

Mrs Robinson, Paul Simon

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

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.

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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 ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson,  
Jesus loves you more than you will know  
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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 its lonely eyes to you  
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?  
"Joltin' Joe has left and gone away"