

## 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 persues 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