

Eleanor Rigby

Aretha Franklin

I'm Eleanor Rigby, I picked up the rice
In the church where the weddin's had been, yeah
I'm Eleanor Rigby, I'm keepin' my face in a jar by the door
You wanna know what is it for? Well, all the lonely people
Where do they all come from? Yeah
All the lonely people
Where do they all belong now? Father McKenzie, writin' a words to a sermon
That no one will hear, no one comes near
Look at him workin', darnin' 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? Yeah Hmm, yeah, hmm, yeah
Eleanor, yea e yea, hmm Eleanor Rigby, died in the church
And was buried along with her name, nobody came
Father McKenzie wipin' the dirt from his hands
As he walked from the grave Sayin' all the lonely people
Where do, where do they come from
All over the world, the lonely, lonely, lonely, people
Where do, where do they all belong
Lonely, only the lonely know
Ooh, lonely, only the lonely people know
Just like Eleanor Rigby, yeah
Eleanor, Eleanor Rigby Only the lonely, yeah, the lonely
Yea e yea, God bless
Lonely, lonely

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>