

**1 Verse**

**Bb**

1. Let me tell you of the sto - ry 'bout a man named Char - lie on a  
 2. Char - lie hand - ed in his dime at the Kendall Square Sta - tion and he  
 3. Now all night long Char - lie rides through the sta - tions cry - ing,  
 4. Char - lie's wife goes down to the Scollay Square Sta - tion ev - 'ry  
 5. Now you citi - zens of Bos - ton, don't you think It's a scan - dal that the

**Bb** **F7** **Bb**

trag - ic and fate - ful day. He put ten cents in his poc - ket, kissed his  
 changed for Ja - mai - ca Plain. When he got there the con -duc - tor told him,  
 "What will be - come of me? How can I af - ford to see my  
 day at a quarter past two. And through the o - pen win - dow she hands  
 people have to pay and pay? Fight the fare in - crease. Vote for

**Eb** **F7** **Bb**

wife and fam' - ly, went to ride on the M. T. A. Well did he  
 "One more nic - kel." Char - lie could - n't get off the train.  
 sis - ter in Chel - sea or my cou - sin in Rox - bur - y?"  
 Char - lie a sand - wich as the train comes rum - bling through.  
 Walter O' Bri - en and get Char - lie off the M. T. A.

**2 Chorus**

**Bb** **Eb** **Bb**

ev - er re - turn?\_ No he nev - er re - turned, and his fate is still\_ un -

**F7** **Bb** **Eb**

learned. He may ride for - ev - er 'neath the streets of Bos - ton, he's the

**F7** **Bb** **Bb**

man who nev - er re - turned. 2. Char - lie turned -  
 3. Now  
 4. Char - lie's  
 5. Now you

(repeat) (last time)