Eleanor Rigby

David Cook

Eleanor Rigby
Picks up the rice in a 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 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 people
Ah, look at all the lonely people
Ah, look at all the lonely peopleAh, look at all the lonely people
(All the lonely people)
Ah, look at all the lonely peopleEleanor Rigby
Died in the church and was buried along with her name
Nobody cameFather 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?All the lonely people
Where do they all come from?
All the lonely people
Where do they all belong?

Songwriters
Paul Mc Cartney;John LennonPublished by
SONY/ATV TUNES LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/