

# Too Many Parties and Too Many Pals

Hank Williams

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 pain  
t  
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