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The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo

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I just got here from Paris from the sunny southern shore,
I to Monte Carlo went, just to raise my winter's rent
Dame Fortune smiled upon me as she'd never done before
And I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent.
Yes, I've now such lots of money I'm a gent.

cho: As I walk a long the Bois Boolong with an independent air,
You can hear the girls declare,
He must be a millionaire,
You can hear them sigh and wish to die,
You can see them wink the other eye
At the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

I stay indoors till after lunch and then my daily walk
To the great Triumphal Arch is one grand triumphal march.
Observ'd by each observer with the keenness of a hawk
I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch
Yes, I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch.

I patronized the table at the Monte Carlo hell
Till they hadn'y got a sou for a Christian or a Jew
So I quickly went to Paris for the charms of mad'moiselle
Who's the loadstone of my heart what can I do?
When with twenty tongues she swears that she'll be true.

From Flashes of Merriment, Levy

note: much parodied, though most parodies only utilize the chorus. RG
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