

Blur, Mr. Robinsons' Quango

Mr. robinson and his quango
Dirty dealer, expensive car
Runs the buses and the evening star
He got a hairpiece and he got herpes
His private life is very discreet
A nicer man you're never going to meet
A self professed saviour of the dim right wing
He's got respiratory problems and a masons ring

Mr. robinson and his quango
Drinks with the general and the county wives
Yes the family business is doing all right
They are doing tangos down in the quangos
He makes them tick and he makes them tock
And if he doesn't like you he'll put you in the dock
He just sits in his leather chair and twiddles his thumbs
Gets his secretary in and pinches her bum

He ran into the toilet in the town hall
Got a biro out and he wrote on the wall
I'm wearing black french knickers on under my suit
Wearing stockings and suspenders oh I'm feeling rather loose

Oh I'm a naughty boy
Oh I'm a naughty, naughty boy

Oh I'm a naughty boy, oh I'm a naughty, naughty boy
Oh I'm a naughty boy, oh I'm a naughty, naughty boy
Oh I'm a naughty boy, oh I'm a naughty, naughty boy