

# Penny Lane

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  
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  
(Solo cornet)  
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 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