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 cabaretPut down the knitting, the book and the broom
It's time for a holiday
Life is a cabaret, old chum
So come to the cabaretCome taste the wine
Come hear the band
Come blow your horn
Start celebrating right this way
Your table's waitingWhat good's permitting some prophet of doom
To wipe every smile away
Life is a cabaret, old chum
So come to the cabaretI 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 hourThe 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 seenI 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 cabaretAnd as for me
And as for me
I made my mind up, 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
It's only a cabaret, old chum
And I love a cabaret

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