

# Witchhunt

## Godflesh

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?  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all belong?  
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?  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people  
Where do they all belong?  
Ah, look at all  
The lonely people  
Ah, look at all  
The lonely people  
Eleanor Rigby Died in the  
Church and was buried along  
With her name Nobody came  
Father McKenzie 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 belong?  
Ah, look at all  
The lonely people  
Ah, look at all  
The lonely people

