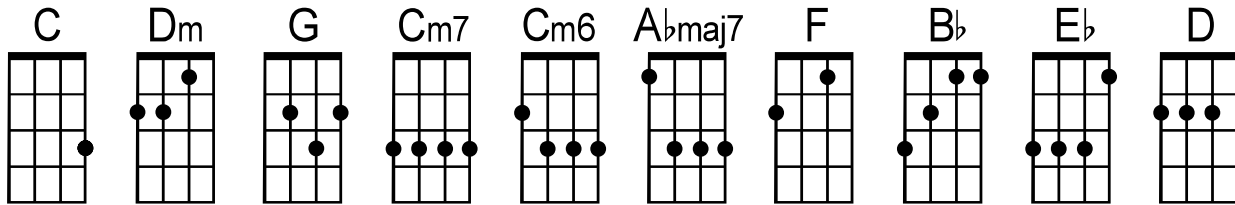


# Penny Lane (Key of C)

by Paul McCartney (1967)



(sing g) | C . . . . | Dm . . . . | G . . . . |  
 In Penny Lane, there is a bar-ber show-ing photo-graphs  
 | C . . . . | Cm7 . . . . |  
 of every head he's had the plea-sure to know—  
 | Cm6 . . . . | Abmaj7 . . . . | G . . . . | . . . . |  
 And all the peo-ple that come and go— stop and say hel-lo  
 | C . . . . | Dm . . . . | G . . . . |  
 On the corner is a banker with a motor car  
 | C . . . . | Cm7 . . . . |  
 The little child-ren laugh at him be-hind his back  
 | Cm6 . . . . | Abmaj7 . . . . | G . . . . | F . . . . | F\  
 and the banker never wears a mac in the pouring rain very strange

**Chorus:** --- | Bb . . . . | . . . . | Eb . . . . | . . . . |  
 Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes—  
 Bb . . . . | . . . . | Eb . . . . | G . . . . | G\  
 There— be-neath the blue— sub-urb-an skies | sit and mean-while back

--- | C . . . . | Dm . . . . | G . . . . |  
 In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hour glass  
 | C . . . . | Cm7 . . . . |  
 and in his pocket is a portrait of the Queen  
 | Cm6 . . . . | Abmaj7 . . . . | G . . . . | . . . . |  
 He likes to keep his fire engine— clean— it's a clean ma-chine

**Instrumental:** | C . . . . | Dm . . . . | G . . . . | C . . . . | Cm7 . . . . |  
 Ahhh— Ahhh—  
 | Cm6 . . . . | Abmaj7 . . . . | G . . . . | F . . . . | F/  
 Ahhh— Ah-ah Ah-ah Ahhh—

**Chorus:** --- | Bb . . . . | . . . . | Eb . . . . | . . . . |  
 Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes—  
 Bb . . . . | . . . . | Eb . . . . | G . . . . | G\  
 four of fish and fin—ger pies in sum-mer, mean-while back

--- | C | 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—  
 | Cm6 | Abmaj7 | G | . . . | . . .  
 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  
 | Cm6 | Abmaj7 | G | F | F\  
 and the fire—man rushes— in from the pouring rain, very strange

**Chorus:** --- | Bb | Eb | . . . | . . . |  
 Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes—  
 Bb | Eb | G | G\  
 There— be-neath the blue— sub-urb-an skies | 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 La-ane