

# 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

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