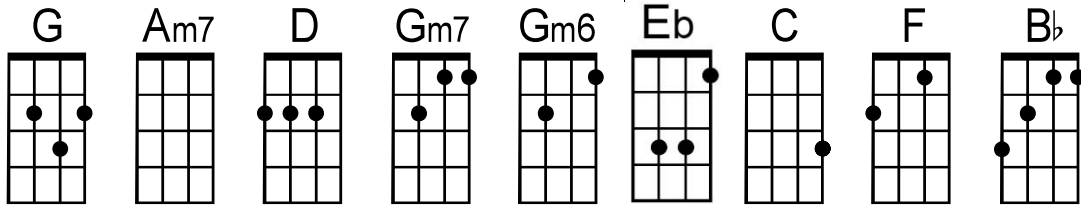


# Penny Lane (Key of G)

by Paul McCartney (1967)



(sing d) | G . . . . . | Am7 . . . . . | D  
 In Penny Lane, there is a bar-ber show-ing photo-graphs  
 | G . . . . . | Gm7 . . . . .  
 of every head he's had the plea-sure to know—  
 | Gm6 . . . . . | Eb . . . . . | D . . . . . | . . . . .  
 And all the peo-ple that come and go— stop and say hel-lo

| G . . . . . | Am7 . . . . . | D  
 On the cor-ner is a bank-er with a motor car  
 | G . . . . . | Gm7 . . . . .  
 The lit-tle child-ren laugh at him be-hind his back  
 | Gm6 . . . . . | Eb . . . . . | D . . . . . | C . . . . . | C\  
 and the bank-er never wears a mac in the pour-ing rain very strange

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

--- | G . . . . . | Am7 . . . . . | D  
 In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hour glass  
 | G . . . . . | Gm7 . . . . .  
 and in his pocket is a portrait of the Queen  
 | Bm6 . . . . . | Eb . . . . . | D . . . . . | . . . . . |  
 He likes to keep his fire engine— clean— it's a clean ma-chine

| G . . . . . | Am7 . . . . . | D . . . . . | G . . . . . | Gm7 . . . . .  
**Instrumental:** Ahhh— Ahhh—  
 | Gm6 . . . . . | Eb . . . . . | D . . . . . | C . . . . . | C/  
 Ahhh— ah-Ah ah- Ahhh—

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

--- | G | G | Am7 | D  
Be-hind the shelter in the middle of a round-a-bout

| G | Gm7 |  
a pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray—

| Gm6 | Eb | D | . . . | . . .  
and though she feels as if she's in a— play-ay-ay-ay she is any-way

| G | Am7 | D  
Penny Lane, the barber shaves a-nother custom—er

| G | Gm7 |  
We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim

| Gm6 | Eb | D | C | C\  
and the fire—man rushes— in from the pouring rain, very strange

**Chorus:** --- | F | Bb | . . . | . . . |  
Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes—

F | Bb | D | D\  
There— be-neath the blue— sub-urb-an skies I sit and mean-while back

--- | G | C | . . . | . . . |  
Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes—

G | C | . . . | . . . | G\  
There— be-neath the blue— sub-urb-an skies— Penny La-ane

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

**(v1.0 1/14/21)**