The man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo

Written and Composed by FRED GILBERT

1. I've just got here, thru Paris, from the sunny southern shore; I to Monte Carlo
2. I stay indoors till after lunch, and then my daily walk To the grand Triumphal
3. I patronized the tables at the Monte Carlo hell Till they hadn't got a

went, just to raise my winter's rent. Dame Fortune smiled upon me as she'd shed
Arch is one grand Triumphal march, Observed by each observer with the
soul for a Christian or a Jew; So I quickly went to Paris for the

never done before. And I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent.
keenness of a hawk, I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch.
charms of mademoiselle, Who's the load-stone of my heart? What can I do.
Yes, I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent.
I'm a mass of money, linen, silk and starch.
When with twenty tongues she swears that she'll be true?

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.