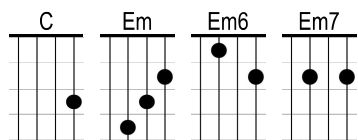


Eleanor Rigby

The Beatles



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

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

Em Eleanor Rigby, | picks up the rice in the |

Church where a wedding has **C** been, | lives in a dream

Em Waits at the window, | wearing the face that she |

Keeps in a jar by the **C** door. | Who is it for?

Em7 All the lonely **Em6** people, where **C** do they all come **Em** from?

Em7 All the lonely **Em6** people, where **C** do they all come be **Em** long?

Em 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 nobody **C** there. | What does he care?

Em7 All the lonely **Em6** people, where **C** do they all come **Em** from?

Em7 All the lonely **Em6** people, where **C** do they all be **Em** long?

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

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

Em Eleanor Rigby, | died in the church and was |

Buried along with her **C** name, | nobody came

Em Father McKenzie, | wiping the dirt from his |

Hands as he walks from the **C** grave, | no one was saved

Em7 All the lonely **Em6** people, where **C** do they all come **Em** from?

Em7 All the lonely **Em6** people, where **C** do they all be **Em** long?