

Penny Lane

The Beatles

In Penny Lane there is a barber showing photographs
Of ev'ry 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 mac
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 the 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!

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