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 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