

THE MTA SONG

Well - let me tell you the sto - ry of the man named Char - lie on a
 tra - gic and fate - ful day. He put ten cents in his poc - ket, kissed his
 wife and fam - - 'ly, went to ride on the M. T. A. Did he
 e - ver re - turn? No he ne - ver re - turned and his fate is
 still un - - - learned. He may ride for - e - - - ver 'neath the
 streets of Bos - - - ton, he's the man who ne - ver re - turned.

CHARLES
 Did he ever return?
 No, he never returned,
 And his fate is still unlearned.
 He may ride forever
 'neath the streets of Boston,
 He's the man who never returned.

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

Now all night long, Charlie rides
 through the tunnel,
 Saying, "What will become of me?"
 "How can I afford to see my sister in
 Chelsea,
 Or my cousin in Roxbury?"

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

Now you citizens of Boston, don't you
 think it is a scandal,
 That the peoploe have to pay and pay?
 Fight the fare increase, fight the fare
 increase,
 Get Charlie off the M.T.A.

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