

## Be Careful of Stones That You Throw

Hank Williams Jr.

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

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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

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