

# Beatles, The, Eleanor rigby

Beatles, The  
Revolver  
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 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 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?

Ah look at all the lonely people  
Ah look at all the lonely people

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?