

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)