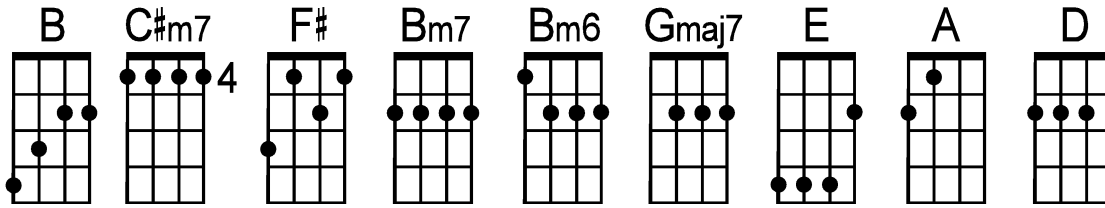


Penny Lane (original key-B)

by Paul McCartney (1967)



(sing #) | **B** . . . | **C#m7** . **F#**
 In Penny Lane there is a bar-ber show-ing photo-graphs
 . | **B** . . . | **Bm7** . .
 Of every head he's had the plea-sure to know—
 . | **Bm6** . . . | **Gmaj7** . . . | **F#** . . . | . . .
 And all the peo-ple that come and go— stop and say hel-lo

. | **B** . . . | **C#m7** . **F#**
 On the cor-ner is a bank-er with a motor car
 . | **B** . . . | **Bm7** . .
 The lit-tle child-ren laugh at him be-hind his back
 . | **Bm6** . . . | **Gmaj7** . . . | **F#** . . . | **E** . **E**
 And the bank-er never wears a mac in the pouring rain very strange

--- | **A** . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
Chorus: Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes—
A . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | **F#** . **F#**
 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
 . | **B** . . . | **Bm7** . .
 And in his pocket is a portrait of the Queen
 . | **Bm6** . . . | **Gmaj7** . . . | **F#** . . . | . . .
 He likes to keep his fire engine— clean— it's a clean ma-chine

. | **B** . . . | **C#m7** . **F#** . | **B** . . . | **Bm7** . .
Instr: Ahhh— Ahhh—
 . | **Bm6** . . . | **Gmaj7** . . . | **F#** . . . | **E** . **E/**
 Ahhh— Ah-ah Ah-ah Ahhh—

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

--- | **B** . . . | **C#m7** . **F#**
Be-hind the shelter in the middle of a round-a-bout

. | **B** . . . | **Bm7** . .
A pretty nurse is selling poppies from a tray——

. | **Bm6** . . . | **Gmaj7** . . . | **F#** . . . | . . .
And though she feels as if she's in a— play-ay-ay she is any-way

. | **B** . . . | **C#m7** . **F#**
Penny Lane the barber shaves a-nother custom—er

. | **B** . . . | **Bm7** . .
We see the banker sitting waiting for a trim

. | **Bm6** . . . | **Gmaj7** . . . | **F#** . . . | **E** . **E**
And the fire—man rushes— in from the pouring rain, very strange

Chorus: --- | **A** . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | . . . |
Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes——

A . . . | . . . | **D** . . . | **F#** . **F#**
There— be-neath the blue— sub-urb-an skies | sit and mean-while back

--- | **B** . . . | . . . | **E** . . . | . . . |
Penny Lane— is in my— ears— and in my— eyes——

B . . . | . . . | **E** . . . | . . . | **B**
There— be-neath the blue— sub-urb-an skies— Penny La-ane

San Jose Ukulele Club

(v3 - 2/16/26)