**Penny Lane** (original key-B)

by Paul McCartney (1967)

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 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

--- | A . . . . . . . . . . . . . . D . . . . . . . .

**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

--- | B . . . . . . . . . . . . . . C#m7 . . . . F# .
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:**

--- | A . . . . . . . . . . . . . . D . . . . . . . .

**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
Be-hind 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——  Penny La-an

San Jose Ukulele Club
(v2B - 3/28/19)