

Beatles

"Eleanor Rigby/Julia (Transition)"

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I look at all the lonely people,
Eleanor Rigby
Picks up the rice at a church where a wedding has
been,
Isn't a dream,
Looks out 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 come from?
All the lonely people,
Where do they all belong?
Father Mackenzie,
Writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear,
No one comes near,
Look at him working,
Knotting 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?
I look at all the lonely people,
I look at all the lonely people,
Eleanor Rigby,
Died in a church and was buried
Along with her name
Nobody came
Father Mackenzie
Wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the
grave
No one was saved
I look at all the lonely people,
Where do they all come from?
All the lonely people,
Where do they all belong?

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