

Cabaret

Louis Armstrong and His All Stars

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 your 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
Come blow your horn
Come hear the band
Yeah, start celebrating
Right this way
Your table's waiting
Now start by admitting
From cradle to tomb
It isn't that long a [Incomprehensible]
Oh, life is a cabaret, old chum
Only a cabaret, old chum
So come to the cabaret

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