

# Ticket Taker

Jocie Adams

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 by They 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 rain Mary 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 storm Many 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 CHORUS  
CHORUS

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