

Prine John

"Ain't Hurtin' Nobody"

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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'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 laying chickens
And chickens laying 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...

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