

Fionn Regan, Put A Penny In The Slot

I apologise,
seem to have arrived,
home with 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 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. My golden arm.

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 Auster,
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' cove.
Good company and grief
Sit like a dark leaf,
Sits beside a stinging nett-le.

Put a penny in the slot and make an
artificial li-ii-iight shi-iine,
Leave go-ooo. My golden arm.