

Ah, look at all the people

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the where a wedding has been

Lives in a

Waits at the window, wearing thethat she keeps in a jar by the door

Who is it for?

All the people

Where do they all come from?

All the people

Where do they all?

Father McKenzie writing the of a sermon that no one will hear

No one near

Look at him working, darning his socks in the when there's nobody there

What does he care?

Eleanor Rigby died in the and was buried along with her name

Nobody

Father McKenzie wiping the dirt from his as he walks from the grave

No one was saved