

# Paul McCartney, Penny Lane

(Lennon/McCartney)

In Penny Lane there is a barber showing photographs  
Of every head he's had the pleasure to know  
And all the people that come and go  
Stop and say hello

On the corner is a banker with a motorcar  
The little children laugh at him behind his back  
And the banker never wears a mack  
In the pouring rain, very strange

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes  
There beneath the blue suburban skies  
I sit, and meanwhile back

In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hourglass  
And in his pocket is a portrait of the queen  
He likes to keep his fire engine clean  
It's a clean machine

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes  
A four of fish and finger pies  
In summer, meanwhile back

Behind the shelter in the middle of a roundabout  
The pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray  
And though she feels as if she's in a play  
She is anyway

In Penny Lane the barber shaves another customer  
We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim  
And then the fireman rushes in  
From the pouring rain, very strange

Penny lane is in my ears and in my eyes  
There beneath the blue suburban skies  
I sit, and meanwhile back  
Penny lane is in my ears and in my eyes  
There beneath the blue suburban skies  
Penny Lane