Eleanor Rigby (Lennon - McCartney - The Beatles)

\[\text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Ah, look at all the lonely people.
\[\text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Ah, look at all the lonely people.

\[\text{Em} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been, lives in a dream,
\[\text{Em} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door. Who is it for?

\[\text{Em} \quad \text{Em6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
\[\text{Em} \quad \text{Em6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

\[\text{Em} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Father McKenzie writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear, no one comes near.
\[\text{Em} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Look at him working. Darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there. What does he care?

\[\text{Em} \quad \text{Em6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?
\[\text{Em} \quad \text{Em6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

\[\text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Ah, look at all the lonely people.
\[\text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Ah, look at all the lonely people.

\[\text{Em} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Eleanor Rigby died in the church and was buried along with her name. Nobody came.
\[\text{Em} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the grave. No one was saved.

\[\text{Em} \quad \text{Em6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
All the lonely people, \textit{(Ah, look at all the lonely people.)} where do they all come from?
\[\text{Em} \quad \text{Em6} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Em} \]
All the lonely people, \textit{(Ah, look at all the lonely people.)} where do they all belong?