

# Bette Midler, Fried Eggs

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,  
&quot;Hello in there. Hello&quot;;

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, &quot;Nothing, what's with you?  
Nothing much to do.&quot;;

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,  
&quot;Hello in There. Hello.&quot;;

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, &quot;Hello in there. Hello.&quot;;