

# 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