

## Working Title, The "Cabaret"

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And if I tore a hole into this nights farewell  
And crawled on out to escape this night  
And all it's fears and memories of happy years.

One step behind I'm one too late you tore you own, I'm  
going home.  
Oh my memory, did I say goodbye?

You'll be gone tomorrow and I'm crying in your arms  
but you're not here.

I can see your face every time I close my eyes, this  
cabaret.

Oh I'll remember everything you've said to me.  
The day I release you in my heart I'll say goodbye.  
But I'll take time to write down everything.

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