

# 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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