

## **Geri Halliwell "Cabaret"**

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what good is sitting alone  
In you room?  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret.  
Put down the knitting,  
The book and the broom.  
Time for a holiday.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret.  
Come taste the wine,  
Come hear the band.  
Come blow a horn,  
Start celebrating;  
Right this way,  
Your table's waiting.

No use permitting  
Some prophet of doom  
To wipe every smile away.  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret!

I used to have a girlfriend  
Known as elsie,  
With whom I shared  
Four sordid rooms in chelsea  
She wasn't waht you'd call  
A blushing flower...  
As a matter of fact  
She rented by the hour.

The day she died the neighbors  
Came to snicker:  
"well, that's what comes  
From too much pills and liquor."  
But when I saw her laid out like a queen,  
She was the happiest... corpse...  
I'd ever seen.

I think of elsie to this very day.

I remember how she'd turn to me and say:  
"what good is sitting alone  
In your room?  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret.

Put down the knitting,  
The book and the broom.  
Time for a holiday.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the cabaret."

And as for me,  
I made my mind up, back in Chelsea,  
When I go, I'm going like Elsie.

Start by admitting,  
From cradle to tomb  
Isn't that a long stay.  
Life is a cabaret, old chum,  
Only a cabaret, old chum  
And I love a cabaret.

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