

## 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  
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