

# 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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