

by Thrice
"Eleanor Rigby"

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[Originally by Beatles]

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 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 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?

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 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.

All the lonely people, where do they all come from?

All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

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