

# John Prine

## "Hello In There"

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We had an apartment in the city  
Me and Loretta liked living there  
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 every 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 every 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"

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