

# Hello, There

[John Cale](#)

Hooked up on a fishing line,  
Looking for the break of day  
I've never been here before anyway  
It's 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.  
Everybody, 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 song Hello, there.  
Everybody, 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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