

# Eleanor Rigby

## The Free Design

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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