

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson,
Jesus loves you more than you will know. (Wo wo wo).
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. (Wo wo wo).
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.

Coo coo ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson,
Jesus loves you more than you will know (Wo wo wo).
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 its 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).

