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| Eleanor Rigby  [The Beatles](https://www.google.com/search?rlz=1C1GCEA_enGB822GB822&sxsrf=ALeKk03BGtLdVQmAXmVwK9FxaMG_vYr1Tg:1612344604151&q=The+Beatles&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLQz9U3ME82yFrEyh2SkarglJpYkpNaDAAp3EE_GgAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwic2Irbs83uAhWUahUIHTdTCtIQMTAAegQIARAD)  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?  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 (ah, look at all the lonely people) Where do they all come from? All the lonely people (ah, look at all the lonely people) Where do they all belong? | Bridge Over Troubled Water  [Simon & Garfunkel](https://www.google.com/search?rlz=1C1GCEA_enGB822GB822&sxsrf=ALeKk02zmA7bGIEClbATlcUE0oceNJo_sA:1612344655686&q=Simon+and+Garfunkel&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLQz9U3MMvLMVvEKhycmZufp5CYl6LgnliUVpqXnZoDABZRbfEiAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwiOltTzs83uAhWStHEKHVp0A8cQMTAAegQIARAD)  When you're weary Feeling small When tears are in your eyes I'll dry them all I'm on your side Oh, when times get rough And friends just can't be found  Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down  When you're down and out When you're on the street When evening falls so hard I will comfort you I'll take your part Oh, when darkness comes And pain is all around  Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down Like a bridge over troubled water I will lay me down  Sail on silver girl Sail on by Your time has come to shine All your dreams are on their way See how they shine Oh, if you need a friend I'm sailing right behind  Like a bridge over troubled water I will ease your mind Like a bridge over troubled water I will ease your mind |
| Streets of London  [Roger Whittaker](https://www.google.com/search?rlz=1C1GCEA_enGB822GB822&sxsrf=ALeKk02yZzB3E76CfUqSsPk-4Bm4_sUvog:1612344700684&q=Roger+Whittaker&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLUz9U3MKnMMipZxMoflJ-eWqQQnpFZUpKYnVoEAAtYkgMfAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwjzzY6JtM3uAhWfUhUIHdygBykQMTAAegQIARAD)  Have you seen the old man in the closed down market Kicking up the papers with his worn out shoes? In his eyes you see no pride, hand held loosely by his side Yesterday's paper telling yesterday's news  So how can you tell me you're lonely And say for you that the sun doesn't shine? Oh, let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London I'll show you something to make you change your mind  Have you seen the old girl who walks the streets of London? Dirt in her hair and her clothes in rags? She's no time for talkin', she keeps right on walkin' Carrying her home in two carrier bags  So how can you tell me you're lonely And say for you that the sun doesn't shine? Oh, let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London I'll show you something to make you change your mind  In the all night café at a quarter past eleven Same old man sitting there on his own Looking at the world over the rim of his teacup Each tea lasts an hour then he wanders home alone So how can you tell me you're lonely And say for you that the sun doesn't shine? Oh, let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London I'll show you something to make you change your mind  Have you seen the old man outside the seaman's mission? Memory fading with the medal ribbons that he wears? In our winter city the rain cries a little pity For one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't care  Oh, how can you tell me you're lonely And say for you that the sun doesn't shine? Oh, let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of London I'll show you something to make you change your mind | He Ain't Heavy, He's My Brother  [The Hollies](https://www.google.com/search?rlz=1C1GCEA_enGB822GB822&sxsrf=ALeKk02jeryKtTVUgppDIV82qWn-yRnoBQ:1612346044166&q=The+Hollies&stick=H4sIAAAAAAAAAONgVuLUz9U3MEouN8xdxModkpGq4JGfk5OZWgwAFaJqRhsAAAA&sa=X&ved=2ahUKEwj9nt6Juc3uAhWhonEKHQaaA9UQMTAAegQIARAD)  The road is long With a many a winding turn That leads us to who knows where Who knows where  But I'm strong Strong enough to carry him He ain't heavy, he's my brother  So on we go His welfare is of my concern No burden is he to bear We'll get there  For I know He would not encumber me He ain't heavy, he's my brother  If I'm laden at all I'm laden with sadness That everyone's heart Isn't filled with the gladness Of love for one another  It's a long, long road From which there is no return While we're on the way to there Why not share  And the load Doesn't weigh me down at all He ain't heavy, he's my brother  He's my brother  He ain't heavy, he's my brother He ain't heavy, he's my brother |