Eleanor Rigby

J. Lennon & P. McCartney
Arr. V. Olivares & E. Hernández

Ah, look at all the l-o-n-e-ly people.
Ah, look at all the l-o-n-e-ly people.

E-lea-nor Rig-by picks up the rice in the church where a wed-ding has been.
Fa-ther Mc-Ken-zie, writ-ing the words of a ser- mon that no one will hear.

Lives in a dream.
No one comes near.

Waits by the win-dow,
Look at him work-ing,
wear-ing the face that she keeps

darn-ing his socks in the night

in a jar by the door.
when there's no bo-dy there.

Who is it for?
What does he care?

All the lone-ly peo-ple
Where do they all come from?

All the lone-ly peo-ple
Where do they all be-long?