

Eleanor Rigby

Shirley Bassey

Eleanor Rigby, picks up the rice in the church where a wedding
has been
Lives in a dream
Waits in 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?

Oh, look at all the lonely people
Oh, 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 come from?

Oh, look at all the lonely people
Oh, look at all the lonely people

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