

Monkees, The

"Penny Music"

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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

Choose to suit your fancy
Are there any requests?
I'll play them for a
pennyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
(play them for a penny)
and not a penny less

He's the local virtuoso
It's his only way of life
plays 97 overtures
and goes on home to his wife
In the quiet of the evening
while his frozen fingers bleed
he counts pennies
on the blanket to supply his meeger(sp?) needs

Choose to suit your fancy
Are there any requests?
I'll play them for a
pennyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
(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 thru the window
when the pennies hit the ground

Choose to suit your fancy

Are there any requests?
I'll play them for a
pennyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
(play them for a penny)
and not a penny less

They're playing penny music
(aaahhhhaaahhhh)
Playing penny music
(aaahhhhaaahhhh)

[Last two lines repeat a few more times]

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