Eleanor Rigby

Beth Thornley

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 a 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 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?

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