Cabaret

Flying Pooh

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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