

The Beatles, All The Lonely People

I look at all the lonely people.

I look at all the lonely people.

Ella Marigby

Picks up the rice in the church where her wedding has been;

Lives in a dream.

Waits at the window,

Wearing a 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 MacKenzie

Writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear;

No one comes near.

Look at him working,

Nodding 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?

I look at all the lonely people.

I look at all the lonely people.

Ella Marigby

Died in the church and was buried alone with her name.

Nobody came.

Father MacKenzie

Wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from her grave.

No one was saved.

All the lonely people, where do they all come from?

All the lonely people, where do they all belong?