

# M.T.A.

Well, let me tell you of the story of a man named Charlie  
On a tragic and fateful day.  
He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family,  
Went to ride on the M.T.A.

## Chorus:

Well, 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 knew he had to change at Main.  
When he got there the conductor told him, "One more nickel."  
Charlie couldn't get off of that train. *(Repeat Chorus)*

Now, all night long Charlie rides through the station,  
Crying, "What will become of me?!!  
How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea  
Or my cousin in Roxbury?" *(Repeat Chorus)*

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

Now, you citizens of Boston, don't you think it's a scandal  
How the people have to pay and pay?  
Fight the fare increase! Vote for George O'Brien!  
Get poor Charlie off the M. T. A.

*Or else, he'll never return, no he'll never return, and his fate is still unlearned.  
He may ride forever, 'neath the streets of Boston, he's the man who never returned.  
He's the man who never returned.  
He's the man who never returned.*