

Hank Williams Jr. "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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