

*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?

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