

Rick Springfield, Eleanor Rigby

Ah look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice
In the church where the wedding has been
Lives in a dream
Inside a window
Wearing a face 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 Mackenzie writing the words to a sermon no one will hear
No one comes near
Look at him working
Darning his socks
In the dark because nobody's there
What does he care

All the lonely people
Where do they all come from
All the lonely people
Where do they all belong

Look at all the lonely people
Look at all the lonely people
Look at all the lonely people
Look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby died in the church
And was buried along with her name
No body came

Father Mackenzie wiping the dirt from his hands
Has 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

Look at all the lonely people