

Real Mckenzie

"Eleanor Rigby"

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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 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 McKenzie
Writing the words of 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?

Eleanor Rigby died in the 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

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