

Nanci Griffith, If These Walls Could Speak

If these old walls
If these old walls could speak
What a tale it had to tell
Hard headed people raising hell
A couple in love living week to week
Rooms full of laughter
If these old walls could speak

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

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

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

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

If they were not so mean
If these old walls could speak