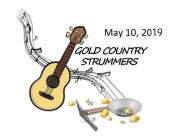
Baritor

Charlie on the MTA



 $\ensuremath{\mathsf{G}}$ Well, let me tell you the story of a man named Charlie

G D7 On a tragic and fateful day

G He put ten cents in his pocket, kissed his wife and family

G D7 G Went to ride on the M.T.A.

G C G D7 (What a pity) Well, did he ever return, no he never returned and his fate is still un-learn'd

G C G D7 G He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston, he's the man who never re-turned

G Charlie handed in his dime at the Kendall Square Station

G D7 And he changed for Jamaica Plain

G When he got there the conductor told him, "One more nickel."

G D7 G Charlie couldn't get off that train

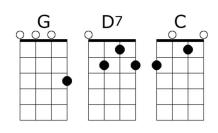
G C G D7 G He may ride forever 'neath the streets of Boston, he's the man who never re-turned

Now all night long Charlie rides through the tunnels crying

G D7 "What will become of me?

G How can I afford to see my sister in Chelsea

G D7 G Or my cousin in Roxbur-y?"



Charlie on the MTA (pg 2)



