

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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