Witchhunt

Contorsion

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?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 peopleEleanor 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 savedAll 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

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