

Richie Havens

"Eleanor Rigby"

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Eleanor Rigby picks up her rice in a church
Where a wedding has been, lives in a dream
Sits by her window, wearing a paste
That she keeps in a jar by the door, who is it for?

All those lonely people
Where do they all come from?
All those 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 those lonely people
Where do they all come from?
All those lonely people
Where do they all belong?

Oh, look at all those lonely people
Oh, look at all those lonely people

Eleanor Rigby died in the church
And was buried along with her name, nobody came
Father McKenzie wiping his hands of the dirt
As he stands by the grave, no one was saved

Oh, all those lonely people
Where do they all come from?
All those lonely people
Where do they all belong?
Where do they all belong?
Where do they all belong?

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