

A.C. Newman

"Secretarial"

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One day you blew across the water after racing through
the countdown,
Spewing ancient wisdom like your friends the
revelations had come,
And they were looking for me.
I took the red-eye back to glory but the more I got the
facts straight,
It turns out that the story's getting shorter,
And what I want to know is: will it happen to me?

Can't take them out, can't take them out with baby
artillery.
Can't take them, can't take them out,
Lady, it's secretarial. Secretarial.

We've been divided, we've decided it's a problem we
can live with,
The motion to defeat it is repeated,
And what I want to know is: will it happen to me?
So come on, let the son in, we've been gunning for
promotion,
Posting the slogans on the road signs,
But I want to know when it happens to me.

Can't take them out, can't take them out with baby
artillery.
Can't take them, can't take them out,
Lady, it's secretarial. Secretarial.

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