

## Thrice "Eleanor Rigby"

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I look at all the lonely people  
I look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice  
At the church  
Where a wedding has been  
Lives in a dream

Sits by the window, wearing a face  
That she keeps in a jar by the door  
Who is it for?

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

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

I look at all the lonely people  
I look at all the lonely people  
I look at all the lonely people  
I 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 belong?  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from?

All the lonely people  
All the lonely people  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from?

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