

John Prine, Ain't Hurtin' Nobody

I'm a walkin' down the street like Lucky Larue
Got my hand in my pocket I'm 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 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 laying chickens and chickens layin' eggs
Farm machinery eating people's arms and legs
I wasn't hurtin' nobody
I wasn'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 sitting on the back steps just shucking that corn
That gal's been grinning 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