

Paul McCartney

"Elenor Rigby"

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Ah, look at all the lonely people.
Ah, look at all the lonely people.

Elenor Rigby, picks up the rice in the church where the
wedding has been. Lives in a dream.
Waits at the window, wearing the 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 to 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 come from?
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

Ah, look at all the lonely people.
Ah, look at all the lonely people.

Elenor Rigby, died in the church and was buried along
with her name. Nobody came
Father Mackenzie, wiping the dirt from his hands as he
walks from her grave. No one was saved.
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?(Ah,
look at all the lonely people)
All the lonely people, where do they all belong(Ah, look
at all the lonely people)

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