

Hank Williams, Too Many Parties And Too Many

TOO MANY PARTIES TOO MANY PALS

(Billy Ross - Ray Henderson - Mort Dixon)

'50 Milene Music

Too many parties and too many pals will break your heart someday

Too many boyfriends and sociable sals may 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 they're 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 while you taught her and if she smokes you showed her how

So gentlemen do you think it's right to 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 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 prevalent sounds at too many parties and too many pals