CABARET (BAR)
4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: (4 beats each)

What good is sitting a-lone 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 a-way.

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

I used to have this 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 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."

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 ad-mitting, 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.
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 alone in your room? Come hear the music play.
F         F#dim Em7       A7      Dm7             G7    C   G7
Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret.
C                    G7#5                C                   G7#5           C                    Gm6  C7
Put down the knitting, The book and the broom, it's time for a holiday.
F         F#dim Em7       A7      Dm7             G7    C
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                            Gm6  C7
What good's permitting some prophet of doom to wipe every smile away.
F         F#dim Em7        A7          Dm7             G7    C
Life is a cabaret, old chum, so come to the cabaret!
C                          G7#5                           C    G7#5
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.
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 remember how she'd turn to me and say:

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

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 admitting, 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 cabaret, it's only a cabaret, old chum
Em7                        A7          D    Gm6  D
And I love......a cabaret.