

Cabaret

Louis Armstrong

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
It's time for 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 blow your horn
Come hear the band
It's time for celebrating
Right this way
Your table's waiting Now start by admitting
From cradle to tomb
It isn't that long a stay
Oh, life is a cabaret, old chum
Only a cabaret, old chum
So come to the cabaret

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