Mrs Robinson

Dumbfoundus

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,
Jesus loves you more than you will know
Wo wo wo
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 you pantry with your cupcakes.
It's a little secret,
Just the Robinsons' affair.
Most of all, you've got to hide it
from the kids.

Coo coo ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson,
Jesus loves you more than you will know
Wo wo wo

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 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?
A nation turns its lonely eyes to you
Ooo ooo ooo.

What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?
"Joltin' Joe has left and gone away"
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey

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