

Eleanor Rigby

Aretha Franklin

I'm Eleanor Rigby
I picked up the rice in the church where the weddings have been
Yeah I'm Eleanor Rigby
I'm keepin' my face in a jar by the door
If you wanna know what is it for, Well

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
Knoting his socks in the night
What does he care, Yeah

All the lonely people
Where do they all come from
All the lonely people
Where do they all belong

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