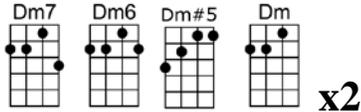
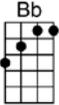
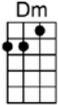
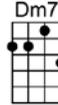
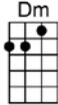
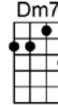


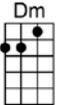
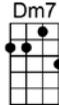
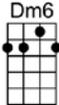
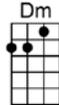
# ELEANOR RIGBY

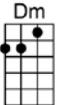
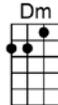
4/4 1...2...1234

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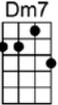
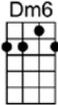
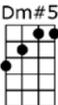
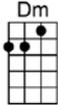


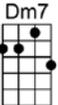
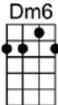
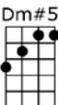
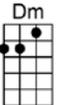
**Ah, look at all the lonely people...**          

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

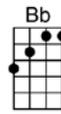
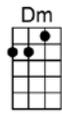
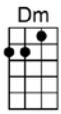
**Waits at the window, wearing a face that she keeps in a jar by the door, who is it for?**     

**CHORUS:**

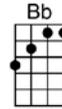
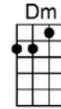
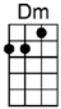
**All the lonely people, where do they all come from?**    

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

**p. 2 Eleanor Rigby**

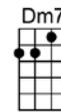
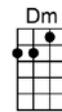
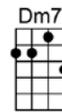
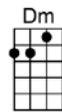
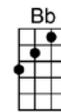
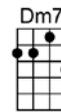
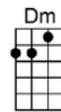
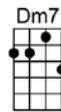
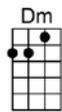
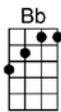


**Father McKenzie, writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear, no one comes near**



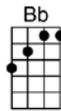
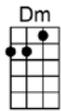
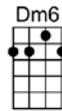
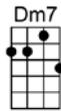
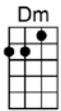
**Look at him working, darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there, what does he care?**

**CHORUS (All the lonely people...)**

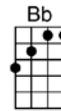
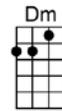
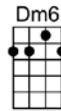
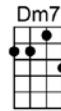
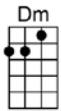


**Ah, look at all the lonely people....**

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

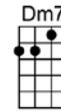
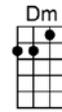
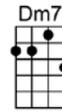
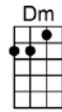
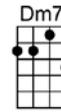
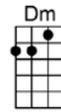
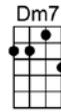
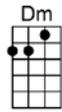
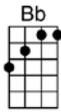


**Eleanor Rigby, died in the church and was buried a-long with her name, nobody came**



**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....**

**REPEAT INTRO**

# ELEANOR RIGBY

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

**INTRO:** Dm7 Dm6 Dm#5 Dm x2

Bb Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Bb Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7  
Ah, look at all the lonely people.... Ah, look at all the lonely people....

Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm Bb  
Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has been, lives in a dream

Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm Bb  
Waits at the window, wearing a face that she keeps in a jar by the door, who is it for?

## CHORUS:

Dm7 Dm6 Dm#5 Dm  
All the lonely people, where do they all come from?

Dm7 Dm6 Dm#5 Dm  
All the lonely people, where do they all be-long?

Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm Bb  
Father McKenzie, writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear, no one comes near

Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm Bb  
Look at him working, darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there, what does he care?

## CHORUS (All the lonely people...)

Bb Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Bb Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7  
Ah, look at all the lonely people.... Ah, look at all the lonely people....

Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm Bb  
Eleanor Rigby, died in the church and was buried a-long with her name, nobody came

Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm Bb  
Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the grave, no one was saved.

## CHORUS (All the lonely people...)

Bb Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Bb Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7  
Ah, look at all the lonely people.... Ah, look at all the lonely people....

**REPEAT INTRO**