

# Penny Lane

Carlos Malta

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,  
And 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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