

# The First Stone

Paul McCartney

Hey, you sinners, open all the doors, have I got news for you  
about that money loving preach of yours.  
Friday night you'll find him taking pictures of a model in a cheap hotel.  
Sunday morning he's raving from the pulpit, threatening to send  
us all to hell, well, well.

Don't throw, don't throw, don't throw, don't throw any stones.  
If you can't live by what you teach, you better leave alone.  
Don't throw, don't throw, don't throw, don't throw any stones.  
Unless you practice what you preach, you'll never find love.

Can't find love, can't find love, can't find love, can't find love.  
Don't throw, don't throw, don't throw, don't throw any stones.  
If you can't live by what you teach, you better leave alone.  
Don't throw, don't throw, don't throw, don't throw any stones.  
Unless you practice what you preach, you'll never find love.

Hey, you sinners, well, you never can tell, the glory train is  
leaving in the morning  
but the preacher's there to say farewell, well, well.  
Can't find love, can't find love, can't find love, can't find love,  
can't find love, can't find love.  
Yet be you who is without sins, cast the first stone. (the first stone,  
the first stone, the first stone)

Can't find love, can't find love, you can't find love, you can't  
find love.