

Be Careful of Stones That You Throw

Hank Williams

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 girl down the street should be run from our midst
She drinks and she talks quite a lot
She knows not to speak to my child or to me."
My neighbor then smiled and I thought:

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A car speeded by and the screamin' 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 said:
"The bad girl who lived down the street."

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