

# Cabaret

[Liza Minnelli](#)

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  
It's time for a holiday  
Life is a cabaret, old chum  
So come to the cabaret Come taste the wine  
Come hear the band  
Come blow your horn  
Start celebrating right this way  
Your table's waiting What good's permitting some prophet of doom  
To wipe every smile away  
Life is a cabaret, old chum  
So come to the cabaret I used to have this girlfriend known as Elsie  
With whom I shared four sordid rooms in Chelsea  
She wasn't what you'd call a blushing flower  
As a matter of fact she rented by the hour The day she died the neighbors came to snicker  
"Well, that's what comes from too much pills and liquor"  
But when I saw her laid out like a Queen  
She was the happiest corpse, I'd ever seen I think of Elsie to this very day  
I remember how she'd turn to me and say  
"What good is sitting all alone in your room?  
Come hear the music play  
Life is a cabaret, old chum  
Come to the cabaret And as for me  
And as for me  
I made my mind up, back in Chelsea  
When I go, I'm going like Elsie Start by admitting from cradle to tomb  
Isn't that long a stay  
Life is a cabaret, old chum  
It's only a cabaret, old chum  
And I love a cabaret

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