Joe Jackson, 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?

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?