

by Rick Springfield

"Eleanor Rigby"

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Ah look at all the lonely people Eleanor Rigby picks up
the rice In the church where the wedding has been
Lives in a dream Inside a window Wearing a face 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 no one will hear No one
comes near Look at him working Darning his socks In
the dark because nobody's there What does he care All
the lonely people Where do they all come from All the
lonely people Where do they all belong Look at all the
lonely people Look at all the lonely people Look at all
the lonely people Look at all the lonely people Eleanor
Rigby died in the church And was buried along with her
name No body came Father Mackenzie wiping the dirt
from his hands Has he walks from the grave No one
was saved All the lonely people Where do they all come
from All the lonely people Where do they all belong
Look at all the lonely people

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