In 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 bank-er with a mo-tor car
The little child-ren laugh at him be-hind his back
and the bank-er never wears a mac in the pouring rain very strange

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

In Penny Lane there is a fire-man with an hour glass
and in his pocket is a por-trait of the Queen
He likes to keep his fire engine— clean—— it’s a clean ma-chine

| Bb | Eb | G \ F |

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

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

In 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
Behind the shelter in the middle of a round-a-bout
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

Penny Lane, the barber shaves a-nother custom-er
We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim
and the fire-man rushes— in from the pouring rain, very strange

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
Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes——
There— be-neath the blue— sub-urb-an skies——  

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v1f - 1/18/21)