

Eleonor Rigby

C

Em

Ah, look at all the lonely people. (x2)

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?

refrain cadre

refrain

Father McKenzie, writing the words

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?

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?

refrain cadre

refrain

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.

refrain cadre