

# Mrs. Robinson

## Nashville Superpickers

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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