Comin' Right Up

Bruce Willis

(Spoken:) One, two, three, hit it boy, oh oh

May I take your order? Bourbon rocks, splash of water, comin' right up, comin' right up.
All alone? Don't be nervous, Bruno's here baby, I'm at your service
Tending your cup, sit down, belly up.
Ask for anything and I'll say "yup! comin' right up", I'll be right with you.
Need a match? On the double, sulphur preparation, that's no trouble
Comin right up! I got that comin right up
What's that? Am I free later? Let me put it this way: does a comet leave a crater?
I'll check my book-my, my, what luck, a bottle of our best champagne comin' right up
We toasted everything, that's worth imagining, she told me stories that would melt a stone
I managed to just keep a hold of myself, she blew a little kiss, so shy and sensuous
Then disappeared into the night alone, she left a map on a ten-dollar bill
Underneath her glass in a vodka spill. Oh!
Midnight I pushed the buzzer guessed right cause it was her
Ninety-ninth floor: "Baby, It's Bruno I'll be right up"
Uh uh! Nice lobby. Sixty nine, seventy nine, eighty nine, oh here we are: ninety nine.
I knock, I take a look in high heels, dinner cookin',
"Yes, thank you make mine a Manhattan bone dry, don't forget that little cherry on top!"
Comin' right, comin' right up.

(Spoken:) This is delicious, you made it yourself, uh? Mmm, yeah, come here,
let me fix that seem in the back of your stocking, baby...

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