

Lorrie Morgan, Rocks

Pretty little girl
Sweet sixteen
Crying in the dark
On the front porch swing
She's got a secret she can't keep for long
Don't wanna tell her daddy and her mamma
She's afraid ehat everybody's gonna say about her
Once the truth is known

CHORUS

Rock, yeah, they're easy to find
Everybody knows what's wrong and right
Oh, rocks, yeah, who's gonna draw the line
Rock, oh, were made to be thrown
So ye without sin cast the first stone

Dirty old man begging on the street
He needs a job if he wants to eat
Who's he tryin' to fool with the cardboard sign
Whatever you do don't give him any money
Everybody knows he ain't really hungry
He's just gonna spend it all on wine

REPEAT CHORUS

Don't talk to him
His skin's a different color
Two of the same
Should never be lovers
Don't trust him
Because he looks like a thief
We don't like them
Because of what they believe

REPEAT CHORUS