

## **Paul Simon**

# **"Mrs. Robinson"**

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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  
Whoa, whoa, whoa  
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.

Koo Koo ka-choo, Mrs. Robinson,  
Jesus loves you more than you will know  
Whoa, whoa, whoa

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 it's 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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