

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? | |