

## **Jill Haworth**

### **"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

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 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, 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'd remember  
How'd she 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"

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

Start by admitting from cradle to tomb  
Isn't that long a stay life is a cabaret, old chum  
Only a cabaret, old chum and I love a cabaret

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