

Secretary

Paula Cole

I'll be your secretary, oh.
I'll fetch your vodka on the rocks,
I'll be your secretary, oh,
I'll reach up towards the highest shelf and,
You'll sidle up behind me,
I do not know you're there,
Until I feel your hands are sliding hands up my two thighs and
I...

And I want it violent,
And I want it mental,
And I want it gentle.

I'll be your secretary, oh,
I'll kneel down on the floor (in front of you)
I'll be your secretary, oh,
I'll open up my mouth and you will
lift me up and lay me over
Your secretary,
Until I feel your hands are sliding hands up my two thighs and
I...

And I want it violent,
And I want it mental,
And I want it gentle.

I'll be your secretary, oh,
So kneel down on the floor in front of me,
You'll be my secretary, oh,
Now come and be my Florence Nightingale.
I want you in my apron,
I want you to paint the walls,
I want to come and smack you,
Make you hot and sore, now get down on the floor, and I...

And I want it violent,
And I want it mental,
And I want it gentle.

I'll be your secretary, oh.