(sing g)

Penny Lane, there is a bar-ber show-ing photo-graphs

of every head he’s had the plea-sure to know——

And all the peo-ple that come and go—— stop and say hel-lo

On the corner is a banker with a motor car

The little child-ren laugh at him be-hind his back

and the banker never wears a mac in the pouring rain very strange

--- | Bb . . . . . . . . . . . . . | Eb . . . . . . . . . . .

Chorus: Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes——

There— be-neath the blue— sub-urb-an skies I sit and mean-while back


In 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 ma-chine

Instrumental: Ahhh———

--- | Bb . . . . . . . . . . . . . | Eb . . . . . . . . . . . |
--- | C . . . | Dm . G
Be-hind the shelter in the middle of a round-a-bout
--- | C . . . | Cm7 . .
a pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray——
and though she feels as if she’s in a—play-ay-ay she is anyway
. | C . . . . | Dm . G
Penny Lane, the barber shaves a-nother custom-er
. | C . . . . | Cm7 . .
We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim
and the fire-man rushes in from the pouring rain, very strange
--- | Bb . . . . . . | Eb . . . . . . . . . . |
Chorus: Penny Lane— is in my—ears— and in my—eyes——
Bb . . . . | . . . | Eb . . . | G . G\/
There—be-neath the blue—sub-urb-an skies I sit and mean-while back
--- | C . . . . . . | F . . . | . . . . . . |
Penny Lane— is in my—ears— and in my—eyes——
C . . . . . . . | F . . . | . . . . . . | C\/
There—be-neath the blue—sub-urb-an skies——Penny Lane

San Jose Ukulele Club
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