Cabaret

Dee Snider

What good is sitting
Alone in your room?
Come hear the music play
Life is a cabaret, old chump
Come to the cabaretPut down the knitting
The book and the broom
It's time for a holiday
Life is cabaret, old chump
Come to the cabaretCome taste the wine
Come hear the band
Come blow your horn
Start celebrating
Right this way
Your table's waitingNo use permitting
Some prophet of doom
To wipe every smile away
Come hear the music play
Life is a cabaret, old chump
Come to the cabaretI used to have a girlfriend
Known as Elsie
With whom I shared
Four sordid rooms in ChelseaShe wasn't what you'd call
A blushing flower
As a matter of fact
She rented by the hourThe day she died, the neighbors
Came to snicker
"Well, that's what comes
From to much pills and liquor"But when I saw her
Laid out like a queen
She was the happiest corpse
I'd ever seenI think of Elsie
To this very day
I'd remember how
She'd turn to me and say"What good is sitting
Alone in your room?
Come hear the music play
Life is a cabaret, old chump
Come to the cabaret"And as for me, I made up
My mind back in Chelsea

When I go
I'm going like ElsieStart 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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