

# Put A Penny In The Slot

Fionn Regan

I apologise,  
seem to have arrived,  
On what items in my bag from your house.  
There's cutlery,  
a tablecloth, some Hennessy,  
And a book on Presidents deceased.  
I'll have them fed-exed to you,  
It was a strange thing to do,  
I hope we can still be friends.  
Ah, it was not me,  
but someone else, you see,  
Twisting the steering reins.

Put a penny in the slot and make an  
artificial li-ii-iight shine,  
Leave go-ooo. Mark old and line.

I don't give advise,  
But be wise and think twice,  
Before getting involved in a game.  
Where the minority  
Face the majority,  
Who are faceless and born without names.  
Was it knock synch when  
we came across three men,  
They had church candles wrapped in newspaper.  
I bought two from them,  
And I'll lit one for you,  
I hope the message made it's way down the wire.

Put a penny in the slot and make an  
artificial li-ii-iight shine,  
Leave go-ooo. Mark old and line.

The soul of a dog,  
he's alive and not gone  
To the farm like the others said.  
A Rhodesian richback,  
Off the beaten track,  
In a furniture shop down on the quays.  
For the loneliness you foster,  
I suggest Paul Oster,  
A book called Timbuktu.

Put a penny in the slot and watch the  
Drunken sailor boy dance.  
She will not let you be  
Her lov-ver.  
She goes out looking for  
The taxi.  
Her phone is ringing straight to  
Message-minder.  
Send out a battalion to  
Find her.

Put a penny in the slot and count the  
Swans through a te-elescope.

I can't help from cryin'  
I wish you were mine.

When I was seventeen,  
I followed my dream,  
Up into a high-rise block.  
The adventures of Augie March,  
By Saul Bel-low,  
Was all I had for company.  
At night time I'd lie  
In Beckingham pike,  
With tears like flashbulbs.  
And recall my treasure-  
Searching days,  
In the rock pools as a kid.

To the remains of  
The cherub plains,  
Or around the bonfire in Nailors'