

Ain't Hurtin' Nobody

John Prine

"I'm a walkin' down the street
Like Lucky LaRue
Got my hand in my pocket
Thinkin' 'bout you
I ain't hurtin' nobody
I ain't hurtin' no one There's three hundred men
In the State of Tennessee
They're waiting to die
They won't never be free
I ain't hurtin' nobody
I ain't hurtin' no one
Six million seven hundred thousand
And thirty-three lights on
You'd think someone could take the time
To sit down and listen to the words of my song At the beach in Indiana
I was nine years old
Heard Little Richard singing "Tutti Frutti"
From the top of a telephone pole
I wasn't hurtin' nobody
I wasn't hurtin' no one There's roosters layin' chickens
And chickens layin' eggs
Farm machinery eating people's arms and legs
I ain't hurtin' nobody
I ain't hurtin' no one Perfectly crafted popular hit songs never use the wrong rhyme
You'd think that waitress could get my order
Right the first time
She's sittin' on the back steps
Just shuckin' that corn
That gal's been grinnin'
Since the day she was born
She ain't hurtin' nobody
She ain't hurtin' no one I used to live in Chicago
Where the cold wind blows
I delivered more junk mail
Than the junkyard would hold
I wasn't hurtin' nobody
I wasn't hurtin' no one You can fool some of the people part of the time
In a rock and roll song
Fifty million Elvis Presley fans
Can't be all wrong"

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

