

Hank Williams, Lonesome Whistle

A tongue can accuse or carry bad news;
The seeds of distrust it will sow.
So unless you have made no mistakes in your life,
Be careful of stones that you throw.
A neighbor was passing my garden one time;
She smiled and I knew right away
That it was gossip not flowers that she had on her mind,
And this is what I heard my neighbor say:
"That bad girl down the street, she should be run from our midst.
She drinks and she talks quite a lot.
She knows not to speak to my child nor to me."
My neighbor then smiled, and I thought . . .
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The car speeded by, the screaming of brakes
A sound that made my blood chill,
For my neighbor's one child had been pulled from the path
And saved by a girl lying still.
Her child was unhurt and my neighbor cried out,
"Oh, who is that brave girl so sweet?"
I covered the crushed, broken body and said,
"That bad girl down the street."
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