Lynn Anderson, Mr. Walker It's All Over

I left Garden City Kansas with a ticket and a yen to see New York
I typed eigty words a minute so your corporation let me go to work
I fetch paper clips and coffee even help you dodge your domineering wife
Mr Walker it's all over I don't like the New York secretary's life
In this building there's a lotta guys with old familiar thoughts upon their minds
That's a lot of hands a reaching out to grab the things that I consider mine
And the president persues me even though he's old and his hair is 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 subways wasn't far
But a trumpet player's upstairs and below me ther's a jumpin' all night bar
And to frost the bitter 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 give her written 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 classified
Mr Walker it's all over I don't like the New York secretary's life
There's a greyhound at the station and a mom at home with open arms for me
Garden City's looking 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 secretary's life