

# The Monkees, Penny Music

Throw a penny from the window  
Watch an old man play a song  
On a twenty dollar violin he bought before the war  
Though the 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  
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 meagre need

Tunes to suit your fancy  
Are there any requests?  
I'll play them for a penny  
And not a penny less

When there's frost upon the pumpkin  
In the weakness of the sun  
He'll 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  
And not a penny less

They're playing penny music  
Playing penny music  
They're playing penny music  
Playing penny music...