

The Simpsons

"Look At All Those Idiots"

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Burns: Smithers.
Smithers: Hm?
Burns: Turn on the surveillance monitors.
Smithers: Yes sir!
Burns: Hm. It's worse than I thought.

Burns: Each morning at nine,
They trickle through the gate;
They go home early;
They come in late.

Reeking of cheap liquor,
They stumble through the day;
Never give a thought
To honest work for honest pay.

I know it shouldn't vex me,
I shouldn't take it hard,
I should ignore their capering
With a kingly disregard.

Burns But, look at all those idiots,
& Ooh, look at all those boobs.
Back: An office full of morons,
A factory full of fools.
Is it any wonder, that I'm singing,
Singing the blu-u-ues.

Smithers: Yours is a heavy burden, sir.
Burns: I'm just getting started.

Burns: They make personal phone calls,
On company time.
They Xerox their buttocks,
And guess who pays the dime.

Their blatant thievery wounds me,
Their ingratitude astounds!
I long to lure them to my home,
And them release the hounds!

I shouldn't grow unsettled

When faced with such abuse.
I shouldn't let it plague me,
I shouldn't blow a fuse.

Burns But, look at all those idiots,
& Ooh, look at all those boobs.
Back: An office full of morons,
A factory full of fools.
Is it any wonder, that I'm singing,
Singing the blu-u-ues.

Burns: What happened? Where are the instruments?

Smithers: I believe they call this a breakdown, sir.

Burns: I can't have any breakdowns here!

What if there was an inspector around?

Play a guitar solo.

Smithers: Ho. I'm a little out of practice, sir.

Burns: I said do it! So, do it! do it! do it!!

Smithers: Yes, sir.

Ah-ha.

Hahahaha.

Burns: Yes, excellent.

Well done.

All right, it's beginning to grate.

That'll be sufficient, Smithers.

Smithers: Excuse me?

Burns: I said that's enough!

Smithers: Ooh! Sorry sir. Thought I had my mojo
working.

Burns: Humph.

Burns: That man by the cooler,

Drinking water, as if it's free.

Smithers: Oh. That's Homer Simpson, sir.

A drone from sector 7-G.

Burns: Yes, well, call this Simpson to my office,

And then stay to watch the fun.

If he's six feet when he enters,

He'll be two feet when I'm done.

Smithers: Ha-ha-ha-ha.

Burns: It brings a ray of sunshine

To my unhappy life,

To make him kneel before me,

And slowly twist the knife.

Burns Look at all those idiots,

& D'oh, look at all those boobs.

Back: An office full of morons,

A factory full of fools.

Is it any wonder, that I'm singing,
Singing the blu-u-ues.

Smithers: Take me home, sir.

Burns: I'm trying.

Burns Surrounded by idiots,
& Outnumbered by boobs.

Back: An office full of morons,
A planet full of fools.

Is it any wonder, I'm singing,

Smithers: Maybe you should be singing, sir.

Burns: Oh. Singing the blu-u-ues.

(Back: Look at all those idiots.)

Smithers: Mr. Burns, you, you make Muddy Waters
sound shallow and

(Back: Office full of morons.)

Smithers: cheerful, by comparison.

Burns: Thank you, Smithers. Meaningless but

(Back: Is it any wonder.)

Burns: heartfelt compliment.

I feel like I got a few things off my chest,

And onto the chests of my inferiors.

Smithers: You did.

(Back: Look at all those idiots.)

Burns: Why are they still playing?

Smithers: Um...

(Back: Office full of morons.)

Burns: They're not still on salary, are they?

Smithers: We're not validating their parking, sir.

(Back: Is it any wonder.)

Burns: They're paying for their own coffee, now.

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