

No Quarters // Brooke Lunderville

TTTO: No Quarter, by Cat Faber

I used to save each twenty-five cent coin that came around
I loved to hear my changepurse make that cheerful jangling sound
But I met a parking meter, I went to the arcade
And now my pile of dirty laundry mocks the choice I made

No quarters, no quarters!
No laundromat tonight
I cannot wash my underwear;
I cannot bleach my whites

Frustrated in my wash, I went to look for a hotel
I couldn't stay at home with that disgusting old-sock smell
But there's no room at Best Western, nor at YMCA
From hostel-bed to Hilton, every front desk clerk just says:

No Quarters, no quarters!
You can't stay here tonight
We don't care how much cash you have,
The joint is booked up tight

If I can't escape this sockpile, I'll resort to a disguise
I'll cover up the odor with the scent of fresh-baked pies
So I fetched up at the bakery, where a surly baker roared:
"What fraction of the pie d'you want?" I said: "One over four!"

But he said...
No Quarters, no quarters!
His tone was quite irate
We don't take special orders, pal,
We sell just wholes or eighths

No quarters, no quarters!
I bid this phrase farewell:
I'm giving up on laundry; I'll
just go au naturel