What good is sitting alone in your room? Come hear the music play!
Life is a cab---a--ret, 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!

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 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 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, it isn't that long a stay. Life is a cab---a--ret, old chum! It's only a cab---a--ret old chum! And I love a cab---a---ret!