

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...