

If These Walls Could Talk

Lee Ann Womack

If houses tell stories
I wonder
About these walls of yours and mine
They could repeat any number
Of things
They've heard and seen in their time

All of the angry words spoken
Then the silence that follows for days
All that leaves a home feeling broken
Lord, if these walls could talk they'd pray

If love lived here you couldn't tell
Five thousand square feet of living hell
And two hearts that need to be saved
It all died here from pure neglect
Is it too dead to resurrect
Lord, if these walls could talk they'd pray

Two little hands folded tight by her bedside
Asking Jesus will my family be ok
A child of five is just too small
Her prayers alone can't save us all
Lord, if these walls could talk they'd pray

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