

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