

# If This House Could Talk

Stonewall Jackson

If this house could talk oh what a story although it's only made  
of wood and stone  
How it could brag about its days of glory when it almost became  
a happy home  
I just came back in town to sign the papers the house is sold now  
it's no longer mine  
And since the place I built for you once meant so much to me

Thought I'd drop by and see it one more time  
I parked the car got out and looked it over  
The unkempt lawn now seemed so strange to me  
That rambling rose that I'd set out with tender care had died

And weeds grow now where flowers used to be  
I walked up close looked through the picture window  
The past was oh so clear as I looked through  
I listened close and almost heard those tender words of love

As I sat by the fireside with you  
If this house could talk...