

# 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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