Mrs. Robinson

Paul Simon

We'd like to know a little bit
About you for our files
We'd like to help you learn
To help yourselfLook around you, all you see
Are sympathetic eyes
Stroll around the grounds
Until you feel at homeAnd here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
A-when Jesus loves you more than you will know
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who prayHide it in a hiding place
Where no one ever goes
Put it in your pantry
With your cupcakesIt's a little secret
It's just the Robinson's' affair
Most of all, you've got to hide it from the kidsHere's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson
Well, Heaven holds a place for those who praySitting on a sofa
On a Sunday afternoon
Going to the candidates' debateLaugh about it, shout about it
When you've got to choose
Every way you look at it, you loseWhere have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?
And a nation turns its lonely eyes to you
A-what's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?
Joltin' Joe has left and gone away

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