

Eleanor Rigby

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 wedding 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?

[Bridge]

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]

Em

Father McKenzie, writing the words

C **Em**

of a sermon that no one will hear, no-one comes near.

Em

Look at him working, darning his socks

C **Em**

in the night when there's nobody there, what does he care?

