

# Eleanor Rigby (Live At New York City)

[Paul McCartney](#)

Look at all the lonely people  
Look at all the lonely people  
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding was 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?[Chorus]  
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?Father McKenzie, writing the words to a sermon that no one  
will near,  
No one comes near.Look at him working, darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there  
What does he care?[Chorus]Ah, look at all the lonely people  
Ah, look at all the lonely peopleEleanor Rigby died in 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.[Chorus]

Songwriters

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