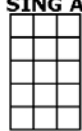
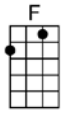


SING A

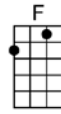
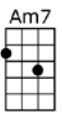
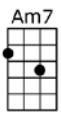
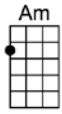


ELEANOR RIGBY

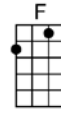
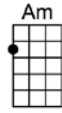
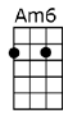
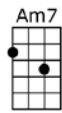
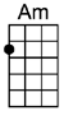
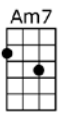
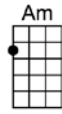
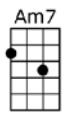
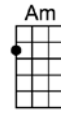
4/4 1...2...1234



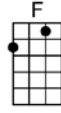
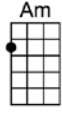
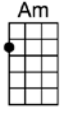
Ah, look at all the lonely people....



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

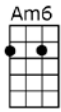
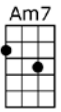


Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been, lives in a dream

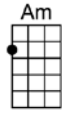
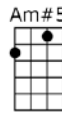
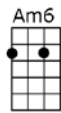
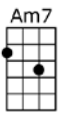


Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door, who is it for?

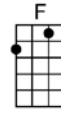
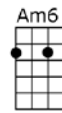
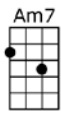
CHORUS:



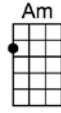
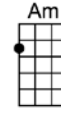
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?



All the lonely people, where do they all be-long?

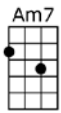
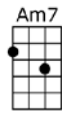
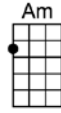
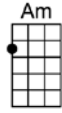
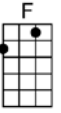


Father McKenzie, writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear, no one comes near



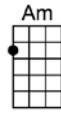
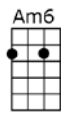
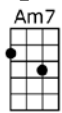
Look at him working, darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there, what does he care?

CHORUS (All the lonely people...)

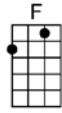
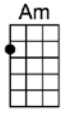
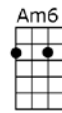
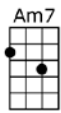
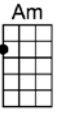


Ah, look at all the lonely people....

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

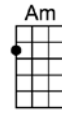
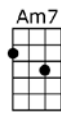
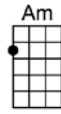
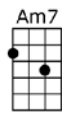
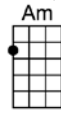
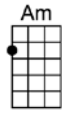


Eleanor Rigby, died in the church and was buried a-long with her name, nobody came



Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the grave, no one was saved.

CHORUS (All the lonely people...)



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

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

ELEANOR RIGBY

4/4 1...2...1234

F Am Am7 Am Am7 F Am Am7 Am Am7
Ah, look at all the lonely people.... Ah, look at all the lonely people....

Am Am7 Am6 Am F
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been, lives in a dream

Am Am7 Am6 Am F
Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door, who is it for?

CHORUS:

Am7 Am6 Am#5 Am
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?

Am7 Am6 Am#5 Am
All the lonely people, where do they all be-long?

Am Am7 Am6 Am F
Father McKenzie, writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear, no one comes near

Am Am7 Am6 Am F
Look at him working, darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there, what does he care?

CHORUS (All the lonely people...)

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CHORUS (All the lonely people...)

F Am Am7 Am Am7 F Am Am7 Am Am7
Ah, look at all the lonely people.... Ah, look at all the lonely people....