

Eleanor Rigby

Vanilla Fudge

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice from the church
Where a wedding has been, nobody sees
Sits in 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 Mackenzie 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? Oh, look at all the lonely people
Oh, look at all the lonely people Eleanor Rigby died in the church
And was buried along with her name, nobody came
Father Mackenzie 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 come from? Oh, look at all the lonely people
Oh, look at all the lonely people All the lonely people
Where do they all come from?
All the lonely people
Where do they all belong?

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