

# John Prine, We Are The Lonley

Down the hall upstairs from me  
There's a girl I swear I never see  
I hear the ringing of her phone  
She must live up there all alone  
She hangs her clothes out on the line  
They're hanging there right next to mine  
And if the wind should blow just right  
She could be in my arms tonight

We are the lonely all together  
All together we're all alone  
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All together we're all alone

The cashier at the pump &&& pay  
Knows everything's gonna be okay  
The all night all right rent-a-cop  
Is across the street at the donut shop  
The waitress waits with whiskey sour  
At the single mingle happy hour  
The one man band begins to sing  
Accompanied by a drum machine

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White divorced swinging male  
Seeks company to no avail  
Worthless ruthless toothless man  
Wants wealthy woman with a plan  
SWF with a PhD  
Seeks TLC at the A&P  
GWM nice and trim  
Seeks s-e-x at the g-y-m  
Ugly man treats girls like dirt  
Wants buttons sewn upon his shirt  
DUI at the b-a-r  
Seeks m-a-n with c-a-r

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Toothy gal with breasts so large  
Takes Visa Amex Master Charge  
Dial 1-900 girls for fun  
You lonely little hot dog bun