

The Beatles

"Penny Lane"

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On Penny Lane there is a barber showing photographs
Of every head he's had the pleasure to have known
And all that 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
That is strange

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes
There beneath the blue suburban skies
I sit, and meanwhile back

On Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hour glass
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
For of fish-and-finger pies
In summer, meanwhile back

Behind the shelter in the middle of a roundabout
A pretty nurse is selling puppies from a tray
I know she feels as if she's in a play, she is anyway
On Penny Lane the barber shaves another customer
We see the banker sitting waiting for the trim
But the 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

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