

The Producers

"I Wanna Be a Producer"

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Unhappy, unhappy, very unhappy
Unhappy, unhappy
Very, very, very, very, very, very, very unhappy
Unhappy, unhappy
Very, very, very, very, very, very, very unhappy

I spend my life accounting
With figures and such, unhappy
To what is my life amounting?
It figures, not much, unhappy

I have a secret desire
Hiding deep in my soul
It sets my heart afire
To see me in this role

I wanna be a producer
With a hit show on Broadway
I wanna be a producer
Lunch at Sardi's every day

I wanna be a producer
Sport a top hat and a cane
I wanna be a producer
And drive those chorus girls insane

I wanna be a producer
And sleep until half-past two
I wanna be a producer
And say, "You, you, you, not you"

I wanna be a producer
Wear a tux on opening nights
I wanna be a producer
And see my name, Leo Bloom, in lights

He wants to be a producer
Of a great big Broadway smash
He wants to be a producer
Every pocket stuffed with cash

He wants to be a producer

Pinch our cheeks 'til we cry ouch, eek, ooh, oh, ahh, yes
He wants to be a producer
With a great big casting couch

I wanna be, he wants to be
I wanna be, he wants to be
I wanna be the greatest, grandest
And most fabulous producer in the world

He wanna dine with the duchess and the duke
I just got to be a producer
Drink champagne until I puke
Drink champagne till he pukes

I wanna be a producer
Show the world just what I've got
I'm gonna put on shows that will enthrall 'em
Read my name in Winchell's column

I wanna be a producer
'Cause it's everything I'm not

Unhappy, unhappy
I wanna be a producer
Very, very unhappy, unhappy
(Wait a minute, yeah minute, hold everything, hold
everything)

Mr. Bialystock was right
There is a lot more to me than there is to me
Stop the world, I wanna get on

I'm gonna be a producer
He's gonna be a producer
Look out Broadway 'cause here I come

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