

## Eleanor Rigby

Vanilla Fudge

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice from the church  
Where a wedding has been, nobody sees  
Sits in the window, wearing a 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 Mackenzie 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?

Oh, look at all the lonely people  
Oh, look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby died in the church  
And was buried along with her name, nobody came  
Father Mackenzie 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  
Where do they all come from?

Oh, look at all the lonely people  
Oh, look at all the lonely people

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