

# The Ballad of the MTA

(to the tune of Oh! Susanna)

By Carol Skinner

Oh, they're building us a subway  
And it's called the Metro Rail  
And they say the cars will roll away.  
To the Valley without fail.

**Chorus:**

*Oh!, the subway  
Our brand new Metro Rail.  
If we had a clue how to get to you  
We would ride through hill and dale!*



Our main streets all have been torn up  
For years and years you know.  
Relax and pay your county tax  
And one day the mess will go.  
**Chorus: (etc.)**

The Boulevard has sunk some  
And Vermont is just a mess  
And to ride beneath the mountain side  
Makes us nervous, we confess.

Oh, there won't be any parking  
For our brand new subway train  
"Kiss and ride" the engineers all cried.  
But our kisses are in vain.

They promised us a shuttle bus  
To ride for a small fee.  
But the shuttle bus is a joke on us  
Cause it won't be there, you see.



If you want to ride the subway soon  
Collect your running gear,  
Don't you cry, don't pout, start working out—  
It's a two mile hike from here.

Then let us sing the praises  
Of our trusty MTA.  
We may ride it or deride it  
But we certainly will pay.



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