

C *Em*
Ah, look at all the lonely people
C *Em*
Ah, look at all the lonely people

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

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?

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

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?

C *Em*
Ah, look at all the lonely people
C *Em*
Ah, look at all the lonely people

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

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