In Penny Lane, there is a barber showing photographs of every head he's had the pleasure to know

And all the people that come and go, stop and say, "Hello"

On the corner is a banker with a motorcar, and little children laugh at him behind his back

And the banker never wears a mac in the pouring rain, very strange

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes

There, beneath the blue suburban skies, I sit, and meanwhile back

In Penny Lane there is a fireman with an hourglass, and in his pocket is a portrait of the Queen

He likes to keep his fire engine clean, it's a clean machine

Interlude: 2nd verse

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes

Full of fish and finger pies in summer, meanwhile back
p.2. Penny Lane

Behind the shelter in the middle of a roundabout, the pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray

And though she feels as if she's in a play, she is anyway

In Penny Lane, the barber shaves another customer. We see the banker sitting, waiting for a trim

And then the fireman rushes in from the pouring rain, very strange

Penny Lane is in my ears and in my eyes

There, beneath the blue suburban skies, I sit, and meanwhile back

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