

Nana Mouskouri, 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 the wedding has been-
lives in a dream
Waits at the window, wearing a 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 ?
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