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## Top Of the Poppers ''Mrs Robinson''

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Di, di-di-di, di-di, di-di, di-di-di-di Do, do-do-do, do-do, do-do-do Di-di, di-di, di-di-di-di, di-di-di-di

And here's to you, Mrs Robinson Jesus loves you more than you will know, woh-woh-woh God bless you, please, Mrs Robinson Heaven holds a place for those who pray Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey

We like to know a little bit about you for our files We like to help you learn to help yourself Look around you, all you see are sympathetic lines Stroll around the grounds until you feel at home

And here's to you, Mrs Robinson Jesus loves you more than you will know, woh-woh-woh 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, woh-woh-woh God bless you, please, Mrs Robinson Heaven holds a place for those who pray Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey

Sittin' 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, wooh-wooh-wooh What's that you say, Mrs Robinson

## Joltin' Joe has left and gone away Hey-hey-hey, hey-hey-hey

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