

## **Liza Minelli**

### **"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.  
It's 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.

What good's permitting Some prophet of doom  
To wipe every smile away.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,  
So Come to the Cabaret!

I used to have a girlfriend Known as Elsie,  
With whom I shared A 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 remember how she'd turn to me and say:  
"What good is sitting all alone in you room?  
Come hear the music play.  
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,  
Come to the Cabaret.

And as for me, 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 a 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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