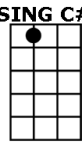


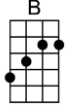
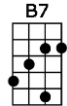
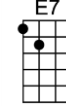
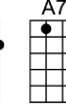
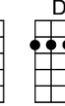
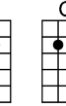
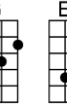
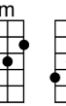
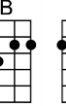
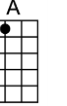
SING C#

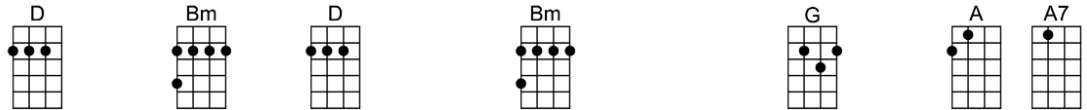


MRS. ROBINSON - Paul Simon

4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

Intro:

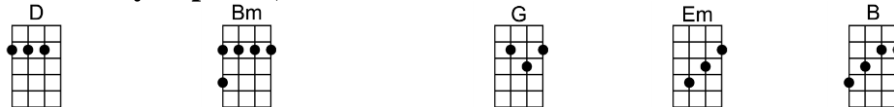
									
16	4	16	4	4	4	8	8	4	4



And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson. Jesus loves you more than you will know, wo wo wo



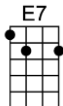
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson.



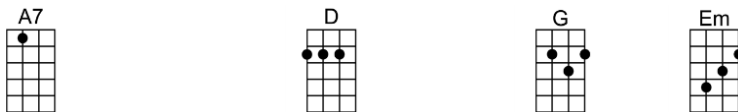
Heaven holds a place for those who pray, hey hey hey, hey hey hey



1. We'd like to know a little bit about you for our files
2. Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever goes



We'd like to help you learn to help yourself
Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes

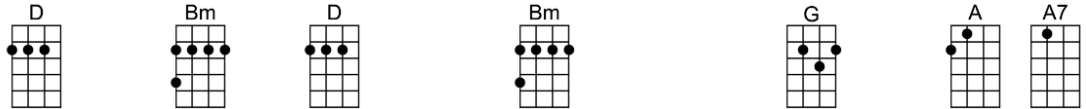


Look around you, all you see are sympathetic eyes
It's a little secret, just the Robinsons' af-fair



Stroll around the grounds un-til you feel at home (Go on to "And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson..")
Most of all, you've got to hide it from the kids ("Coo coo ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson.....")

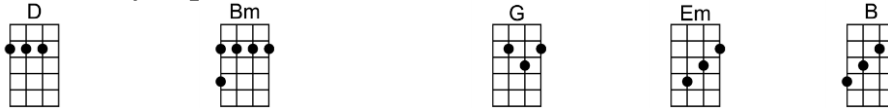
p.2. Mrs. Robinson



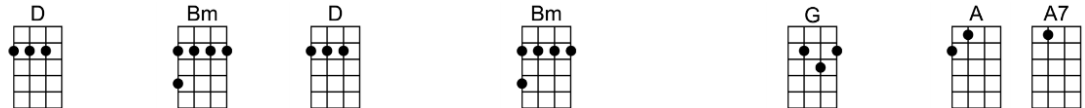
And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson. Jesus loves you more than you will know, wo wo wo



God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson.



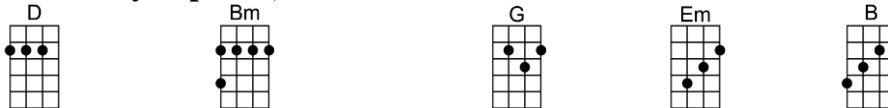
Heaven holds a place for those who pray, hey hey hey, hey hey hey (2nd verse)



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,

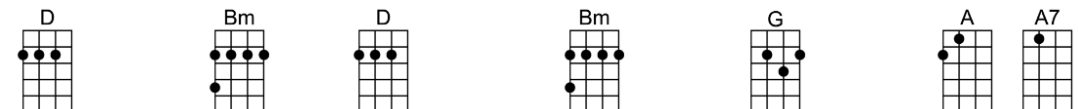
going to the candidates' debate



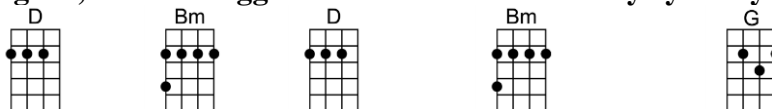
Laugh about it, shout about it. When you've got to choose



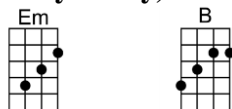
Every way you look at, it you lose



Where have you gone, Joe Di-Maggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you, woo woo woo



What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson, 'Joltin Joe' has left, and gone a-way,'



Hey hey hey, hey hey hey

MRS. ROBINSON-Paul Simon

4/4 1234 1 (without intro)

Intro: B B7 E7 A7 D G Em B A A7
16 4 16 4 4 4 8 8 4 4

D Bm D Bm G A A7
And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson. Jesus loves you more than you will know, wo wo wo

D Bm
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson.

D Bm G Em B
Heaven holds a place for those who pray, hey hey hey, hey hey hey

B B7
We'd like to know a little bit about you for our files

E7
We'd like to help you learn to help yourself

A7 D G Em
Look around you, all you see are sympathetic eyes

B A A7
Stroll around the grounds un-til you feel at home

D Bm D Bm G A A7
And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson. Jesus loves you more than you will know, wo wo wo

D Bm
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson.

D Bm G Em B
Heaven holds a place for those who pray, hey hey hey, hey hey hey

B B7
Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever goes

E7
Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes

A7 D G Em
It's a little secret, just the Robinsons' af-fair

B A A7
Most of all, you've got to hide it from the kids

p.2. Mrs. Robinson

D Bm D Bm G A A7
Coo coo ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson. Jesus loves you more than you will know, wo wo wo

D Bm
God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson.

D Bm G Em B
Heaven holds a place for those who pray, hey hey hey, hey hey hey

B B7 E7
Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon, going to the candidates' debate

A7 D G Em
Laugh about it, shout about it. When you've got to choose

B A A7
Every way you look at, it you lose

D Bm D Bm G A A7
Where have you gone, Joe Di-Maggio? A nation turns its lonely eyes to you, woo woo woo

D Bm D Bm G
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson, 'Joltin Joe' has left, and gone a-way,'

Em B
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey