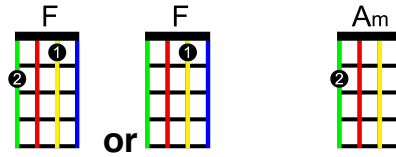
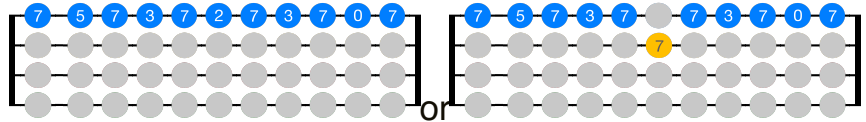


Eleanor Rigby

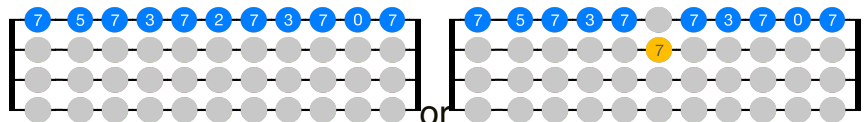


F Am



Ah, look at all the lonely people

F Am



Ah, look at all the lonely people

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

Am
Lives in a dream

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

Am
Who is it for?

Am
All the lonely people

F **Am**
Where do they all come from?

Am
All the lonely people

F **Am**
Where do they all belong?

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

Am
No one comes near

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

Am

What does he care?

Am

All the lonely people

F

Am

Where do they all come from?

Am

All the lonely people

F

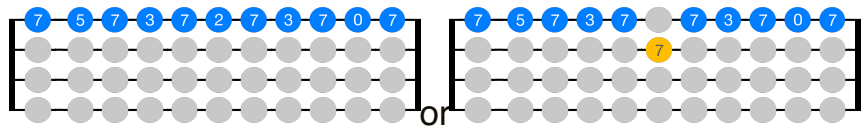
Am

Where do they all belong?

F

Am

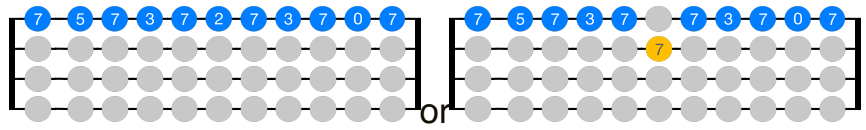
Ah, look at all the lonely people



F

Am

Ah, look at all the lonely people



Am

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

F

Am

Nobody came

F

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

Am

No one was saved

Am

All the lonely people

F

Am

Where do they all come from?

Am

All the lonely people

F

Am

Where do they all belong?