

Beatles, The, Eleanor rigby

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Revolver

Eleanor rigby

Ah look at all the lonely people

Ah look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church
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?

Ah look at all the lonely people
Ah look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby died in the church and was buried
Along with her name, nobody came
Father McKenzie, wiping 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?