

# Eleanor Rigby

## Pain

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? Ah, look at all the lonely people  
Ah, look at all the lonely people 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  
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? Ah, look at all the lonely people  
Ah, look at all the lonely people  
Ah, look at all the lonely people  
Ah, look at all the lonely people Look at all the people  
Look at all the people  
Look at all the people  
Look at all the people

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