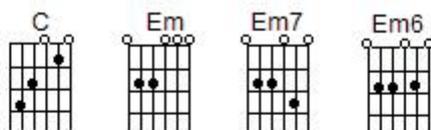


# ELEANOR RIGBY

Beatles



C Em  
Ah, look at all the lonely people.  
C Em  
Ah, look at all the lonely people.

Em  
Eleanor Rigby, picks up the rice in the church  
C Em  
where a weeding has been, lives in a dream.  
Em  
Waits at the window, wearing the face  
C Em  
that she keeps in a jar by the door, who is it for?

Em7 Em6  
All the lonely people,  
C Em  
where do they all come from?  
Em7 Em6  
All the lonely people,  
C Em  
where do they all belong?

Em  
Father McKenzie, writing the words  
C Em  
of a sermon that no one will hear, no-one comes near.

Look at him working, darning his socks  
C Em  
in the night when there's nobody there, what does he care?

Em7 Em6  
All the lonely people,  
C Em  
where do they all come from?  
Em7 Em6  
All the lonely people,  
C Em  
where do they all belong?

C Em  
Ah, look at all the lonely people.  
C Em  
Ah, look at all the lonely people.

Em  
Eleanor Rigby died in the church  
C Em  
and was buried along with her name, nobody came.  
Em  
Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt  
C  
from his hands as he walks from the grave, no-one  
Em  
was seved.

All the lonely people,...