

Aretha Franklin, Eleanor Rigby

I'm Eleanor Rigby, I picked up the rice
In the church where the weddin's had been, yeah
I'm Eleanor Rigby, I'm keepin' my face in a jar by the door
You wanna know what is it for'

Well, all the lonely people
Where do they all come from' yeah
All the lonely people, where do they all belong' now now

Father McKenzie writin' a words to a sermon that no one will hear
No one comes near
Look at him workin', darnin' his socks in the night
What does he care' yeah
All the lonely people, where do they all come from'
All the lonely people, where do they all belong' yea!

Uum-hum-um-um, um hum- hum- yea!
Eleanor, baby, um hum-hum-um
Eleanor Rigby, died in the church
And was buried along with her name
Nobody came
Father McKenzie wipin' the dirt from his hands
As he walked from the grave
Sayin' all the lonely people, where do, where do they come from'
All over the world, the lonely, lonely, lonely, people
Where do, where do they all belong'
Ooo lonely, only the lonely know
Oohoo lonely, only the lonely people know
Just like a Eleanor Rigby, yeah, Eleanor, Eleanor
Rigby, only the lonely, yeah the lonely, yea-e-yea
fades-
Loneliness
Yeah gotta love some lonely people