

Me First And The Gimme Gimmes, Cabaret

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.
Time for a holiday.
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,
Come to the Cabaret.

Come taste the wine,
Come hear the band.
Come blow a horn,
Start celebrating;
Right this way,
Your table's waiting.

No use permitting
Some prophet of doom
To wipe every smile away.
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,
Come to the Cabaret.

I used to have a 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
With too much pills and liquor."
But when I saw her laid out like a Queen,
She was the happiest corpse
I'd ever seen.

And as for me,
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
Ain't such a long, long stay.
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,
Come to the Cabaret

What good is sitting alone
In your room?
Come hear the music play.
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,
Come to the Cabaret.
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,
Come to the Cabaret.
I love the Cabaret.