

by Paul McCartney**"Eleanor Rigby"**Visit "[Eleanor Rigby](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ah, look at all the lonely people Ah, look at all the lonely people
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding was 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 McKenzie, 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 Eleanor Rigby died in church and was buried along with her name;
Nobody came. Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the 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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