

This Old House

Loretta Lynn

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 little footsteps
Runnin' up and down the hall

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 feel nonempty everyday
Well, I even miss the babies
Who built me up to feel this way
Why, if this old house could talk
Lord, I know what it would say

If this old house could talk
What a story it would tell
We built this home together
And with love we drove each nail
Take me in your arms and hold me
'Cause we've been apart too long
Why if this old house could talk
All it would say is welcome home