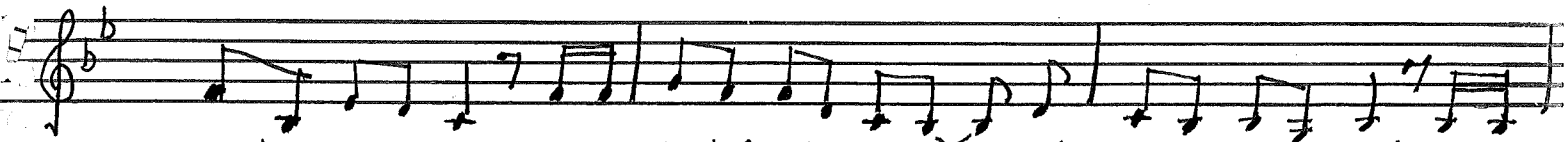


The Bosses' Lament

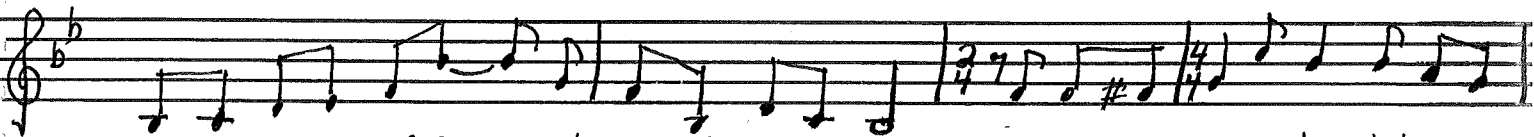
Terry Dash



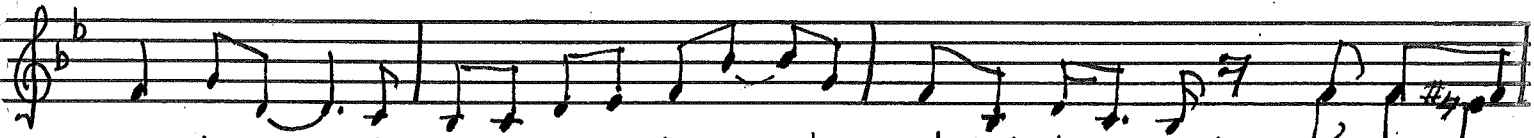
Well, I don't know what to ^{make of it just} where it all will end I have-n't been so mort-i-fied since



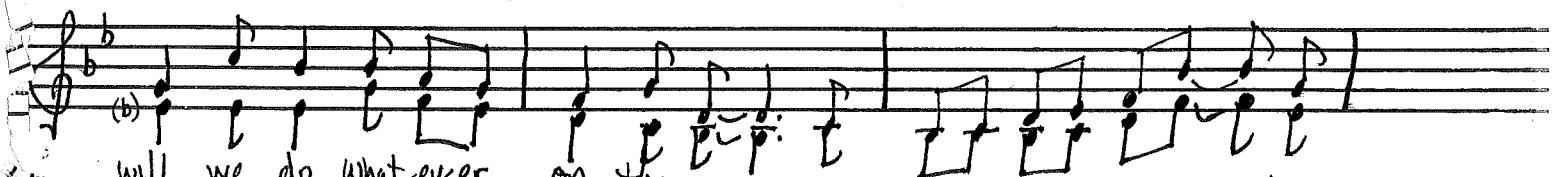
ear-ly nine-teen ten, Well, I've heard of flood & fam-ine but things got really hard when the



lad-ies of my office got hold of un-ion cards. What-ev-er will we do what-ev-er



on this earth when all the sec-re-tar-ies de-mand what they are worth. What-ev-er



will we do, what-ev-er on this earth, when all the sec-re-tar-ies de-



mand what they are worth.

2. My girl, she runs the office, you know that's what girls do.

She does her job, yes, very well and most of my job too.

But it's certainly outrageous, it's completely out of line
When she demands a salary commensurate with mine.

3. My secretary tallies up the things that I must do.

She keeps a list of all my friends so I'll know who is who.

My lord, if she should leave me, oh how would I survive?

I've haven't made a phone call since 1945.

4. Now, there's rumors of a walk-out, there's rumors of a strike.

Rumors of a picket, a stoppage and the like

But I've got my survival plan in case of storm and strife

Here's how I'll get the job done - I'll give it to my wife!

5. Now, I've had about enough of this, I just can't comprehend.

Whoever do they think they are to organize like men

Will I believe in order, the tried and trusted norm

I'll damn well see them fired - if I can find the form.

Chorus 2nd time around after last verse:

Whatever will they do, whatever on this earth

When all us secretaries demand what we are worth.