

CHARLIE AND THE MTA

3.1 cent
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AUS

Let me tell you a story 'bout 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 MTA.

CHORUS:

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

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

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?"

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 rumbling through.

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'Brian,
And get Charlie off the MTA!

CHORUS

PUNKY'S DILEMMA

Wish I was a Kellogg's cornflake
Floatin' in my bowl takin' movies
Relaxin' a while, livin' in style
Talkin' to a raisin who occasionally plays LA
Casually glancin' at his toupee

Wish I was an english muffin
'Bout to make the most out of a toaster
I'd ease myself down, comin' up brown
I'd prefer boysenberry more than any ordinary jam
I'm a citizen for boysenberry jam fan

If I become a first lieutenant
Would you put my photo on your piano
To Mary Jane, best wishes, Martin. Old Roger, draft dodger leavin'
By the basement door. Everybody knows what he's tippytoein'down there for.