

Livores Mortis "Mr. Walker It's All Over"

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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 reachin' out to grab the things that I consider mine

And the president persues me even though he's old and his hair is turning 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 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 opened 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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