

# Cabaret

## "Cabaret"

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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 Cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the Cabaret.

Come taste the wine,  
Come hear the band.  
Come blow your horn,  
Start celebrating;  
Right this way,  
Your table's waiting

What good's permitting  
some prophet of doom  
To wipe every smile away?  
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 what 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, thats what comes  
from to 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'd remember how'd she turn to me and say:  
"What good is sitting all alone in your room?  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the Cabaret."

And as for me, ha!  
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  
It isn't that long a stay.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,  
It's only a Cabaret, old chum,  
And I love a Cabaret!

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