

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus you more than you will know, wo wo wo
God bless you , 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
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 secret, just the Robinsons' affair
Most of all, you've got to hide it from the kids

Coo coo ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson
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Sitting on a on a Sunday afternoon
Going to the candidates' debate
Laugh about it, shout about it
When you've got to
Every way you look at it you lose

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