

# 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 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 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 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  
I'm a walkin' down the street like Lucky Larue  
Got my hand in my pocket, baby, thinkin' 'bout you  
I ain't hurtin' nobody, I ain't hurtin' no one  
I ain't hurtin' nobody, I ain't hurtin' no one  
Hurtin' nobody, hurtin' no one  
Hurtin' nobody, hurtin' no one  
Hurtin' nobody, hurtin' no one

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>