

The Working Title

"Cabaret"

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And if I tore a hole into this nights fair well 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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