**"Eleanor Rigby"**

**By The Beatles**

**F Am**

Ah, look at all the lonely people

**F Am**

Ah, look at all the lonely people

**Am**

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding

**F Am**

has been, lives in a dream

**Am**

Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by

**F Am**

the door, who is it for?

**Am**

All the lonely people

**F Am**

Where do they all come from?

**Am**

All the lonely people

**F Am**

Where do they all belong?

**Am**

Father McKenzie writing the words of a sermon that no one will

**F Am**

Hear, no one comes near

**Am**

Look at him working, darning his socks in the night when there's

**F Am**

nobody there, What does he care?

**Am**

All the lonely people

**F Am**

Where do they all come from?

**Am**

All the lonely people

**F Am**

Where do they all belong?

**F Am**

Ah, look at all the lonely people

**F Am**

Ah, look at all the lonely people

**Am**

Eleanor Rigby died in the church and was buried along with her

**F Am**

Name, nobody came

**Am**

Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from

**F Am**

the grave, no one was saved

**Am**

All the lonely people

**F Am**

Where do they all come from?

**Am**

All the lonely people

**F Am**

Where do they all belong?