

Room Service

Fischer-Z

Oh dear Rosanna, what shall I do?
I called room service and they sent along you
You came in, met me with a grin
If only you knew, It's all right
You don't speak English, I don't know Chinese
I ordered breakfast for one and you brought me three

My morning call was Arabs in the hall
And you spit half my tea, but, It's all right
You look uneasy, you move to and fro
There's nowhere to put down your tray without moving my clothes
Just when I think you're going to turn pink
You say to my surprise, It's all right