

# Hello in There

John Prine

We had an apartment in the city,  
Me and Loretta liked living there.  
Well, it'd been years since the kids had grown,  
A life of their own left us alone.  
John and Linda live in Omaha,  
And Joe is somewhere on the road.  
We lost Davy in the Korean war,  
And I still don't know what for, don't matter anymore.

Ya' know that old trees just grow stronger,  
And old rivers grow wilder ev'ry day.  
Old people just grow lonesome  
Waiting for someone to say, Hello in there, hello.

Me and Loretta, we don't talk much more,  
She sits and stares through the back door screen.  
And all the news just repeats itself  
Like some forgotten dream that we've both seen.  
Someday I'll go and call up Rudy,  
We worked together at the factory.  
But what could I say if asks What's new?  
Nothing, what's with you? Nothing much to do.

Ya' know that old trees just grow stronger,  
And old rivers grow wilder ev'ry day.  
Old people just grow lonesome  
Waiting for someone to say, Hello in there, hello.

So if you're walking down the street sometime  
And spot some hollow ancient eyes,  
Please don't just pass 'em by and stare  
As if you didn't care, say, Hello in there, hello.