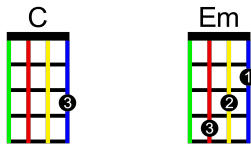


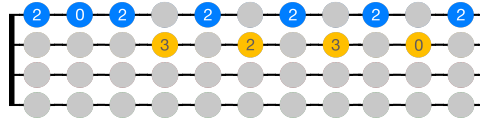
# Eleanor Rigby



**C**

**Em**

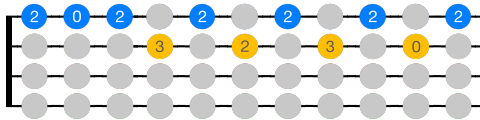
Ah, look at all the lonely people



**C**

**Em**

Ah, look at all the lonely people



**Em**

**C**

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been

**Em**

Lives in a dream

**C**

Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door

**Em**

Who is it for?

**Em**

All the lonely people

**C**

**Em**

Where do they all come from?

**Em**

All the lonely people

**C**

**Em**

Where do they all belong?

**Em**

**C**

Father McKenzie writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear

**Em**

No one comes near

**C**

Look at him working, darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there

**Em**

What does he care?

**Em**

All the lonely people

**C**

**Em**

Where do they all come from?

**Em**

All the lonely people

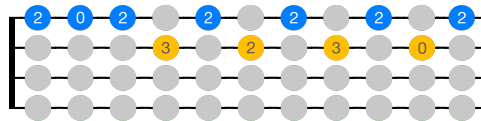
**C**

**Em**

Where do they all belong?

**C**

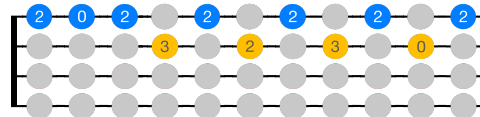
**Em**



Ah, look at all the lonely people

**C**

**Em**



Ah, look at all the lonely people

**Em**

**C**

Eleanor Rigby died in the church and was buried along with her name

**Em**

Nobody came

**C**

Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the grave

**Em**

No one was saved

**Em**

All the lonely people

**C**

**Em**

Where do they all come from?

**Em**

All the lonely people

**C**

**Em**

Where do they all belong?