

# Eleanor Rigby

## James Booker

Ah look at all the lonely people  
Ah look at all the lonely peopleEleanor 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 forAll 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 careAll 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?

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