

Mr. Robinsons' Quango

Blur

Oh, Mr. Robinson and his quangos
Dirty dealer, expensive car
Runs the buses and the evening star
He got a hairpiece ooh, he got herpes
His private life is very discreet
A nicer man, no, you're never gonna meet Yeah, he's the self confessed savior of the dim right wing
He got respiratory problems and a Mason's ring Oh, Mr. Robinson and his quango
Drinks with generals and county wives
The family business is doing alright
They're doing tangos, down in the quango
Makes them tick oh, he makes them tock
And if you don't fit, he put you in the dock Just sits in his leather chair and twiddles his thumb
Gets his secretary in and pinches her bum He ran into the toilets in the town hall
He got his Biro out and he wrote on the wall
"I'm wearing black French knickers under my suit
I've got stocking and suspenders on
I'm feeling rather loose"
Ooh, I'm the naughty boy
Ooh, I'm the naughty, naughty boy
Said who? He's the self confessed savior of the dim right wing
He got respiratory problems and a Mason's ring Ooh, I'm the naughty, naughty boy
Ooh, I'm the naughty, naughty boy
Ooh, I'm the naughty, naughty boy

...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>