

Monkees

"Peter Gunn's Gun"

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by Michael Leonard, Bobby Weinstein & Jon Stroll
Throw a penny from the window, watch an old man play
a song
On a twenty-dollar violin he bought before the war,
Though he screeches and he scratches and the notes
are always wrong,
But he plays like he's in concert on the street outside
my door.
Tunes to suit your fancy,
Are there any requests?
I'll play them for a penny,
(Play them penny music, play them for a penny)
And not a penny less.
He's the local virtuoso, it's his only way of life,
Plays ninety-seven overtures and goes home to his
wife,
In the quiet of the evening while his frozen fingers
bleed,
He counts pennies on a blanket to supply his meager
need.
Tunes to suit your fancy,
Are there any requests?
I'll play them for a penny,
(Play them penny music, play them for a penny)
And not a penny less.
When there's frost upon the pumpkin in the weakness
of the sun,
People stand there in the cold until his symphony is
done,
In the early gray of morning, he's sure to come around,
You can hear him through the window when the
pennies hit the ground.
Tunes to suit your fancy,
Are there any requests?
I'll play them for a penny,
(Play them penny music, play them for a penny)
And not a penny less.
They're playing penny music,
Playing penny music,
They're playing penny music,
Playing penny music,
Playing penny music.

fade out...

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