

Mr. Walker It's All Over

Billie Jo Spears

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 crowd o' guys
With old familiar thoughts upon their minds
Yeah, an' 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 hair a-turnin' white
Mr Walker, it's all over
I don't like the New York secretary's life

Well there's a flat in Greenwich Village
That I took because the subway wasn't far
Yeah, but there's a trumpet player 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
Oh, Mr Walker, it's all over
I don't like the New York secretary's life
Eah-oh, Mr Walker, it's all over
I don't like the New York secretary's life