

Clifford Ward**"Secretary"**

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Typing her letters she's the type I like
Lookin' like a girl of impulse and delight
Working her typewriter, pen between her lips
She has the whole world at her fingertips.
Oh won't you come and be my secretary
I got most of my work done
Won't you come and be my secretary
We can have a lot of fun.
Her in-tray's full up
Her out-tray's empty
And the only thing that's pending is me
So I just sit and watch her hair fall on her face
While she keeps pushin' it back in place.
Oh won't you come and be my secretary
I got most of my work done
Won't you come and be my secretary
We can have a lot of fun.
But all she sees are the keys
As she crosses her knees
And straightens her backache
She lights a cigarette

Drinks her coffee

Yet she don't notice me (she don't notice me)

She don't notice me (she don't notice me).

Oh won't you come and be my secretary

I got most of my work done

Won't you come and be my secretary

We can have a lot of fun.

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