CABARET

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: (4 beats each)

F  Fdim  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7  C  G7

What good is sitting a-lone in your room? Come hear the music play.

F  Fdim  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7  C  G7

Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret.

C  G7+5  C  G7+5  C  G7+5  Gm6  C7

Put down the knitting, The book and the broom, it's time for a holiday.

F  Fdim  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7  C  G7

Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret.

Fm  C  Am  E+  Am7  D7

Come taste the wine, come hear the band, come blow your horn, start celebrating;

G7  Dm6  G7

Right this way, your table's waiting.

C  G7+5  C  G7+5  C  G7+5  Gm6  C7

What good's permitting some prophet of doom to wipe every smile away.

F  Fdim  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7  C  G7

Life is a cabaret, old chum, so come to the cabaret!

C  G7+5  C  G7+5  C  G7+5  C  C7

I used to have this girlfriend known as Elsie, with whom I shared four sordid rooms in Chelsea

F  Bb7  Am  D7  G7

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 re-member how she'd turn to me and say:

"What good is sitting all a-lone in you room? Come hear the music play."

Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret."
CABARET
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro:  F  F#dim  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7  C  G7  (4 beats each)

C    G7#5  C    G7#5  C    Gm6  C7
What good is sitting a-lone in your room? Come hear the music play.
F    F#dim  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7  C  G7
Life is a caba-ret, old chum, come to the caba-ret.
C    G7#5  C    G7#5  C    Gm6  C7
Put down the knitting, The book and the broom, it's time for a holi-day.
F    F#dim  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7  C
Life is a caba-ret, old chum, come to the caba-ret.

Fm        C       Am  E+  Am7  D7
Come taste the wine, come hear the band, come blow your horn, start cele-brating;
G7       Dm6  G7
Right this way, your table's waiting.
C    G7#5  C    G7#5  C    Gm6  C7
What good's per-mitting some prophet of doom to wipe every smile a-way.
F    F#dim  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7  C
Life is a caba-ret, old chum, so come to the caba-ret!
C    G7#5  C    G7#5  C    Gm6  C7
I used to have this girlfriend known as Elsie, with whom I shared four sordid rooms in Chelsea
F      Bb7       Am    D7
She wasn't what you'd call a blushing flower...as a matter of fact she rented by the hour.
C    G7#5  C    G7#5
The day she died the neighbors came to snicker:
C    G7#5  C    C7
"Well, that's what comes from too much pills and liquor."

F      E7     Am  D7  Dm7  G7  C
But when I saw her laid out like a queen, she was the happiest corpse I'd ever seen.
Em    B7    Em  G    D7  G7
I think of Elsie to this very day. I re-member how she'd turn to me and say:

C    G7#5  C    G7#5  C    Gm6  C7
"What good is sitting all a-lone in you room? Come hear the music play.
F    F#dim  Em7  A7  Dm7  G7  C
Life is a caba-ret, old chum, come to the caba-ret."

Fm        C       Am  E+  Am7  D7
And as for me, and as for me, I made my mind up, back in Chelsea,
G7        A7
When I go, I'm going like Elsie.

D    A7#5  D    A7#5  D    Am6  D7
Start by ad-mitting, from cradle to tomb, it isn't that long a stay.
G  G#dim  F#m  B7  G  G#dim  F#m  B7
Life is a caba-ret, old chum, it's only a caba-ret, old chum

Em7   A7  D    Gm6  D
And I love.......a caba-ret.