

# 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!  
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 for sordid rooms in Chelsea  
She wasn't what you call a blushing flower  
As a matter of fact she rented by the hour.  
The day she died the neighbors  
Came to snick her  
Well, that is 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 till this very day  
I remember how she'd turned 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  
Ha  
And as for me  
I made my mind up back in Chelsea  
When I go  
I'm going like Elsie. Star by admitting  
From cradle to tomb  
It isn't that long a stay  
Life is a cabaret, old chum!  
It's only a cabaret, old chum!

And I love a cabaret!

Songwriters

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