Cabaret
Words & Music by Fred Ebb & John Kander
Recorded by iza Minelli, 1972
From the musical by the same name

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A         F#m      A    Fdim          A6   A
What good    is   sit - ting  a - lone in your room?

Cdim    A        F#m Cdim   A7
Come, hear the mu - sic play!

 D         Cdim      C#m7-5     F#7    D9           E7   Bm7-5   A    Edim E7
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum, come to the cab - a - ret.


A        F#m      A     Fdim          A6   A
Put down    the knit - ting, the book and the broom,

    Cdim    A     F#m Cdim    A7
It's time for a hol - i - day;

D         Cdim      C#m7-5     F#7    D9           E7          A
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum, come to the cab - a - ret.
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Bridge:

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A7               Dm         Bm7-5       A
Come taste the wine, come hear the band,

    Bm7-5        B7          Bm7-5      Cdim
Come blow that horn, start cel - e - bra - ting --

E7         Fdim        E7          Bm7-5
Right this way, your ta - bles wait - ing.


A      Cdim  A     Fdim          A6      A Cdim A
No use per - mit - ting some proph - et of doom

   Cdim  A     F#m    A    Cdim A7
To wipe every smile a - way --

D         Cdim      C#m7-5     F#7        D9          E7          A
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum, so come to the cab - a - ret!
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Interlude:

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E7 A       F#m         D9          Bm7-5     A6    D9   E7
I used to have this girlfriend known as Elsie

E7     A       F#m         D9      Bm7-5     A6       D9   E7
With whom I shared four sordid rooms in Chelsea;

     Bm                 Bm7-5              F#m
She wasnt what you'd call a blushing flower --

     B7        B7/F#      B7     Cdim      E7/9 - E7
As a matter of fact she rented by the hour.

E7  A       F#m         D9          Bm7-5     A6    D9   E7
The day she died the neighbors came to snicker,

E7       A            F#m         D9       Bm7-5        A6       D9   E7
"Well, that's what comes from too much pills and liquor."
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     D6    D9     Fdim(III)    C#7     F#m  Cdim
But when I saw her  laid   out like a queen,

   Bm7-5    D9       Dm6        E7/6 Fdim A
She was the happiest corpse I'd  ev - er seen.

  G#7           Cdim(IV)     G#7  C#m
I think of Elsie   to   this very day;

     B7   Cdim        B7      B7/F#    E  Cm7-5  E7
I remember how shed turned to me and say,


A        F#m    A   Fdim        A6  A
What good  is  sit - ting  a - lone in your room?

Cdim   A   F#m     Cdim  A7
Come, hear the mu - sic play!

 D        Cdim     C#m7-5    F#m   D9          E7  Bm7-5  A   D9  A
Life is a cab - a - ret, old chum, come to the cab - a - ret.

    A7     Dm6  E7   Fdim    A
And as for me,    and as for me,

  C#m7-5   F#m     Cdim     B7
I  made my mind up back in Chelsea,

 E  D9  E Bm7-5 E     E7  Fdim   E7
When I go, I'm  goin' like El - sie!

A        F#m     A    Fdim        A6    A
Start by    ad - mit - ting from cra - dle to tomb

  Cdim   A      F#m  Cdim  A7
It is - nt that long  a  stay.

D        Cdim      C#m7-5    F#7
Life is a cab - ar - et, old chum,

     D     Cdim      C#m7-5    F#7
Its only a cab - ar - et, old chum,

   D9 Bm7-5   Dm6   E7   A
And I  love a cab - ar - et!
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