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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