

Eleanor Rigby

Thrice

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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