

If Those Lips Could Only Speak

Slim Dusty

He stood in a beautiful mansion surrounded by riches
untold,
And gazed at a beautiful picture that hung in a frame
of gold.
Was a picture of a lady, so beautiful, young and fair
To the beautiful life-like features he murmured in sad
despair.

If those lips could only speak and those eyes could
only see,
If those beautiful golden tresses were there in reality
Could I only take your hand as you did when you took my
name,
But it's only a beautiful picture in a beautiful golden
frame.

He sat there and gazed at the painting, then slumbered,
forgetting all pain,
And there in that mansion in fancy she stood by his
side again,
Then his lips, they softly murmured, the name of his
once sweet bride
With his eyes fixed on the picture he woke from his
dream and cried.

If those lips could only speak and those eyes could
only see,
If those beautiful golden tresses were there in
reality.
Could I only take your hand as you did when you took my
name,
But it's only a beautiful picture in a beautiful golden
frame