Put A Penny In The Slot

Fionn Regan

I apologize, seem to have arrived
Home with items in my bag from your house
There's cutlery, a tablecloth, some Hennessey
And a book on presidents deceasedI'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 reinsPut a penny in the slot
And make an artificial light shine
Leave, go, my golden armI don't give advice but be wise and think twice
Before getting involved in a game
Where the minority face the majority
You are faceless and born without nameWas 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 its way down the wirePut a penny in the slot
And make an artificial light shine
Leave, go, my golden armThe soul of a dog, he's alive and not gone
To the farm like the others said
A Rhodesian Ridgeback off the beaten track
In a furniture shop down on the quaysFor the loneliness you foster I suggest Paul Auster
A book called TimbuktuPut a penny in the slot
And watch the drunken sailor boy danceShe will not let you be her lover
She goes out looking for the taxi
Her phone is ringing straight to message-minder
Send out a battalion to find herPut a penny in the slot
And count the swans through a telescope
I can't help from cryin', I wish you were mineWhen I was seventeen I followed my dream
Up into a high-rise block
The Adventures Of Augie March by Saul Below
Was all I had for companyAt night time I'd lie in Buckingham Park
With tears like flashbulbs
And recall my treasure-searching days
In the rock coves as a kidTo the remains of the cherub plains
Or around the bonfire in Nailers Cove
Good company and grief sit like a dark leaf
Sits beside a stinging nettlePut a penny in the slot
And make an artificial light shine
Leave, go, my golden arm

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