

Billie Jo Spears, Mr Walker Its All Over

I left Garden City, Kansas with a ticket
And a yen to see New York
I typed eighty words a minute
So your corporation let me go to work
I fetched paper clips and coffee
Even helped you dodge you're domineering wife
Mr Walker it's all over, I don't like the New York secretary's life

In this building there's a crowd of guys
With old familiar thoughts upon their minds
That's a lot of hands a-reachin' out
To grab the things that I considered mine
And the president pursues me
Even though he's old and hair of turnin' white
Mr Walker it's all over, I don't like the New York secretary's life

There's a flat in Greenwich Village
That I took because the subway wasn't far
But a trumpet player's upstairs
And below me their's a jumpin' all night bar
And a frosted bit o'cake
I have to share the place with bugs and big ol' mice
Mr Walker it's all over, I don't like the New York secretary's life

Your sweetheart in personnel said
I should be a pervert and notice like the rest
So I wrote goodbye with my brightest lipstick
Right across her big expensive desk
You'd better call the Times and tell 'em
Put your wanted ad right back in classifieds
Mr Walker it's all over, I don't like the New York secretary's life

There's a Greyhound at the station
And I'm on that phone with open arms for me
Garden City's lookin' better every minute
Now since I have learned to see
And the boy next door don't know it
But come June he's gonna gain himself a wife
Mr Walker it's all over, I don't like the New York secretary's life
Mr Walker it's all over, I don't like the New York secre