

Buck Owens, I Don't Hurt You

I hear the bluebirds singing I hear the robins too
I hear the church bells ringing but I don't hear you
I see little things marked his and hers a constant reminder we're through
I hear the rain on my window but I don't hear you
[steel]
I hear the children playing I hear the clock striking two
I hear the mailman whistling but I don't hear you
I see little things...
Oh but I don't hear you