

Mrs. Robinson

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We'd like to know a little bit
About you for our files
We'd like to help you learn
To help yourself
Look around you, all you see
Are sympathetic eyes
Stroll around the grounds
Until you feel at home
And 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 pray
 Hide it in a hiding place
 Where no one ever goes
 Put it in your pantry
 With your cupcakes
 It's a little secret
It's just the Robinson's' affair
Most of all, you've got to hide it from the kids
 Here'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 pray
 Sitting on a sofa
 On a Sunday afternoon
 Going to the candidates' debate
 Laugh about it, shout about it
 When you've got to choose
 Every way you look at it, you lose
 Where 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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