

Fischer-Z, Room Service

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...