

## **Simpsons**

# **"Look At All Those Idiots"**

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Smithers, turn on the surveillance cameras  
Yes sir, it's worse than I thought  
Each morning at nine, they trickle through the gates  
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 know I should ignore their capering with a kingly  
disregard, but

Look at all those idiots  
Ooh, look at all those boobs  
An office full of morons, a factory full of fools  
Is it any wonder that I'm singing, singing the blues

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 then 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

But, look at all those idiots  
Ooh, look at all those boobs  
An office full of morons, a factory full of fools  
Is it any wonder that I'm singing, singing the blues

What happened? Where are the instruments?  
I believe they call this a breakdown, sir  
I can't have any breakdowns here  
What if there was an inspector around?

Play a guitar solo

Oh, I'm a little out of practice, sir  
I said do it, so do it, do it, do it  
Yes sir

Yes, excellent  
Well done  
All right, it's beginning to grate  
That'll be sufficient, Smithers

Excuse me?  
I said that's enough  
Oh, sorry sir  
Thought I had my mojo working

That man by the cooler  
Drinking water, as if it's free  
Oh, that's Homer Simpson, sir  
A drone from sector 7-G

Yes, well, call this Simpson to my office  
And stay to watch the fun  
If he's 6 feet when he enters  
He'll be two feet when I'm done

It brings a ray of sunshine  
To my unhappy life  
To make him kneel before me  
And slowly twist the knife

Look at all those idiots  
Ohh, look at all those boobs  
An office full of morons, a factory full of fools  
Is it any wonder, that I'm singing, singing the blues

Take me home, sir  
I'm trying

Surrounded by idiots  
Outnumbered by boobs  
An office full of morons, a planet full of fools  
Is it any wonder, I'm singing  
Maybe you should be singing, sir, oh, singing the blues

(Look at all those idiots)  
Mr. Burns, you, you make Muddy Waters sound shallow  
and  
(An office full of morons)  
Cheerful, by comparison  
Thank you, Smithers  
Meaningless but  
(Is it any wonder)

Heartfelt compliment

I feel like I got a few things off my chest  
And onto the chests of my inferiors  
You do  
(Look at all those idiots)  
Why are they still playing?  
(Office full of morons)  
They're not still on salary, are they?  
We're not validating their parking, sir

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