

Hotel Slavia Blues

Waiter, waiter! Bring me some booze.
Waiter, waiter! Bring me some booze.
I'm in Karlovy Vary with the Hotel Slavia blues.

I was trying to go to the Slavia Cafe,
I was trying to go to the Slavia Cafe,
But something went wrong somewhere along the way.

I don't know what I'm in, but it's out of Kafka,
I don't know what I'm in, but it's out of Kafka,
and the only cure is a Beckerovka.

The blackboard's small and the chalk is square.
The blackboard's small and the chalk is square.
The talk's run over and I don't care.

Waiter, waiter! Where can you be?
Waiter, waiter! Where can you be?
My glass is empty and I've got to pee.

There are many things I would like to see,
There are many things I would like to see,
But Karlovy Vary has only quasivariety.

Baby I'll buy the oplatky for you,
Baby I'll buy the oplatky for you,
If you'll just hold my place in the queue.

Karlovy Vary is a swinging town,
Karlovy Vary is a swinging town,
Every night at ten they close it down.

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J.B. Nation