

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
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?

Look at all the lonely people

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