

# ELEANOR RIGBY

sborník The Beatles Complete  
Wise Publications, London / New York / Sydney

hudba a text:  
J. Lennon & P. McCartney

Ah, look at all the lonely people!

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been lives in a dream

Waits at the window wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door who is it for?

All the lonely people where do they all come from? All the lonely people where do they all belong?

Father McKenzie  
writing the words of a sermon  
that no-one will hear  
no one comes near  
Look at him working  
darning his socks in the night  
when there's nobody there  
what does he care?

All the lonely people  
where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people  
where do they all belong?

Ah, look at all the lonely people!  
Ah, look at all the lonely people!

Eleanor Rigby  
died in the church and was buried  
along with her name  
nobody came  
Father McKenzie  
wiping the dirt from his hands  
as he walks from the grave  
no one was saved

All the lonely people  
where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people