

1 Verse

C

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

3

C **G7** **C**

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

6

F **G7** **C**

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 - wick as the train comes rum - bling through.
 Walter O' - Bri - en and get Char - lie off the M. T. A.

9 **2 Chorus**

C **F** **C**

ev - er re - turn?__ No he nev - er re - turned, and his fate is still__ un -

12

G7 **C** **F**

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

15

G7 **C** (repeat) **C** (last time)

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