

# Mr Walker, It's All Over

Billie Jo Spears

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 crowd of guys with  
old familiar thoughts upon their minds  
That's a lot of hands a reaching out you 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  
There's a flat in Greenwich Village that I took  
because the subway wasn't far  
But a trumpet player's upstairs and below me ther's a jumping all night bar  
And to frost a 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  
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