

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO  
by Fred Gilbert

I've just got here through Paris, from the sunny southern shore  
I to Monte Carlo went, just to raise the 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.

Chorus:

As I walk along the Bois Boulong  
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 who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

I stay in doors till after lunch and then my daily walk  
To the great triumphal arch in one triumphal march  
Observed by each observer with the keenness of a hawk  
I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch.

Chorus:

I patronised the tables at the Monte Carlo hell  
Till they hadn't got a sou for a Christian or a Jew  
So I quickly went to Paris for the charms of mademoiselle  
Who's the loadstone of my heart what can I do.

Chorus: