

# ELEANOR RIGBY

*Paul McCartney*

**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/E** **Em**

where do they all come from?

**Em7** **Em6**

All the lonely people,

**C/E** **Em**

where do they all belong?

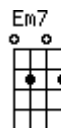
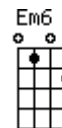
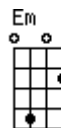
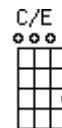
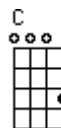
Father McKenzie, writing the words

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,...



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 seved.

All the lonely people,...

END

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