

Paul McCartney, Eleanor Rigby/Eleanor's Dream

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)