

# Paul McCartney, 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 was 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 to 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 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 ?  
(ah, look at all the lonely people)  
All the lonely people, where do they all belong ?  
(ah, look at all the lonely people)