

Porter Wagoner, 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 passin' my garden one day she stopped and I knew right away
That gossip not flowers she had on her mind and this is what I heard my neighbor say
You know that girl down who lived down the street she oughta be run from our midst
She drinks and she talks quite a lot
But she knows not to speak to my child nor to me
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
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 said
That's the bad girl that lived down the street
A tongue can accuse...