

# Cabaret

## Treme Brass Band

Shards of glass cut through my gaze  
Broken streamers hanging at my legs  
Drunk and giddy full of fate  
At the cabaret  
Smokey stares from the bar do stray  
Bottles tumble, I feel the misty spray  
What a perfect, perfect day  
For the cabaret  
From afar he sees Venus rise  
Overwhelmingly beautiful he sighs  
The look of love was in her eyes  
At the cabaret  
Puts his hand upon her leg  
Looking closer his lust begins to fade  
What a drag the queen did say  
At the cabaret  
Could this be a dream I'm in  
Fellini would be proud  
Gluttony enfolds the scene  
Give 'em one last round  
Shining faces dance away  
Swinging skirts between the panted legs  
Kaleidescoping then shassez  
At the cabaret  
In a blink the glasses fly  
Suddenly joy becomes a fight  
There they tossed and turned a sight  
At the cabaret  
Could this be a dream I'm in  
Fellini would be proud  
Gluttony enfolds the scene  
Give 'em one last round, last round, yeah

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