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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 peopleAh, look at all the lonely peopleEleanor RigbyPicks up the rice in the church where a wedding has beenLives in a dreamWaits at the windowWearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the doorWho is it for?All the lonely peopleWhere do they all come from?All the lonely peopleWhere do they all belong?Father McKenzieWriting the words of a sermon that no one will hearNo one comes nearLook at him workingDarning his socks in the night when there's nobody thereWhat does he care?All the lonely peopleWhere do they all come from?All the lonely peopleWhere do they all belong?Ah, look at all the lonely peopleAh, look at all the lonely peopleEleanor RigbyDied in the church and was buried along with her nameNobody cameFather McKenzieWiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the graveNo one was savedAll 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 wearyFeeling smallWhen tears are in your eyesI'll dry them allI'm on your sideOh, when times get roughAnd friends just can't be foundLike a bridge over troubled waterI will lay me downLike a bridge over troubled waterI will lay me downWhen you're down and outWhen you're on the streetWhen evening falls so hardI will comfort youI'll take your partOh, when darkness comesAnd pain is all aroundLike a bridge over troubled waterI will lay me downLike a bridge over troubled waterI will lay me downSail on silver girlSail on byYour time has come to shineAll your dreams are on their waySee how they shineOh, if you need a friendI'm sailing right behindLike a bridge over troubled waterI will ease your mindLike a bridge over troubled waterI 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 marketKicking up the papers with his worn out shoes?In his eyes you see no pride, hand held loosely by his sideYesterday's paper telling yesterday's newsSo how can you tell me you're lonelyAnd say for you that the sun doesn't shine?Oh, let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of LondonI'll show you something to make you change your mindHave 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 bagsSo how can you tell me you're lonelyAnd say for you that the sun doesn't shine?Oh, let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of LondonI'll show you something to make you change your mindIn the all night café at a quarter past elevenSame old man sitting there on his ownLooking at the world over the rim of his teacupEach tea lasts an hour then he wanders home aloneSo how can you tell me you're lonelyAnd say for you that the sun doesn't shine?Oh, let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of LondonI'll show you something to make you change your mindHave 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 pityFor one more forgotten hero and a world that doesn't careOh, how can you tell me you're lonelyAnd say for you that the sun doesn't shine?Oh, let me take you by the hand and lead you through the streets of LondonI'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 longWith a many a winding turnThat leads us to who knows whereWho knows whereBut I'm strongStrong enough to carry himHe ain't heavy, he's my brotherSo on we goHis welfare is of my concernNo burden is he to bearWe'll get thereFor I knowHe would not encumber meHe ain't heavy, he's my brotherIf I'm laden at allI'm laden with sadnessThat everyone's heartIsn't filled with the gladnessOf love for one anotherIt's a long, long roadFrom which there is no returnWhile we're on the way to thereWhy not shareAnd the loadDoesn't weigh me down at allHe ain't heavy, he's my brotherHe's my brotherHe ain't heavy, he's my brotherHe ain't heavy, he's my brother |