

Liz Anderson

"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 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 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 pursues 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
Mr Walker it's all over I don't like the New York

secretary's life

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