

# Sacred Rite, Eleanor Rigby

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in a church where a wedding has been  
Lives in a dream  
Waits by 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 to a sermon that no one will hear  
No one comes near  
Look at him working, darning his socks in the night while there's nobody there  
What does he care?

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