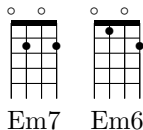


Ah, look at all the lonely **people**

Ah, look at all the lonely **people**

/ C - Em - / :



**Eleanor** Rigby **picks** up the rice in the **church**

Were 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**?

/ Em - - / C CEm / :

**All** the lonely **people**

Where **do** they all come **from**?

**All** the lonely **people**

Where **do** they all **belong**?

/ Em7 Em6 / C Em / :

Ah, look at all the lonely people

Ah, look at all the lonely people

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?

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

*Chorus*

*Chorus*