Belle & Sebastian, Step Into My Office, Baby

She called me up today Meet me down at the old café I jumped into the shower I was getting my marching orders

We need to talk Step into my office, baby I want to give you the job A chance of overtime Say, my place at nine?

She'd never stand for any lies She's got an Out Tray full of guys I could sense a breath, a whole new feeling Now she says she wants to call a meeting

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I'm a slave to work
I'm only living when I walk amongst the office staff
And catch up with the office wag
I'll be in bed by nine
My curtains drawn
My thoughts composed
I get to work on time

She gave me some dictation But my strength is in administration I took down all she said I even took down her little red dress

We need to talk
Step into my office, baby
I'm going to give you the job
I'm pushing for a raise
I've been pushing now for days

My output is in decline I was burned out after Thatcher My banner I laid down with a sigh Now I doubt if I'll ever catch her

I've got to change my ways Dress for business every day A sharp suit and a kipper tie A big arrow pointing to my fly

Have you shaved for work yet, baby? Don't go where the boss is, baby

We need to talk Step into my office, baby I want to give you the job A chance of over time Say my place at nine?