

Eleanor Rigby

David Cook

Eleanor Rigby,
Picks up the rice in a church where 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

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

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

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

Ah, look at all the lonely people
(All the lonely people)
Ah, look at all the lonely people

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

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

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