

Penny Lane (Boulder, 26.5.93)

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 helloOn 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 strangePenny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes
There beneath the blue suburban skies
I sit, and meanwhile backIn 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 machinePenny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes
A four of fish and finger pies
In summer, meanwhile backBehind 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 anywayIn 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 strangePenny lane is in my ears and in my eyes
There beneath the blue suburban skies
I sit, and meanwhile backPenny lane is in my ears and in my eyes
There beneath the blue suburban skies
Penny Lane

Songwriters

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