

Clifford T. Ward, Secretary

Typing her letters she's the type I like

Lookin' like a girl of impulse and delight

Working her typewriter, pen between her lips

She has the whole world at her fingertips.

Oh won't you come and be my secretary

I got most of my work done

Won't you come and be my secretary

We can have a lot of fun.

Her in-tray's full up

Her out-tray's empty

And the only thing that's pending is me

So I just sit and watch her hair fall on her face

While she keeps pushin' it back in place.

Oh won't you come and be my secretary

I got most of my work done

Won't you come and be my secretary

We can have a lot of fun.

But all she sees are the keys

As she crosses her knees

And straightens her backache

She lights a cigarette

Drinks her coffee

Yet she don't notice me (she don't notice me)

She don't notice me (she don't notice me).

Oh won't you come and be my secretary

I got most of my work done

Won't you come and be my secretary

We can have a lot of fun.