Hello, There

John Cale

Hooked up on a fishing line,
Looking for the break of day
I've never been here before anyway
Its the line in my feet that's to blame.Settled down in the mud
Giving everybody blood
It's just not such a beautiful thing to do.Left the castle in spain
In an ambulance all the way
Could it be that the clock's really stopped?Hello, there.
Everbody, when's the next train out of here?
I'm sorry, but I'm much too young for this
I'll come back again next year.He came to lend a helping hand
To the miller and the butcher's men
Someone took the tuba for a pony ride
And the music sounded so much better.Taking turns having fun
When there's not enough sun
It was midnight when the chorus came
Then the piano collapsed in a heap on the grass
And they blamed it on a rock 'n roll songHello, there.
Everbody, when's the next train out of here?
I'm sorry but I'm much too young for this
I'll come back again next year.
Yes I'll come back again next year.

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