Eleanor Rigby

Ray Charles

I look at all the lonely people
I 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 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?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 savedAll the lonely people, where do they all come from?
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

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