

Ticket Taker

Robert Plant

Tonight's the night when the waters rise
You're groping in the dark
The ticket takers count the men who can afford the ark
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 gambling 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 ark, 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 ammo, one of oil, and one of gold
I keep a place for Mary Anne, soon she will come home

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