

If These Walls Could Speak

[Jimmy Webb/Nanci Griffith](#)

If these old walls, if these old walls could speak.
What a tale they have to tell, hard headed people raisin' hell.
A couple in love livin' 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 goin' down and dinner bells.
And children playin' at hide and seek.
From floor to rafters, if these old walls could speak.

They would tell you that I'm sorry.
For bein' and 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 fashion window panes had eyes.
I guess they would have seen it all.
Each little tear and silence step fall.
And every dream that we came to seek,
And followed after, if these old walls could speak.

They would tell you that I owe you,
More that 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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