

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 murmured 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 murmured, 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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