

Roch Voisine

"Mrs. Robinson"

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

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, oh oh oh.
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 your 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 ka-choo, Mrs Robinson.
Jesus loves you more than you will know, oh oh oh.
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.
Ev'ry way you look at this, you lose.

Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio ?
A nation turns its lonely eyes to you, ooh ooh ooh.
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson ?
Joltin' Joe has left and gone away, hey hey hey, hey hey
hey.

