

The Producers "Betrayed"

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"Mail call! Here ya go, Bialystok, ya got a postcard"
"A postcard? From where?"
"Brazil"
"Brazil? Who do I know in Brazil?"

Dear Max, "Rio is everything you said it was and more
Ulla and I think of you every chance we get
In the morning, when we have breakfast on our terrace
Many different herrings and in the evening
When we samba together in the moonlight
Sorry, must run, Ulla's waiting, it's almost eleven"

"Wish you were here, Leo
Just like Cain and Abel, you pulled a sneak attack
I thought that we were brothers
Then you stabbed me in the back"
Betrayed! Oh boy, I'm so betrayed

Like Samson and Delilah, your love began to fade
I'm crying in the hoosegow, you're in Rio getting laid
Betrayed! Let's face it, I'm betrayed

Boy, have I been taken
Oy, I'm so forsaken
I should have seen what came to pass
I should have known to watch my ass

I feel like Othello, everything is lost
Leo is Iago, Max is double-crossed
I'm so dismayed, did I mention I'm betrayed?

I used to be the king but now I am the fool
A captain without a ship, a rabbi without a shul
Now I'm about to go to jail, there's no one who will pay
my bail
I have no one who I can cry to, no one I can say
goodbye to

I'm drowning, I'm drowning here, I'm going down for
the last time
I, I, I see my whole life flashing before my eyes
I see a weathered old farmhouse with a white picket

fence

I'm running through fields of alfalfa with my collie, Rex

And Rex, stop it and I see my mother standing on the
back porch

In a worn but clean gingham gown and I hear her
calling out to me

"Alvin, don't forget your chores, the wood needs a-
cordin'

And the cows need a-milkin', Alvin, Alvin"

"Wait a minute, my name's not Alvin, that's not my life
I'm not a hillbilly, I grew up in the Bronx
Leo's taken everything, even my pasts

My past's a dying ember but wait, now I remember how
did it begin?

He walked into my office with his cockamamie scheme
You can make more money with a flop than with a hit

"We can do it, we can do it"

"I can't do it"

"We can do it"

"I can't do it"

Goodbye Max

"Lord, I want that money"

"I'm back, Max"

"Come on, Leo, we can do it"

Step one, find the play

See it, swirl it, touch it, kiss it

Hello, Mister Liebkind

"Guten Tag, hop clop"

"Guten Tag, hop clop"

Adolf Elizabeth Hitler

"Guten Tag, hop clop"

"Guten Tag, hop clop"

Step two, hire the director

Keep it gay, keep it gay, keep it

Two-three, kick, turn, turn, turn, kick, turn

Ulla

Step three, raise the money

Along came Bialy

Intermission

Step four, hire all the actors

A wandering minstrel I

A think of shreds and

Next, the little wooden boy
Next, that's our Hitler
Opening night
Good luck, good luck, good luck
Break a leg, I broke my leg

"Springtime for Hitler and Germany"
A surprise smash
"Springtime for Hitler and Germany"
It'll run for years

Where did we go right?
Where did we go right?
Gimme those books
Fat, fat, fatty
Gimme those books
Fat, fat, fatty

Books, fat
Books, fat
Books, fat
Books, fat

Lousy fruit, kill the actors, you ever eat with one
Then you ran to Rio and you're safely out of reach
I'm behind these bars, you're banging Ulla on the
beach

Just like Julius Caesar was betrayed by Brutus
Who'd think an accountant would turn out to be my
Judas
I'm so dismayed, is this how I'm repaid?
To be betrayed, betrayed

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