

Mrs. Robinson

Indigo Girls

We'd like to know a little bit about your 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
Jesus loves you more than you will know, whoa, oh, oh
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey 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 And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know, whoa, whoa, oh
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon
Going to the candidate's 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
Our nation turns its lonely eyes to you, who, who, who
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson
Jolting Joe's has left and gone away
Hey, hey, hey And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you ever knew, woo, woo, woo
God bless you, please Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey

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