

by **Belle & Sebastian**
"Step Into My Office, Baby"

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She called me up today
Meet me down at the old café
I jumped into the shower
I was getting my marching orders

We need to talk
Step into my office, baby
I want to give you the job
A chance of overtime
Say, my place at nine?

She'd never stand for any lies
She's got an Out Tray full of guys
I could sense a breath, a whole new feeling
Now she says she wants to call a meeting

We need to talk
Step into my office, baby
I want to give you the job
A chance of overtime
Say, my place at nine?

I'm a slave to work
I'm only living when I walk amongst the office staff
And catch up with the office wag
I'll be in bed by nine
My curtains drawn
My thoughts composed
I get to work on time

She gave me some dictation
But my strength is in administration
I took down all she said
I even took down her little red dress

We need to talk
Step into my office, baby
I'm going to give you the job
I'm pushing for a raise
I've been pushing now for days

My output is in decline
I was burned out after Thatcher
My banner I laid down with a sigh
Now I doubt if I'll ever catch her

I've got to change my ways
Dress for business every day
A sharp suit and a kipper tie
A big arrow pointing to my fly

Have you shaved for work yet, baby?
Don't go where the boss is, baby

We need to talk
Step into my office, baby
I want to give you the job
A chance of over time
Say my place at nine?

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