

# Penny Lane

[Paul 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 mac in the pouring rain  
Very strange Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes  
Wet 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  
A pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray  
And though she feels as if she's in a play  
She is anyway Penny Lane, the barber shaves another customer  
We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim  
And 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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