

# MTA

Well, let me tell you of the story of a man named Charly  
on a tragic and faithful day.

He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and fam'ly  
went to ride on the MTA.

**Well, did he ever return, no he never returned,  
and his fate is still unlearned.**

**He may ride forever need the streets of Boston,  
he's the man who never returned.**

Charly handed in his diamond a candle square station  
and he changed for Jamaica plane

When he got there the conductor sold him one more nickle  
Charly couldn't get off of that train.

**But did he ever return, ...**

Now all night long Charly rides through the station  
crying what will become of me

How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea  
or my cousin in Ragsbury.

**But did he ever return, ...**

**Charly's wife goes down to the scoller square Station  
ev'ry day at quarter past two.**

**And through the open window she hands Charly a sandwich  
as the train comes rumbeling through.**

**But did he ever return, ...**

Now you citizens of Boston if you think it's a scandal  
how the people have to pay and pay,  
fight the fairypriest vote for George O'Brian  
get my Charly off the MTA.

**But did he ever return, ...**

**For else he ever return, ...**

**(J.Steiner/B.Hawes)**