

Hank Williams Jr., Too Many Parties Too Many P

Too many parties and too many pals will break your heart someday
Too many boyfriends and sociable sounds will drive your sweetheart away
Gentlemen of the jury the judge's speech began
The scene was a crowded courtroom and the judge a stern old man
This prisoner here before you is a social enemy
A lady of the evening and you know the penalty
Her eyes reflect the nightlife her cheeks are red with paint
But I knew her mother gentlemen why her mother was a saint
Now I know that she's not like her and yet she might have been
If it hadn't been for pettin' parties cigarettes and gin
We took the night life off the streets and brought it in our own homes
While girls beguiled with lipstick danced to saxophones
We opened up the underworld to the ones we loved so well
So tell me gentlemen is it right to send her to a cell
If she drinks well you taught her and if she smokes you showed her how
So gentlemen do you think it's right to go and condemn her now
And when you're in that juryroom just remember there and then
That for every fallen woman there's a hundred fallen men
And before you render a verdict on what this girl has done
Just remember that there's a man to blame and that man might be your son
Now gentlemen that's my story my testimony stands
This girl is my own daughter and the case is in your hands
Those Broadway roses and credible sounds
Had too many many parties and too many pals