

(molto approssimativa 133) **ELEANOR RIGBY**

**C** Ah, look at all the lonely people **E-** **C** Ah, look at all the lonely people **E-**

**E-**  
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice

**C** in the church where a wedding has been **E-** Lives in a dream

Waits at the window, wearing the face  
that she keeps in a jar by the door **E-** Who is it for

**E-7** All the lonely people where do they all come from? **E-6** **C** **E-**

**E-7** All the lonely people where do they all belong? **E-6** **C** **E-**

Father McKenzie, writing the words  
of a sermon that no one will hear **E-** No one comes near  
Look at him working, darning his socks  
in the night when there's nobody there **E-** What does he care

All the lonely people where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people where do they all belong?

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

Eleanor Rigby, died in the church  
and was buried along with her name **E-** Nobody came  
Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt  
from his hands as he walks from the grave **E-** No one was saved

All the lonely people Where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people Where do they all belong?