Eleanor Rigby

C (2)               Em (2)              C (2)               Em (2)
Ah, look at all the lonely people, Ah, look at all the lonely people

Em (3)
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has
C (2)
been—Lives in a dream
Em (3)
Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the
C (2)
door—Who is it for?

Em7              Em6               C              Em
All the lonely people Where do they all come from?
Em7              Em6               C              Em
All the lonely people Where do they all belong?

Em (3)
Father McKenzie writing the words of a sermon that no one will
C (2)
hear--No one comes near.
Em
Look at him working. Darning his socks in the night when there's
C (2)
nobody there--What does he care?

Em7              Em6               C              Em
All the lonely people Where do they all come from?
Em7              Em6               C              Em
All the lonely people Where do they all belong?

C (2)               Em (2)              C (2)               Em (2)
Ah, look at all the lonely people, Ah, look at all the lonely people

Em (3)
Eleanor Rigby died in the church and was buried along with her
C (2)
name--Nobody came
Em (3)
Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the
C (2)
grave--No one was saved

Em7              Em6               C              Em
All the lonely people Where do they all come from?
Em7              Em6               C              Em
All the lonely people Where do they all belong?