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La Cage aux Folles  
Music: Jerry Herman  
Lyrics: Jerry Herman  
Book: Harvey Fierstein  
Premiere: Sunday, August 21, 1983

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ACT I

The curtain rises on a street in St. Tropez. As the sun goes down and the lights come on in the building windows - PRELUDE - we see a nightclub, La Cage Aux Folles, in the distance. Suddenly, we are inside, and Georges welcomes us to the club he owns and hosts.

The club curtain rises, and we are introduced to the performers...a line of female impersonators called Les Cagelles - WE ARE WHAT WE ARE. Are they really all guys? We won't find out until the finale!

ZaZa, the star of the show, is, as always, late. As George goes to hurry her up, we realize the ZaZa is also Georges' lover of 20 years., Albin.

After a small battle, Albin agrees to dress for the show, climbs the stairs to his dressing room and begins applying his makeup - A LITTLE MORE MASCARA.

Georges returns to their apartment behind the club to find his son waiting.

Jean-Michel, the product of one night affair 25 years earlier, Announces his intentions to marry Anne, the daughter of an anti-gay politician, Deputy Edouard Dindon. The problem is, Anne's parents are coming to meet Jean-Michel's parents, and Jean-Michael doesn't want Albin anywhere in the sight. He

sings WITH ANNE ON MY ARM and convinces Georges of the sincerity of his emotions. Agreeing to help his son leaves Georges in an uncomfortable predicament: he must now tell Albin he is not wanted at the forthcoming family gathering. Georges sings and dances with Albin - WITH YOU ON MY ARM - to prepare him for the bad news.

They go for a walk through town; then seated at an outdoor café table, Georges tries, but cannot bring himself to tell Albin the truth. The moon is full, and so is Georges' heart - SONG ON THE SAND (LA DA DA DA). It is suddenly time for the second show, and Albin rushes back to ready himself. The midnight show begins - LA CAGE AUX FOLLES.

Coming offstage after the number, Albin catches Georges and Jean-Michel removing his belongings from the apartment, and George is finally forced to tell all. Instead of reacting as we expected him to, Albin goes out on

stage to finish his performance. He begins to sing but his emotions take charge. Albin sends the cast offstage, turns to Georges and declares - I AM WHAT I AM. In a triumphant gesture, he tears off his wig, throws it at Georges and storms out of the club.

## 1.WE ARE WHAT WE ARE

M.C.:

Bon soir! Bon soir! Here we are at the "pride" of Saint Tropez, the "envy" of the cabaret world, the "jewel" of the Riviera! Only champagne from now to the finale... Monsieur-Dames, I beg you, open your eyes...you have arrived at "LA CAGE AUX FOLLES"

Les Cagelles:

We are what we are and what we are is an illusion.

We love how it feels

Putting on heels causing confusion.

We face life though it's sometimes sweet and sometimes bitter;

Face life, with a little guts and lots of glitter.

Look under our frocks: Girdles and jocks,

Proving we are what we are!

We are what we are - Half a brassiere, half a suspender.

Half real and half fluff,

You'll find it tough guessing our gender.

So Just [WHISTLE] ("Hey, Taxi!")

If we please you that's the way to show us.

Just [WHISTLE] (Wolf-call)

'Cause you'll love us once you get to know us.

Look under our glitz: Muscles and tits,

Proving we are what we are.

We face life though it's sometimes sweet and sometimes bitter,

Face life, with a little guts and lots of glitter.

Look under our frocks: Girdles and jocks,

Proving we are what we are!

[INTERLUDE - TAPS]

Aaah...Un! Deux! Trois! Quatre! Cinq! Six! Sept! Huit!

Ah, Saint Tropez

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

So Just [WHISTLE] ("Hey, Taxi!")

If we please you that's the way to show us.

Just [WHISTLE] (Wolf-call)

'Cause you'll love us once you get to know us.

Weeeeeeeeeeeeee face life though it's sometimes sweet and sometimes bitter,

Face life, with a little guts and lots of glitter.

Look under our frocks: Girdles and jocks,

Proving we are what we aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaare!

Yeow!

## 2.A LITTLE MORE MASCARA

Albin:

Once again I'm a little depressed by the tired old face that I see,

Once again it is time to be someone, who's anyone other than me.

With the rare combination of girlish excitement and manly restraint,



Who else can make me feel like I'm handsome and tall?  
Who else can make me feel I'm on top of it all?  
I found a combination that works like a charm:  
I'm simply a man who walks on the stars  
Whenever it's Anne on my arm!  
Life is a celebration with you on my arm.  
Walking's a new sensation with you on my arm.  
Each time I face a morning that's boring and bland,  
With you it looks good, with you it looks great,  
With you it looks grand!  
Somehow, you've put a permanent star in my eye.  
Even the dead of Winter can feel like July.  
We start a conflagration that's cause for alarm.  
We're giving off sparks, we're setting off bells,  
Whenever it's you on my arm.  
Who else can make me feel like I'm handsome and tall?  
Who else can make me feel I'm on top of it all?  
I found a combination that works like a charm:  
I'm simply a man who walks on the stars,  
Whenever it's Anne on my arm!

#### 4. WITH YOU ON MY ARM

Albin:  
I couldn't possibly take one tiny little step.  
Georges:  
With me you could...  
Albin:  
No, I couldn't!  
Georges:  
Life is a celebration with you on my arm.  
Albin:  
I'm too upset!  
Georges:  
That's because you're not listening!  
Life is a celebration with you on my arm.  
It's worth the aggravation with you on my arm.  
Albin:  
Well, you always did bounce back quicker than I.  
Georges:  
That's because I'm more limber!  
Albin:  
You always were.  
Georges:  
Each time I face a morning that's boring and bland,  
With you it looks good.  
Albin:  
I can't dance!  
Georges:  
You can!  
With you it looks great.  
Albin:  
Do I have to?  
Georges:  
If you want me!  
With you it looks grand.  
Albin:  
Like the old days, aha!  
Georges:

Aha!  
Albin:  
Mm...Aha!  
Georges:  
On you it looks good.  
On you it looks great.  
On you it looks grand.  
Both:  
Somehow you've put a permanent star in my eye.  
Even the dead of Winter can feel like July.  
I found a combination that works like a charm:  
Georges:  
It's suddenly... [KISS]  
Albin:  
It's suddenly...  
Both:  
Aah!  
Georges:  
Whenever it's you...  
Albin:  
Whenever it's you...  
Georges:  
Follow me!  
Both:  
Whenever it's you...  
Whenever it's you...  
Whenever it's you on my arm!

##### 5.SONG ON THE SAND

Georges:  
Do you recall that windy little beach  
we walked along?  
That afternoon in Fall,  
That afternoon we met?  
A fellow with a concertina sang,  
What was the song?  
It's strange what we recall,  
And odd what we forget...  
I heard  
La da da da da da da  
As we walked on the sand.  
I heard  
La da da da da da da  
I believe it was early September.  
Though the crash of the weaves,  
I could tell that the words were romantic;  
Something about sharing,  
Something about always.  
Though the years race along,  
I still think of our song on the sand.  
And I still try and search for the words  
I can barely remember.  
Though the time tumbles by,  
There is one thing that I am forever  
Certain of.  
I hear  
La da da da da da da  
Da da da da da da

And I'm young and in love.  
I believe it was early September.  
Though the crash of the weaves,  
I could tell that the words were romantic;  
Something about sharing,  
Something about always.  
Though the years race along,  
I still think of our song on the sand.  
And I still try and search for the words  
I can barely remember.  
Though the time tumbles by,  
There is one thing that I am forever  
Certain of.  
I hear  
La da da da da da da  
Da da da da da da  
And I'm young and in love...

## 6.LA CAGE AUX FOLLES

Albin:

Here at "LA CAGE" we live life - how should I put it? On angle!  
Not to worry. You'll soon get your bearings. Just take a deep breath,  
a sip of champagne and open your eyes. What do you see?

It's rather gaudy but it's also rather grand.  
And while the waiter pads your check he'll kiss your hand.  
The clever gigolos romance the wealthy matrons  
At La Cage Aux Folles.  
It's slightly forties, and a little bit "New Wave".  
You may be dancing with a girl who needs a shave.  
Where both the riffraff and the royalty are patrons  
At La Cage Aux Folles.  
La Cage Aux Folles,  
The Maitre d' is dashing,  
Cage Aux Folles,  
The hat check girl is flashing,  
We import the drinks that you buy,  
So the Perrier is Canada Dry.  
Eccentric couples always punctuate the scene.  
A pair of eunuchs and a nun with a marine.  
To feel alive you get a limousine to drive you  
To La Cage Aux Folles.

Angelique:

It's bad and beautiful,  
It's bawdy and bizarre.

Albin:

I know a Duchess who got pregnant at the bar.

Albin and Angelique:

Just who is who and What is What  
Is quite a question at La Cage Aux Folles.

Angelique, Trio, Albin:

Go for the mystery, the magic and the mood.

Paulette:

Avoid the hustlers,

Angelique:

And the men's room,

Two Men:

And the food.

All:  
For you get glamour and romance and indigestion  
At La Cage Aux Folles.  
La Cage Aux Folles, a Sait Tropez tradition,  
Cage Aux Folles  
You'll lose each inhibition,

Albin:  
All week long we're wondering who  
Left a green Givenchy gown in the loo.

All:  
You go alone to have the evening of your life.

Albin:  
You meet your mistress  
And your boy-friend and your wife.

All:  
It's a bonanza, it's a mad extravaganza,  
At La Cage Aux Folles.

Boy? Girl?  
Oui? Non?  
Hot. Cold.  
Chaud. Froid. N'est pas?  
Want? Like? Call me!  
La la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la

[CAN-CAN Interlude]

Albin:  
You'll be so dazzled by the ambience you're in.  
You'll never notice that there's water in the gin.  
Come for a drink and you may wanna spend the Winter  
At La Cage Aux Folles.  
La Cage Aux Folles, a Saint Tropez tradition,  
Cage Aux Folles  
You'll lose each inhibition,  
We indulge each change in your mood.  
Come and sip your Dubonnet in the nude.  
La la la la la la la  
La la la la la

Albin:  
You go alone to have the evening of your life.  
You meet your mistress, and your boy-friend, and your wife.  
It's a bonanza, it's a mad extravaganza  
At La Cage Aux Folles.  
All:  
You cross the thresh-hold and your bridges have been burned.  
The bar is cheering for the Duchess has returned.  
The mood's contagious;

You can bring your whole  
Outrageous entourage - Outrageous entourage - Outrageous entourage  
Outrageous Entourage!  
It's hot and hectic, effervescent and eclectic  
At La Cage Aux Folles.

## 7. I AM WHAT I AM

Albin:

[speaking] No! Get off!

[singing]

I am what I am

I am my own special creation.

So come take a look,

Give me the hook or the ovation.

It's my world that I want to take a little pride in,

My world, and it's not a place I have to hide in.

Life's not worth a damn,

'Til you can say, "Hey world, I am what I am."

I am what I am,

I don't want praise, I don't want pity.

I bang my own drum,

Some think it's noise, I think it's pretty.

And so what, if I love each feather and each spangle,

Why not try to see things from a different angle?

Your life is a sham 'til you can shout out loud

I am what I am!

I am what I am

And what I am needs no excuses.

I deal my own deck

Sometimes the ace, sometimes the deuces.

There's one life, and there's no return and no deposit;

One life, so it's time to open up your closet.

Life's not worth a damn 'til you can say,

"Hey world, I am what I am!"

## ACT II

At the street café the following morning, Georges persuades Albin to speak to him - SONG ON THE SAND (Reprise) - and begs him to come to the dinner party disguised as Uncle Al. But Albin has a bit to learn about passing for heterosexual - MASCULINITY.

The apartment is now stripped of its decor as Albin has been stripped of his, but it's still not enough for Jean-Michel, who rails against his father's lover. Georges fed up with his son's selfishness, tries to tell the boy who Albin is - LOOK OVER THERE.

The Dindons arrive - COCKTAIL COUNTERPOINT. Albin self-sacrificing to the end, disguises himself as Jean-Michel's mother and suddenly appears to save the day. He whisks his guests off to Chez Jacqueline. Jacqueline recognizing her old friend ZaZa, embarrasses Albin into performing - THE BEST OF TIMES. ZaZa wins over his in-law-to-be, during his triumphant bow, he pulls off his wig out of habit and is revealed as a man in drag.

Back in the apartment, the Dindons fume as Jean-Michel apologizes to his "mother" - LOOK OVER THERE (Reprise). Disgusted with his "perversity", the Dindons try to leave but are stopped by Jacqueline, who recognizing Dindon, has invited the press to photograph her with him and the gay couple. They're trapped, but Albin has the solution. He places Dindon in shows costumes and sneaks them out as part of the - FINALE.

The Dindons have escaped; the young couple is off to be married; the club show is over, and Georges is left alone on stage. Albin appears, and the two walk off, arm in arm, into the St. Tropez sunrise.

#### 8.SONG ON THE SAND (REPRISE)

Georges:  
Something about sharing,  
Albin:  
Something about always,  
Albin and Georges:  
Though the years race along  
I still think of our song on the sand,

And I still try and search for the words  
I can barely remember.  
Though the time tumbles by,  
There is one thing that I am forever  
Certain of...  
I hear  
La da da da da da da da da da  
Albin:  
La da da da da da da da da da  
Albin and Georges:  
And I'm young and in love...

#### 9.MASCULINITY

Georges:  
I want you to pick up that piece of toast like a man!  
Think of this as  
Masculine toast and Masculine butter,  
Ready for spreading by a Masculine hand.  
Pick up that knife and make believe it's a machete.  
It'll take all your strength and steady nerves  
For hacking your way through the cherry preserves.  
Think of John Wayne, and Jean Paul Belmondo.  
Think of the Legionnaires and Charlemagne's men.  
So like a stevedore you grab your cup  
And if God forbid that your pinky pops up,  
You can climb back up the mountain once again.

Georges:  
Have you got that?  
Albin:  
I think so!  
Georges:  
Don't think so! You're a man!  
Albin:  
I'm a man!  
Renaud:  
You're a man!  
Albin:  
I'm a man!  
Mme. Renaud:  
You're a man!  
Albin:  
I said I'm a man.  
Mme. Renaud:

Oh, Albin  
Georges:  
About that voice of yours.  
Grunt like an ape, and growl like a tiger.  
Give us a roaring, snorting masculine laugh!  
Albin:  
Ah ah ah ah ah ah!  
Georges:  
Try to remember that John Wayne was not soprano  
Try making it rough and gruff and low.  
Albin:  
Ha Ha!  
Georges:  
Try more of John Wayne and less Brigitte Bardot!  
Renaud:  
Think of De Gaulle and pick up Rasputin.  
Mme. Renaud:  
Think like you're Daniel marching into the den.  
Georges:  
While trying to join the burly brutes,  
If you forget that your nylons are under your boots  
Georges, Renaud, Mme. Renaud and Francis:  
You can climb back up the mountain once again...

All:  
Think Ghengis Kan (Think!)  
and think Taras Bulba (Think!)  
(Think! Think! Think!)  
Think of Atilla's Huns and Robin Hood's men.  
(Hup! Hup!)  
Try not to weaken or collapse;  
If they discover the petticoat under your chaps  
You can climb back up the mountain once again.  
Woah! Yeah!

#### 10. LOOK OVER THERE

Georges:  
Have you ever wanted for anything? Private schools, cars. Cash, clothes?  
Have you ever asked for anything that you didn't get?  
Jean-Michel:  
Yes. A little respect for what I want! A little understanding.  
Georges:  
A little respect? A little understanding?

[singing]  
How often is someone concerned  
With the tiniest thread of your life?  
Concerned with whatever you feel  
And whatever you touch?  
Look over there.  
Look over there.  
Somebody cares that much.  
How often does somebody sense  
That you need them without being told?  
When you have a hurt in your heart  
You're too proud to disclose?  
Look over there.  
Look over there.

Somebody always knows.  
When your world spins too fast,  
And your bubble has burst,  
Someone puts himself last,  
So that you can come first.  
So count all the loves who will love you  
From now 'til the end of your life,  
And when you have added the loves  
Who have loved you before,  
Look over there.  
Look over there.  
Somebody loves you more...  
When your world spins too fast,  
And your bubble has burst,  
Someone puts himself last,  
So that you can come first.  
So count all the loves who will love you  
From now 'til the end of your life.  
and when you have added the loves  
Who have loved me before,  
Look over there.  
Look over there.  
Somebody loves me more...

#### 11. COCKTAIL COUNTERPOINT

Jean-Michel:

No, you're with the French Foreign Service!

George:

Sir!

I joined the Foreign Legion with a sabre in my hand.  
I crawled across the desert with my belly in the sand.  
With men who loved their camels and their brandy and I swear,  
Nobody dished,  
Nobody swished when I was a Foreign Legionnaire.

Jean-Michel:

Would you like an hors d'oeuvre?

Anne:

Let me help.

Marie:

How adorable these dishes are. Are these youngsters playing together?

Dindon: They look like Greeks.

Georges:

Oh, no, no, there wouldn't be any Greeks on my plate...unless they weren't washed well.

Marie:

Well, young boys in any case.

Georges:

No, there must be girls too. This is a mixed service.

Marie:

Oh, what lovely dishes!

They're so delicate and frail.

Mine have naked children;

I believe they're only male.

Oops! I think they're playing some exoctic, little game...

Oops! I think that "Leap-frog" it is the name.

Jean-Michel:

Anyway, she's very sorry.

Dindon:

This is even worse than I feared

The son is strange,  
The father is weird.  
To meet the wife, I'm actually afraid  
I prefer that Anne remain an old maid.

Georges:  
My wife and I are devoted couple.  
And my son knows how much I love him and to what extremes,  
but my wife... Oh I love her like an ani-mal.

Jacob:  
It's apalling to confess:  
Our new in-laws are a mess.  
She's a prude, he's a prig,  
She's a pill, he's a pig,  
So zis zis zis for you, Papa.

Georges:  
I joined the Foreign Legion with a sabre in my hand.  
I crawled across the desert with my belly in the sand.  
With men who loved their camels and their brandy and I swear,  
Nobody dished,  
Nobody swished when I was a Foreign Legionnaire.

Marie:  
Oh, what lovely dishes!  
They're so delicate and frail.  
Mine have naked children;  
I believe they're only male.  
Oops! I think they're playing some exoctic, little game...  
Oops! I think that "Leap-frog" it is the name

Dindon, Anne:  
This is even worse than I feared  
The son is strange,  
The father is weird.  
To meet the wife, I'm actually afraid  
I(he) prefer(s) that Anne (I) remain an old maid.

Jacob:  
It's apalling to confess:  
Our new in-laws are a mess.  
She's a prude, he's a prig,  
She's a pill, he's a pig,  
So zis zis zis for you, Papa.

Georges:  
I joined the Foreign Legion with a sabre in my hand.  
I crawled across the desert with my belly in the sand.  
With men who loved their camels and their brandy and I swear,  
Nobody dished,  
Nobody swished when I was a Foreign Legionnaire.

Marie:  
Oh, what lovely dishes!  
They're so delicate and frail.  
Mine have naked children;  
I believe they're only male.  
Oops! I think they're playing some exoctic, little game...  
Oops! I think that "Leap-frog" it is the name

Dindon, Anne:  
This is even worse than I feared  
The son is strange,  
The father is weird.  
To meet the wife, I'm actually afraid

I(he) prefer(s) that Anne (I) remain an old maid.

Jacob:

It's appalling to confess:

Our new in-laws are a mess.

She's a prude, he's a prig,

She's a pill, he's a pig,

So zis zis zis for you, Papa.

Albin:

Here's mother!

## 12.THE BEST OF TIMES

Albin:

This is a little song,

Nostalgic and unique-eh!

I learned to sing this song before I learned to speak-eh!

I learned to sing this song

Upon my mother's knee,

And she learned to sing this song

Upon her mother's knee,

And her mother learned this song

Upon her mother's knee,

And if your mother sang that little song to you,

Then sing along with me.

The best of times is now.

What's left of Summer

But a faded rose?

The best of times is now.

As for tomorrow,

Well, who knows? Who knows? Who knows?

So hold this moment fast,

And live and love

As hard as you know how.

And make this moment last

Because the best of times is now,

Is now, is now.

Now, not some forgotten yesterday.

Now, tomorrow is too far away.

So hold this moment fast,

And live and love

As hard as you know how.

And make this moment last,

Because the best of times is now,

Is now, is now.

Albin, Jacqueline:

The best of times is now.

What's left of summer

But a faded rose?

The best of times is now.

As for tomorrow,

Well, who knows? Who knows? Who knows?

So hold this moment fast,

And live and love

As hard as you know how.

And make this moment last,

Because the best of times is now,

Albin:  
Is now,  
Angelique:  
Is now, is now is now, is now.  
Albin, Jacqueline:  
Now!  
Tabarro:  
Now!  
Albin, Jacqueline:  
Not some forgotten yesterday  
Pepe:  
Yesterday!  
Albin, Jacqueline:  
Now!  
Babette:  
Now!  
Albin, Jacqueline:  
Tomorrow is too far away.  
M. Renaud, Waiters:  
So hold this moment fast,  
And live and love  
As hard as you know how.  
Female Singers:  
And make this moment last,  
Because the best of times is now,  
Is now, is now

All:  
The best of times is now.  
What's left of Summer  
But a faded rose?  
The best of times is now.  
As for tomorrow,  
Well, who knows? Who knows? Who knows?  
So hold this moment fast,  
And live and love  
As hard as you know how.  
And make this moment last  
Because the best of times is now,  
Is now, is now.  
Now, not some forgotten yesterday.  
Now, tomorrow is too far away.  
So hold this moment fast,  
And live and love  
As hard as you know how.  
And make this moment last,  
Because the best of times is now, is now.  
So hold this moment fast,  
And live and love  
As hard as you know how.  
And make this moment last,  
Because the best of times is now,  
Is now, is now  
Is now, is NOW!

### 13. LOOK OVER THERE (REPRISE)

Dindon:  
Your parents? What parents? Oh, one of them might possibly

be your father, but you can't tell me that that the other one is  
your mother.

Jean-Michel:

That's precisely who HE is!

Dindon:

I see no mother here.

Jean-Michel:

I do!

[singing]

How often is someone concerned

With the tiniest thread of your life?

Concerned with whatever you feel

And whatever you touch?

Look over there.

Look over there.

Somebody cares that much.

So count all the loves who will love me

From now 'til the end of my life,

And when you have added the loves

Who have loved me before,

Look over there.

Georges and Jean-Michel:

Look over there.

Somebody loves me (you) more...

#### 14.FINALE: WITH YOU ON MY ARM/LA CAGE AUX FOLLES/THE BEST OF TIMES

Georges:

[speaking]

And so my friends, once again the inevitable is upon us.

It is time for us to end our little show, time for all  
the pieces that have flown apart to come together.

And if we have done our job correctly, you will leave  
with more than a folded program and a ticket stub...

Messieurs-dames! La Cage Aux Folles presents our Finale,  
bringing our own golden butterflies from the garden of  
delight for your delectation. And as an extra surprise...

Ladies and Gentlemen...Are you ready?

[singing]

Maestro, if you please!!

Ahaa Ahaa! Ahaa Ahaa!

Ahaa Ahaa! Ahaa Ahaa!

Georges:

Life is a celebration with you on my arm.

Walking's a new sensation with you on my arm.

Each time I face a morning that's boring and bland,

With you it looks good, with you it looks great,

With you it looks grand!

Chorus:

With you it looks grand!

Georges:

Somehow, you've put a permanent star in my eye.

Chorus:

Somehow, you've put a permanent star in my eye.

Georges:

Even the dead of Winter can feel like July.

Chorus:

Even the dead of Winter can feel like July.  
Georges and Chorus:  
I found a combination that works like a charm:  
It's suddenly "oo"  
It's suddenly "la"  
Whenever it's you  
It's you,  
It's you,  
It's you...

ALL:  
La la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la la la la la  
La la la la la

You go alone to have the evening of your life.  
You meet your mistress, and your boy-friend, and your wife.  
The joy's contagious, you can bring your whole  
Outrageous entourage - Outrageous entourage - Outrageous entourage  
Outrageous Entourage!  
It's hot and hectic, effervescent and eclectic  
At La Cage Aux Folles.

Albin:  
Though the time tumbles by,  
There is one thing that I am forever  
Certain of...  
I hear  
La da da da da da da da da da  
Georges:  
La da da da da da da da da da  
Albin and Georges:  
And I'm young and in love...

All:  
The best of times is now.  
What's left of Summer  
But a faded rose?  
The best of times is now.  
As for tomorrow,  
Well, who knows? Who knows? Who knows?  
So hold this moment fast,  
And live and love  
As hard as you know how.  
And make this moment last,  
Because the best of times is now,  
Is now, is now.  
Now, not some forgotten yesterday.  
Now, tomorrow is too far away.  
So hold this moment fast,

[Clapping hands]

And live and love  
As hard as you know how.

And make this moment last,  
Because the best of times is now, is now.  
So hold this moment fast,  
And live and love  
As hard as you know how.  
And make this moment last,  
Because the best of times is now,  
Is now, is now  
Is now, is NOW!

[CURTAIN]

\*Some dialogues were not released on the Original Cast Recording.