

## Various Artists

### "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 your 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

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 of 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"

Put down the knitting, the book and the broom  
Time for a holiday  
Life is a cabaret, old chum  
Come to the cabaret

And as for me, 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  
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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