

# 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