

The Simpsons, Look At All Those Idiots

Smithers, (hm?) turn on the surveillance cameras
(Yes sir!) Hm. It's worse than I thought.
Each morning at nine, they trickle through the gates
They go home early, they come in late
Reeking of cheap liquor they stumble through the day
Never give a thought to honest work for honest pay
I know it shouldn't vex me
I shouldn't take it hard
I know I should ignore their capering with a kingly disregard, but

Look at all those idiots
Ooh, look at all those boobs.
An office full of morons
A factory full of fools
Is it any wonder that I'm singing, singing the blu-u-ues!

They make personal phone calls,
On company time.
They Xerox their buttocks,
And guess who pays the dime.

Their blatant thievery wounds me,
Their ingratitude astounds!
I long to lure them to my home,
And then release the hounds!

I shouldn't grow unsettled
When faced with such abuse.
I shouldn't let it plague me,
I shouldn't blow a fuse!

But, look at all those idiots,
ooh, look at all those boobs.
An office full of morons,
A factory full of fools.
Is it any wonder that I'm singing,
Singing the blu-u-ues.

What happened? Where are the instruments?
I believe they call this a breakdown, sir.
I can't have any breakdowns here!
What if there was an inspector around?
Play a guitar solo.
Oh, I'm a little out of practice, sir.
I said do it!!! So do it!!! do it!!! do it!!!
Yes sir.

(Guitar Solo)

Yes, excellent. Well done.
All right, it's beginning to grate.
That'll be sufficient, Smithers.
Excuse me?
I said that's enough!
Oh! Sorry sir. Thought I had my mojo working.
Humph.

That man by the cooler,
Drinking water, as if it's free.
Oh. That's Homer Simpson, sir.
A drone from sector 7-G.

Yes, well, call this Simpson to my office,
And stay to watch the fun.

If he's 6 feet when he enters,
He'll be two feet when I'm done.

It brings a ray of sunshine
To my unhappy life,
To make him kneel before me,
And slowly twist the knife.

Look at all those idiots
Ohh, look at all those boobs.
An office full of morons,
A factory full of fools.
Is it any wonder, that I'm singing,
Singing the blu-u-ues.

Take me home, sir.
I'm trying.

Surrounded by idiots,
Outnumbered by boobs.
An office full of morons,
A planet full of fools.
Is it any wonder, I'm singing,
Maybe you should be singing, sir.
Oh. Singing the blu-u-ues.

(Look at all those idiots.)
Mr. Burns, you, you make Muddy Waters sound shallow and
(An office full of morons.)
cheerful, by comparison.
Thank you, Smithers. Meaningless but
(Is it any wonder.)
heartfelt compliment.
I feel like I got a few things off my chest,
and onto the chests of my inferiors.
You do .
(Look at all those idiots.)
Why are they still playing?
Um...
Office full of morons.)
They're not still on salary, are they?
We're not validating their parking, sir.