

## Hank Williams

# "Too Many Parties Too Many Pals"

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Too many parties and too many pals  
Will break your heart someday  
Too many boyfriends and sociable sals  
Will drive your sweetheart away

Gentlemen of the jury the judge's speech began  
The scene was a crowded courtroom and the judge a  
sterned 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 paint  
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 into  
our own homes  
While girls beat time with lipstick and the streaks of  
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 why, 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

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