

# J C Cohen

## Allan Sherman

Listen all you children to my sad refrain  
About a subway conductor on a runaway train  
Squeezing people into cars, he won his fame  
And John Charles Cohen was the great man's name J. C. Cohen, what a great conductor  
IRT that's a subway line  
And if you gotta travel uptown  
He's a greater conductor than Leonard Bernstein 'Twas on a Sunday in the summer and from everywhere  
People planned to take a subway to the World's Fair  
A half a million people tried to push and jar  
All of them determined to get in one car But the IRT depended on their finest men  
J. C. Cohen could pack a subway like a sardine can  
He pushed the people up and back and 'round about  
He squeezed so many in he squeezed the engineer out J. C. Cohen, what a great conductor  
How he'd moan, step to the rear  
J. C. Cohen, he really had a problem  
On a subway train without an engineer J. C. tried to get into the engineer's place  
But when he look inside the cab, he saw a strange man's face  
A half pint drunk with a full pint bottle  
He emptied out the bottle and he yelled, full throttle They passed Columbus Circle doing 82  
A couple minutes later they were under Bronx Zoo  
J. C. shuddered and he said, "I guess  
This used to be a local but it's now an Express" J. C. Cohen, what a great conductor  
Kept his head when everyone was tense  
He said, "When we pass the city limits  
Everybody pays another fifteen cents" J. C. said, "We're heading north, my friends  
But not a man alive knows where the subway ends"  
The train went under Albany at 90 flat  
And Governor Rockefeller hollered, "What was that?" A lady said to J. C. Cohen with indignation  
"If this is Albany then you have passed my station  
So either you should take me back to fifty ninth Street  
Or ask one of these gentlemen to give me his seat" J. C. Cohen, what a great conductor  
J. C. Cohen noticed something odd  
When he saw lobsters on the roadbed  
He said, "I got a feeling we're beneath Cape Cod" Oh well, the train kept speeding to the north my friends  
Finally came to where the tunnel ends  
When they came up to the surface from the long, long hole  
They were twenty seven inches from the great North Pole J. C. hollered, "Everybody out  
This is the end of the line beyond the shadow of a doubt"  
They went out to get some fresh air and before they took a whiff

Cohen and all the passengers were frozen stiff  
J. C. Cohen, what a great conductor  
Bless his soul, he ran out of luck  
J. C. Cohen, he was really frozen  
And he had to be brought home in a Good Humor truck  
When they told Mrs. Cohen that she'd lost her man  
She said, "Must you interrupt me when I'm playing Pan?"  
Then she said to her partner, Mrs. R. J. Rosen  
"Cohen was a lovely husband but he's no good frozen"  
Then she went to her little boy and took his hand  
And she said, "I'm going to take you out to Disneyland  
So Melvin, little darling, don't you weep or wail  
'Cause you got another papa on the monorail"  
Got another papa on the monorail

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