speak
Of things that they remembered well
Stories and faces dearly held
A couple in love
Livin' week to week
Rooms full of laughter
If these walls could speak

If these old halls
If hallowed halls could talk
These would have a tale to tell
Of sun goin' down and dinner bell
And children playing at hide and seek
From floor to rafter
If these halls could speak

They would tell you that I'm sorry
For bein' cold and blind and weak
They would tell you that it's only
That I have a stubborn streak
If these walls could speak

If these old fashioned window panes were eyes
I guess they would have seen it all
Each little tear and sigh and footfall
And every dream that we came to seek
Or followed after
If these walls could speak

They would tell you that I owe you
More than I could ever pay
Here's someone who really loves you
Don't ever go away
That's what these walls would say

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