

MTA, Charlie on the

by Jacqueline Steiner and Bess Hawes
(1948)

^C
Let me tell you of a story 'bout a man named Charlie
^C ^{G7}
On a tragic and fateful day.
^C ^F
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family,
^{C(1/2)} ^{G7(1/2)} ^C
Went to ride on the M T A.

^C ^F
But will he ever return? No he'll never return,
^C ^{G7}
And his fate is still unlearned.
^C ^F
He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston,
^{C(1/2)} ^{G7(1/2)} ^C
He's the man who never returned.

Charlie handed in his dime at the Scully Square Station,
And he changed for Jamaica Plain.
When he got there the conductor told him, "One more nickel!"
Charlie couldn't get off of that train.

Now all night long Charlie rides through the stations,
Crying, "What will become of me?
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsey,
Or my brother in Roxbury?"

Charlie's wife goes down to the Scully Square Station,
Every day at a quarter past two.
And through the open window she hands Charlie his sandwich
As the train goes rumbling through.

Now Charlie off the M T A!