

Look At All Those Idiots

The Simpsons

Smithers, turn on the surveillance cameras
Yes sir, it's worse than I thought
Each morning at nine, they trickle through the gates
They go home early, they come in late
Reeking of cheap liquor they stumble through the day
Never give a thought to honest work for honest pay
I know it shouldn't vex me, I shouldn't take it hard
I know I should ignore their capering with a kingly disregard, but
Look at all those idiots
Ooh, look at all those boobs
An office full of morons, a factory full of fools
Is it any wonder that I'm singing, singing the blues
They make personal phone calls
On company time
They Xerox their buttocks
And guess who pays the dime
Their blatant thievery wounds me
Their ingratitude astounds
I long to lure them to my home
And then release the hounds
I shouldn't grow unsettled
When faced with such abuse
I shouldn't let it plague me
I shouldn't blow a fuse
But, look at all those idiots
Ooh, look at all those boobs
An office full of morons, a factory full of fools
Is it any wonder that I'm singing, singing the blues
What happened? Where are the instruments?
I believe they call this a breakdown, sir
I can't have any breakdowns here
What if there was an inspector around?
Play a guitar solo
Oh, I'm a little out of practice, sir
I said do it, so do it, do it, do it
Yes sir
Yes, excellent
Well done
All right, it's beginning to grate
That'll be sufficient, Smithers
Excuse me?
I said that's enough
Oh, sorry sir
Thought I had my mojo working
That man by the cooler
Drinking water, as if it's free
Oh, that's Homer Simpson, sir
A drone from sector 7-G
Yes, well, call this Simpson to my office
And stay to watch the fun
If he's 6 feet when he enters
He'll be two feet when I'm done
It brings a ray of sunshine
To my unhappy life
To make him kneel before me
And slowly twist the knife
Look at all those idiots

Ohh, look at all those boobs
An office full of morons, a factory full of fools
Is it any wonder, that I'm singing, singing the blues
Take me home, sir
I'm trying
Surrounded by idiots
Outnumbered by boobs
An office full of morons, a planet full of fools
Is it any wonder, I'm singing
Maybe you should be singing, sir, oh, singing the blues
(Look at all those idiots)
Mr. Burns, you, you make Muddy Waters sound shallow and
(An office full of morons)
Cheerful, by comparison
Thank you, Smithers
Meaningless but
(Is it any wonder)
Heartfelt compliment
I feel like I got a few things off my chest
And onto the chests of my inferiors
You do
(Look at all those idiots)
Why are they still playing?
(Office full of morons)
They're not still on salary, are they?
We're not validating their parking, sir