ELEANOR RIGBY



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Aah, look at all the lonely people, Aah, look at all the lonely people. Eleanor Rigby Picks up the rice in the chirch, Where a wedding has been, Lives in a dream, Waits at the window Wearing the face that she keeps In a jar by the door. Who is it for? All the lonely people, Where do they all come from? All the lonely people, Where do they all belong?

Father McKenzie
Writing the words of a sermon
That no one will hear;
No one comes near
Look at him working,
Darning his socks in the night
When there's nobody there.
What does he care?
All the lonely people,
Where do they all come from?
All the lonely people,
Where do they all belong?

Eleanor Rigby
Died in the chirch and was buried
Along with her name —
Nobody came.
Father McKenzie
Wipping the dirt from his hands
As he walks from the grave —
No one was saved.
All the lonely people,
Where do they all come from?
All the lonely people,
Where do they all belong?