

If These Walls Could Speak

Amy Grant

If these old walls,
If these old walls could speak
Of things that they remember well,
Stories and faces dearly held,
A couple in love
Livin' week to week,
Rooms full of laughter,
If these walls could speak.

If these old halls,
Hallowed halls could talk,
These would have a tale to tell
Of sun goin' down and dinner bell,
And children playing at hide and seek
From floor to rafter,
If these halls could speak.

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

If these old fashioned window panes were eyes,
I guess they would have seen it all -
Each little tear and sigh and footfall,
And every dream that we came to seek
Or followed after,
If these walls could speak.

They would tell you that I owe you
More than 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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