

# Eleanor Rigby

Aretha Franklin

I'm Eleanor Rigby  
I picked up the rice in the church where the weddings have been  
Yeah I'm Eleanor Rigby  
I'm keepin' my face in a jar by the door  
If you wanna know what is it for, Well

All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all belong

Father McKenzie  
Writing the words to a sermon  
That no one will hear  
No one comes near  
Look at him working  
Knoting his socks in the night  
What does he care, Yeah

All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all belong

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