

Bette Midler, Fried Eggs(Spoken Word)/Hello In T

I was walking down 42nd street one day,
I wasn't workin'42nd street I was walkin
42nd street. And this amazing thing
happened to me. It was July it was about
89 degrees. It was hot, hot for New York
You know and I was walking east and this
humungous person was coming west. And she
had this big blue house dress on peppered
all over with little white daisies. She was
almost bald but sitting on top of her head,
forehead you know on her forehead was this
fried egg. Which I thought was really unusual.
Because in New York City the ladies with the
fried eggs on their heads don't generally come
out until September or October you know. Here
was this lady this demented lady with a little
fried egg on her head in the middle of July.
God what a sight and ever, ever since I saw that
lady not one day goes by that I don't think of
her and I say to myself "Oh God, don't let me
wake up tomorrow and want to put a fried egg on
my head. Oh God. "Then I say real fast I say " Oh
God, if by chance I should wind up with a fried
egg on my head";cause sometimes you can't help those
things you know, you can't. I say to myself "don't
let anybody notice."And then I say real fast after
that "if they do notice that I'm carrying something
that, that's not quite right and they want to talk
about it, let 'em talk about it but don't let 'em
talk so I can hear I don't want to hear it." Cause
the truth about fried eggs, you can call it a fried
egg, you can call it anything you like, but everybody
gets one, some people wear 'em on the outside, some
people they wear 'em on the inside.

We had an apartment in the city.
Me and my husband liked living there.
It's been years since the kids have grown,
a life of their own, left us alone.

John and Linda live in Omaha.
Joe is somewhere on the road.
We lost Davy in the Korean war.
I still don't know what for, don't matter any more.

You know that old trees just grow stronger,
and old rivers grow wilder every day,
but old people, they just grow lonesome
waiting for someone to say,
"Hello in there. Hello"

Me and my husband, we don't talk much anymore.
He sits and stares through the backdoor screen.
And all the news just repeats itself
like some forgotten dream
that we've both seen.

Someday I'll go and call up Judy.
We worked together at the factory.
Ah, but what would I say when she asks what's new?
Say, "Nothing, what's with you?
Nothing much to do."

You know that old trees just grow stronger,

and old rivers grow wilder every day,
ah, but old people, they just grow lonesome
waiting for someone to say,
"Hello in There. Hello."

So if you're walking down the street sometime
and you should spot some hollow ancient eyes,
don't you pass them by and stare
as if you didn't care.
Say, "Hello in there. Hello."