Eleanor Rigby

by Paul Mccartney

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Intro
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C Em

Ah, look at all the lonely people.
C Em

Ah, look at all the lonely people.

Verse

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?

Chorus

Em7 Em6

All the lonely people,

C/E Em

where do they all come from?

Em7 Em6

All the lonely people,

C/E Em

where do they all belong?

Verse

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?

Chorus All the lonely people,...

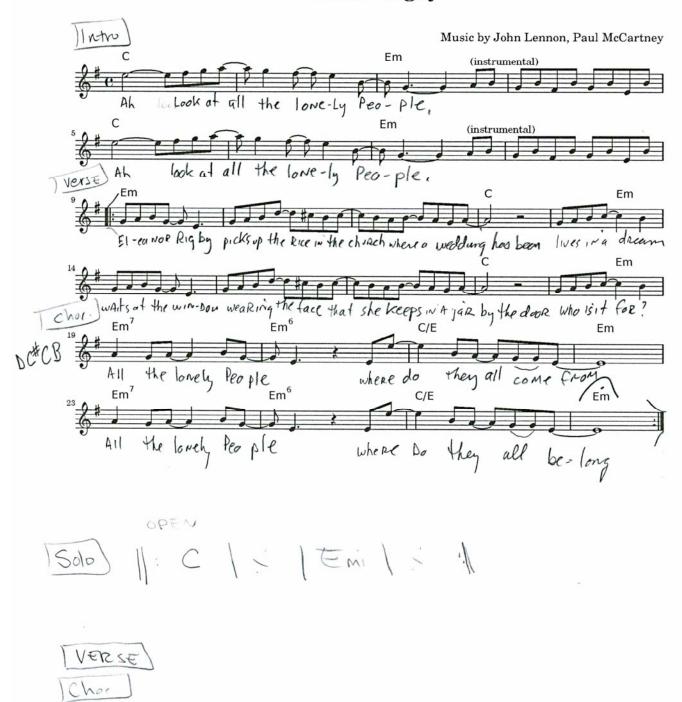
Intro Ah, look at all the lonely people....

Verse

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 served

Chorus All the lonely people,...

Eleanor Rigby



Chorus

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