

Eleanor Rigby

[C] Ah, look at all the lonely [Em] people.

[C] Ah, look at all the lonely [Em] people.

Eleanor Rigby, picks up the rice in the church
where a wedding has [C] been, lives in a dream.

[Em] Waits at the window, wearing the face
that she keeps in a jar by the [C] door, who is it for?

[Em] All the lonely people, where [C] do they all come [Em] from?
All the lonely people, where [C] do they all be[Em]long?

Father McKenzie, writing the words
of a sermon that no one will [C] hear, no-one comes near.

[Em] Look at him working, darning his socks
in the night when there's nobody [C] there, what does he care?

[Em] All the lonely people, where [C] do they all come [Em] from?
All the lonely people, where [C] do they all be[Em]long?

[C] Ah, look at all the lonely [Em] people.

[C] Ah, look at all the lonely [Em] people.

Eleanor Rigby died in the church
and was buried along with her [C] name, nobody came.

[Em] Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt
from his hands as he walks from the [C] grave, no-one was saved.

[Em] All the lonely people, where [C] do they all come [Em] from?
All the lonely people, where [C] do they all be[Em]long?

