

The Producers

"The King of Broadway"

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I used to be the king, the king of old Broadway
The best of everything was mine to have each day
I always had the biggest hits
The biggest bathrooms at the Ritz
My showgirls had the biggest tits
I never was the pits in any way

Workman, bum, bag lady
We believe you, thousands wouldn't
We believe you, every word
We believe you, thousands couldn't
We believe each word we've heard

I used to be the king, the king of old Broadway
My praises they would sing a Ziegfeld so they'd say

My shows were always filled with class
The best champagnes would fill my glass
My lap was filled with gorgeous ass
You couldn't call me crass in any way

Workman, bum, bag lady, violinist
Usherettes, nuns, street cleaner
We believe you, thousands wouldn't
We believe you, every word
We believe you, thousands couldn't
We believe each word we've heard

There was a time when I was young and gay
But straight there was a time when I was bold
There was a time when each and every play
I touched would turn to gold

There was a time
He wore the finest clothes
His shoes were always new
Now I wear a rented tux
That's two weeks overdue

Poor Bialy, what a shmoozer
Poor Bialy, what a shame
Poor Bialy, what a loser

Poor Bialy, goodbye fame

Such reviews! How dare they insult me in this manner?
How quickly they forget I am max Bialystock
The first producer ever to do summer stock in the
winter

Once he was the king
You've heard of theater in the round?
You're looking at the man who invented theater in the
square
Nobody had a good seat king of old Broadway
I've spent my entire life in the theater
I was a protege of the great Boris Tomashevski

Yes, he taught me everything I know
I'll never forget, he turned to me on his deathbed and
said
"Maxella, alle menschen muss zu machen, jeden tug a
gentzen kachen"
What does that mean?
Who knows? I don't speak Yiddish, strangely enough,
neither did he
But in my heart I knew what he was saying
He was saying, when you're down and out
And everybody thinks you're finished
That's the time to stand up on your two feet and shout
"Who do you have to fuck to get a break in this town!?"

I used to be the king
The king of old Broadway
Again I will be king
And be on top to stay

Used to be the king
King of old Broadway
On top to stay, hey

There'll be gala opening nights again
You'll see my name in lights again
I'll go from dark to brights again
My spirits high as kites again
I'll never suffer slights again
I'll taste those sweet delights again

No plethora of plights again
No blossoming of blights again
No frantic fits or frights again

Fame is in my sights again
I'll take those fancy flights again

I'm gonna scare the heights again

Bialystock will never drop
Bialystock will never stop
Bialystock will be on top again

Fame is in his sights again
He'll take those fancy flights again
He's gonna scale the heights again
I'll be on top again, hey

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