

Ray Conniff "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 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
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
Life is a cabaret, old chum
Only a cabaret, old chum
So come to the cabaret
I love a cabaret

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