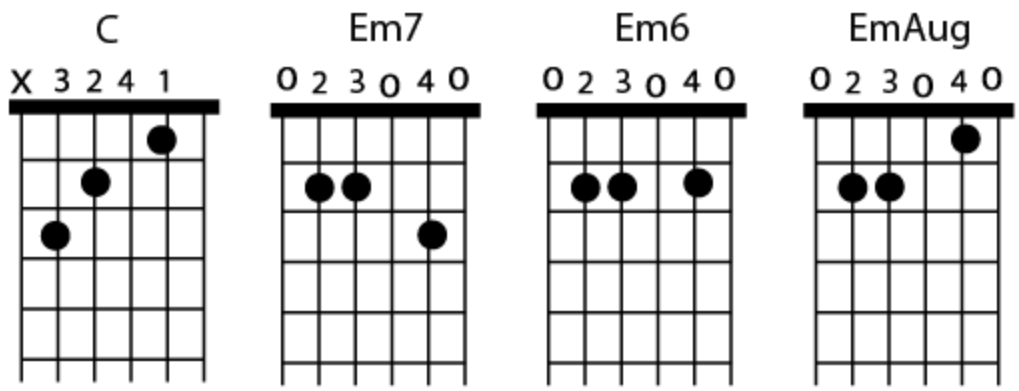
Eleanor Rigby



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
C Em
Lives in a dream
Em C
Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door
Em
Who is it for?
Em7 Em6
All the lonely people
C Em
Where do they all come from?
Em7 Em6
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
C Em
No one comes near.
Em C
Look at him working. darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there
C Em
What does he care?

Em7 Em6
All the lonely people
C Em
Where do they all come from?
Em7 Em6
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
C Em
Nobody came
Em C
Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the grave
C Em
No one was saved

Em7 Em6
All the lonely people
C Em
Where do they all come from?
Em7 Em6
All the lonely people
C Em
Where do they all belong?