

Hank Williams Jr., Be Careful Of Stones That You

A tongue can accuse and carry bad news the seeds of distrust it will sow
But unless you've made no mistakes in your life be careful of stones that you throw

A neighbor was passing my garden one time she stopped and I knew right away
That it was gossip not flowers she had on her mind
And this is what I heard my neighbor say
That bad girl down the street should be run from our midst
She drinks and she talks quite a lot
She knows not to speak to me or my child my neighbor then smiled and I thought
A tongue can accuse...

A car speeded by and 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
The child was unhurt and my neighbor cried out oh who was that brave girl so sweet
I covered the crushed broken body and sad the bad girl who lived down the street
A tongue can accuse...