

Mr. Robinson's Quango

Blur

Oh, Mr Robinson
And his quango
Dirty dealer
Expensive car
Runs the buses and the Evening Star

He got a hairpiece
Ooh, he got herpes
His private life is very discreet
A nicer man, no, you're never gonna meet

He's the self-confessed saviour of the dim right wing
He got respiratory problems and a mason's ring

Oh, Mr Robinson
And his quango
Drinks with generals and county wives
The family business is doing alright

They're doing tangos
Down in the quangos
He makes them tick
Ooh, he makes them tock
And if you don't fit
He put you in the dock

He just sits in his leather chair and twiddles his thumb
Gets his secretary in and pinches her bum

He ran into the toilets in the town hall
He got his biro out and wrote on the wall
'I'm wearing black French knickers under my suit
I've got stocking and suspenders on
I'm feeling rather loose'

Ooh, I'm a naughty boy
Ooh, I'm a naughty, naughty boy