

## **Eleanor Rigby**

Ah, look at all the lonely people!

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice  
In a 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 Mc Kenzie, 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!

Eleanor Rigby died in the church  
And was buried along with her name.  
Nobody came.  
Father Mc Kenzie 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?