

# This Old House

[Loretta Lynn](#)

1, 2, 3 Oh if this old house could talk  
What a story it would tell  
It would tell about the good times  
And the bad times as well  
It would tell about the love that lived  
And died inside these walls  
And the sound of the little footsteps  
Runnin' up and down the halls Oh, if this old house could talk  
It would break my heart in two  
I couldn't stand to be reminded  
Of all the things we used to do  
There's no love in this old house no more  
So I got it up for sale  
Why if this old house could talk  
What a story it would tell Oh, if this old house could talk  
I know what it would say  
I'm as lonesome as you are  
And I fell more empty every day  
I even miss the baby  
Who built me up to feel this way  
Why if this old house could talk  
Lord, I know what it would say

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