

Mrs. Robinson

by Paul Simon (1968)

*D7*_(½) *Am7*_(¼) *D7*_(¼) *G* *Em* *G* *Em*
And here's to you . . . Mrs. Robinson, Jesus loves you more than you will
C *C* *D7* *D7*
know. Wo, wo, wo. God bless you,
G *Em* *G* *Em*
please Mrs. Robinson, Heaven holds a place for those who
C *C* *Am* *Am* *E* *E* *E* *E*
pray. Hey, hey, hey, Hey, hey, hey.

E7 *E7* *E7* *E7* *E7*
We'd like to know a little bit about you for our files,
A7 *A7* *A7* *A7*
We'd like to help you learn to help yourself.
D7 *G* *C* *Am* *Am*
Look around you all you see are sympathetic eyes,
E *E* *D7* *D7*
Stroll around the grounds until you feel at home. And here's to

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 Robinson's affair,
Most of all you've got to hide it from the kids. Coo, coo, ca choo

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

G *Em* *G* *Em*
gone Joe DiMaggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to
C *C* *D7* *D7*
you. Wo, wo, wo, What's that you
G *Em* *G* *Em*
say, Mrs. Robinson, "Joltin' Joe" has left and gone
C *C* *Am* *E* *E* *E* *E7+6*
away?" Hey, hey, hey, Hey, hey, hey.