

Eleanor Rigby

Thrice

Ah, look at all the lonely people.
Ah, look at all the lonely people.
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice at the church where a wedding has been,
Lives in a dream.
Sits by the window, wearing a face that she keeps in a jar by the door,
Who is it for?
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
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 belong?
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
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.
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 belong?
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?
All the lonely people,
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?