

# Penny Music

The Monkees

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 penny,  
(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 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 meager needs.

Choose to suit your fancy,  
Are there any requests?  
I'll play them for a penny,  
(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.

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

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