

Broadway Baby

I'm just a Broadway Baby.
Walking off my tired feet.
Pounding Forty-Second Street
To be in a show

Broadway Baby,
Learning how to sing and dance,
Waiting for that second chance
To be in a show. Oh...

Gee. 'I'd like to be
On some marquee,
All twinkling lights,
A spark To pierce the dark
From Battery Park
Way up To Washington Heights.

Someday, maybe,
All my dreams will be repaid.
Heck, I'd even play the maid
To be in a show.

Say, Mr. Producer,
Yeah I'm talking to you, sir;
I don't need a lot,
Only what I got,
Plus a tube of greasepaint
And a follow-spot!
Someday, maybe,
If I stick it long enough,
I might get to strut my stuff
To be in a show

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Yeah I'm talking to you, sir;
I don't need a lot,
Only what I got,
Plus a tube of greasepaint
And a follow-spot!
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Working for a nice man
Or a Ziegfeld or a Weismann

In a big time
Broadway show!