

# Busted, Mrs. Robinson

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 more 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 (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  
Ev'ry way you look at it, you lose

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