Ticket Taker

The Low Anthem

Tonight's the night when the waters rise
You're groping in the dark
The ticket takers count the men who can afford the arc
The ticket takers will not board
For the ticket takers are tied
For five and change an hour
They will count the passers byThey say the sky's the limit
But the sky's about to fall
Down come all them record books cradle and all
They say before he bit it
That the boxer felt no pain
But somewhere there's a gamblin' man
With a ticket in the rainMary Anne, I know I'm a long shot
But Mary Anne, what else have you got
I am a ticket taker, many tickets have I torn
And I will be your arc, we will float above the stormMany years have passed in this river town
I've sailed through many traps
I keep a stock of weapons should society collapse
I keep a stock of amo
One of oil and one of gold
I keep a place for Mary Anne
Soon she will come home

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