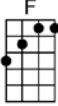
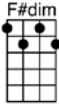
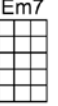
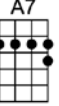
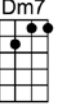
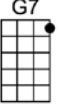
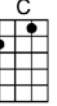
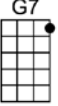
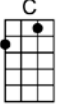
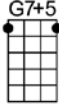
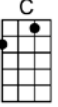
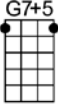
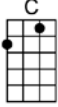
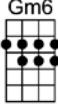
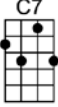


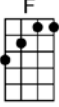
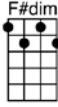
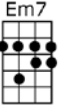

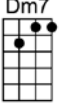
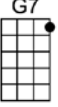
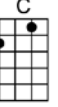
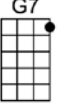
# CABARET (BAR)

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

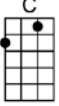
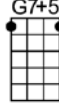
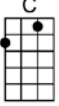

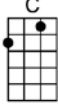
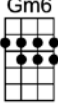
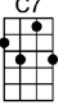
**Intro:**         (4 beats each)

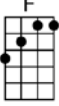

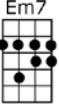

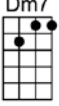
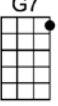
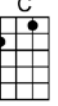
What good is sitting a-lone in your room? Come hear the music play.

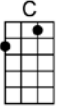
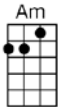
Life is a caba - ret, old chum, come to the caba -ret.

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

Life is a caba - ret, old chum, come to the caba -ret.

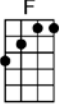
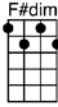
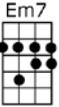
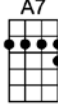
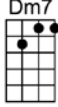
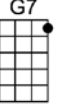
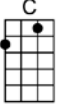
Come taste the wine, come hear the band, come blow your horn, start cele - brating;

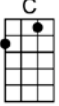
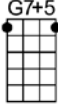
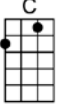
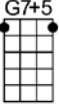
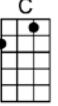
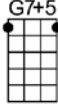
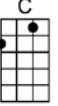
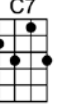
Right this way, your table's waiting.

What good's per-mitting some prophet of doom to wipe every smile a-way.

Life is a caba - ret, old chum, so come to the caba -ret!

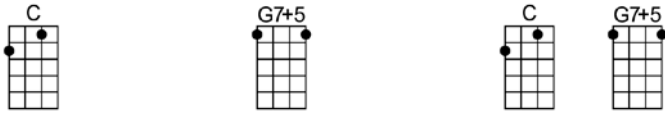
       

I used to have this girlfriend known as Elsie, with whom I shared four sordid rooms in Chelsea

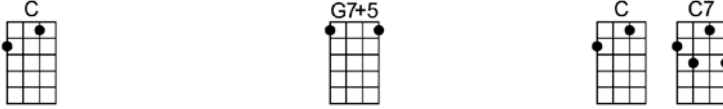
    

She wasn't what you'd call a blushing flower...as a matter of fact she rented by the hour.

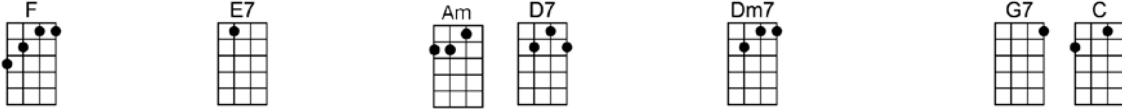
p.2. Cabaret



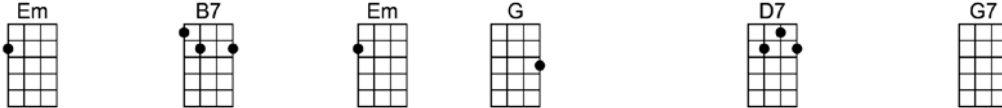
The day she died the neighbors came to snicker:



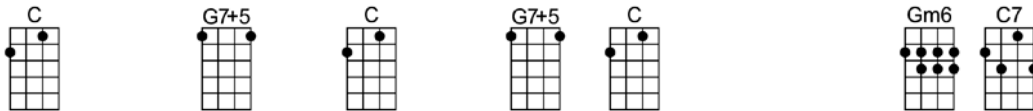
"Well, that's what comes from too much pills and liquor."



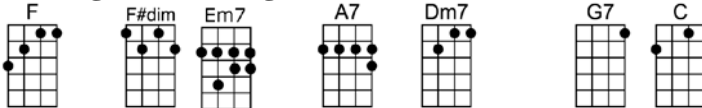
But when I saw her laid out like a queen, she was the happiest corpse I'd ever seen.



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 caba - ret, old chum, come to the caba -ret."



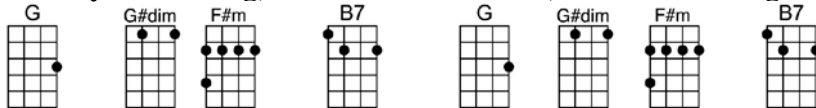
And as for me, and as for me, I made my mind up, back in Chelsea,



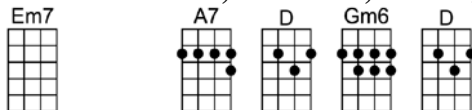
When I go, I'm going like Elsie.



Start by ad-mitting, from cradle to tomb, it isn't that long a stay.



Life is a caba - ret, old chum, it's only a caba - ret, old chum



And I love.....a caba - ret.

# 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 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.

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.