## **Put A Penny In The Slot**

## **Fionn Regan**

I apologize,

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 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 doc leaf,

Sits beside a singing nett-le.Put a penny in the slot and make an

Artificial li-ii-iight shi-iine,

Leave go-ooo. My golden arm

Songwriters

FIONN REGANPublished by

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