

487-1000
If i were a painter

If i were a painter
The stories i could tell
With a wave of my brush
Under a spring breeze hush
From a church lawn on the hill
I'd paint the ringing of the bell
You'd feel the autumn and better still
I'd craft one rose upon the window sill
If i were a painter

If i were a sculptor
The stories i could weave
As from that bit of clay
All life's secrets i'd convey
From a church lawn on a hill
I'd build from dirt a bell
And you'd feel the winter with each toll
In my work futures would unfold
If i were a sculptor

If i were a singer
The stories you would hear
And each delivered line
On that hilltop lost in time
And from that church lawn on that hill
Each note'd sound sweeter still
As the tales of youth were born
In my songs i would adorn
If i were a singer

If i were a painter
If i were a sculptor
If i were a singer