

Tori Amos

"Penny Lane"

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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 to say hello
On the corner is a banker with a motor car
the 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 clean machine
Penny Lane is in my ears and in my ears
Full of fish and finger pies
in summer meanwhile back
Behind the shelter in the middle of the 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
Wet 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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