## Slim Dusty, If Those Lips Could Only Speak

He stood in a beautiful mansion surrounded by riches untold And gazed at a beautiful picture that hung in a frame of gold Was a picture of a lady, so beautiful, young and fair To the beautiful life-like features he murmered in sad despair

If those lips could only speak and those eyes could only see If those beautiful golden tresses were there in reality Could I only take your hand as you did when you took my name But it's only a beautiful picture in a beautiful golden frame

He sat there and gazed at the painting, then slumbered, forgetting all pain And there in that mansion in fancy she stood by his side again Then his lips, they softly murmered, the name of his once sweet bride With his eyes fixed on the picture he woke from his dream and cried

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