

# 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 eighty 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 pursues 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 there'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