

Eleanor Rigby.

John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

Moderately

f Ah, look at all the lone - ly peo - ple!

1. El - ea - nor Rig - by picks up the rice — In the church — where a wed - ding has been,
2. Fa - ther Mc Ken - zie, writ - ing the words Of a ser - mon that no - one will hear.
3. El - ea - nor Rig - by died in the church And was bur - ied a - long — with her name.

— Lives in a dream, — Waits at the win - dow, wear - ing the face — That she keeps
— No one comes near. — Look at him work - ing, darn - ing his socks — In the night
— No - bod - y, came. — Fa - ther Mc Ken - zie wip - ing the dirt — From his hands

— in a jar — by the door. — Who is it for? —
— when there's no - bod - y there. — What does he care? — All the lone - ly peo -
— as he walks — from the grave. — No one was saved. —

— ple, — Where do — they all — come from? — All the lone - ly peo -

— ple, — Where do — they all — be - long? —