

The Straight-Razor Cabaret

Voltaire

In a café
On the Champs-Élysées
I saw a girl the other day
I was beguiled
'Til I saw her smile
It was a gash across her face

Not long ago, she found that she was alone
So she wandered into the vaudeville show
She should've known it'd be bad,
She saw the name that it had:
The Straight Razor Cabaret
The first act was a stripper
And the host looked like Jack the Ripper
But the audience was dreary
So he slashed them smiles from ear to ear

He used a straight razor,
'Cause he's a face-raper
And there's nothing he hates more
Than a stick in the mud
And if he tells a joke,
You better laugh 'til you choke
At the Straight Razor Cabaret

When I went down to Camden Town
I saw a man reading the Bible
I won't in haste describe his face
For I might be sued for libel

Not long ago, he found that he was alone
So he wandered into the vaudeville show
He should've known he'd be maimed
When he discovered the name:
The Straight Razor Cabaret
While a strumpet stroked a donkey
The host juggled five dead monkeys
But the audience was snobs
So he took a knife right to their gobs

He used a straight razor,
'Cause he's a face-raper
And there's nothing he hates more
Than a stick in the mud
And if he does a trick
You better laugh until you're sick
At the Straight Razor Cabaret

They call him straight razor
'Cause he's a face-raper,
And there's nothing he hates more
Than a stick in the mud
If he pulls a gaffe
You better bloody up and laugh,
At the Straight Razor Cabaret
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