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Broadway Baby

Reference number PT0416

HATTIE

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 one big chance to be in a show.
Gee. I'd like to be on some marquee,
All twinkling lights,
A spark to pierce the dark from Batt'ry Park
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,
Some girls get the breaks,
Just give me my cue, sir.
I've got what it takes.
Say, Mr Producer,
I'm talkin' to you, sir.
I don't need a lot,
Only what I got,
Plus a tube of greasepaint
And a follow-spot!

I'm a Broadway Baby, slaving at the five-and-ten,
Dreaming of the great day when I'll be in a show.
Broadway Baby,
Making rounds all afternoon,
Eating at a greasy spoon to save on my dough.
At my tiny flat there's just my cat, a bed and a chair
Still I'll stick it till I'm on a bill all over Times Square.
Someday, maybe,
If I stick it long enough,
I can get to strut my stuff,
Working for a nice man
Like a Ziegfeld or a Weismann
In a bigtime Broadway show!