***Bugsy Malone***

He’s a sinner

Candy Coated

For all his friends

He always seems to be alone

But they love him

Bugsy Malone.

A city slicker

He can charm you

With a smile and a style all his own

Everybody loves that man

Bugsy Malone.

Hot-headed Bugsy makes his mind up

Don’t mess with Bugsy or you’ll wind up

Wishing you’d left well enough alone

He’s a man, a mountain

He’s a rolling stone.

And will he leave you

Sad and lonely, crying?

I couldn’t say, but it’s known

That everybody wants that man

Bugsy Malone.

***Fat Sam’s Grand Slam***

*A*nybody who is anybody

Will soon walk through that door

At Fat Sam’s Grand Slam speakeasy

Always able to find you a table

There’s room for just one more

At Fat Sam’s Grand Slam speakeasy.

\*Once you get here

Feel the good cheer

Like they say in the poem

Fat Sam’s ain’t humble

But it’s your home-sweet-home

Plans are made here

Games are played here

I could write me a book

Each night astounds you

Rumours are a-buzzing

Stories by the dozen

Look around you cousin

At the news we’re making here

Anybody who is anybody

Will soon walk through that door

At Fat Sam’s Grand Slam speakeasy

See the politician

Sitting by the kitchen

Said he caught his fingers

In the well he was wishing in

\**Repeat*

***Tomorrow***

Tomorrow

Tomorrow never comes

What kind of a fool

Do they take me for?

Tomorrow

A resting place for bums

A trap set in the slums

But I know the score

I won’t take no for an answer

I was born to be a dancer now.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow as they say

Another working day

And another chore

Tomorrow

An awful price to pay

I gave up yesterday

But they still want more

They are bound to compare me

To Fred Astaire when I’m done.

\*Anyone who feels the rhythm

Moving through ‘em

Knows it’s gonna do ‘em good

To let the music burst out

When you feel assured

Let the people know it

Let your laughter loose

Until your scream

Becomes a love-shout.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow’s far away

Tomorrow as they say

Is reserved for dreams.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow’s looking grey

A playground always locked

Trains no winning team

I won’t take no for an answer

I was born to be a dancer now.

\**Repeat*

***Bad Guys***

We could have been anything that we wanted to be

But don’t it make your heart glad

That we decided, a fact we take pride in

To become the best at being bad*.*

We could have been anything that we wanted to be

With all the talent we had

No doubt about it, we fight and we tout ut

We’re the very best at being bad guys.

We’re rotten to the core

My congratulations, no one likes you any more

Bad guys, we’re the very worst

Each of us contemptible, we’re criticized and cursed

We made the big time, malicious and mad

We’re the very best at being bad.

We could have been anything that we wanted to be

We took the easy way out

With a little training, we mastered complaining

Manners seemed unnecessary, we’re so rude it’s almost scary.

We could have been anything that we wanted to be

With all the talent we had

With a little practice, we made very black list

We’re the very best at being bad

Hey, look at me, I’m dancing!

We’re the very best at being bad

We’re the very best at being bad.

***I’m Feeling Fine (lola Solo)***

I’m feeling fine

Filled with emotions

Stronger than wine

They give me the notion

That this strange new feeling

Is something that you’re feeling too.

Matter of fact, I’m forced to admit it

Caught in the act, and maybe we’ve hit it

Is this strange new feeling

Something that you’re feeling too?

***Ordinary Fool (Lola)***

Only a fool, like fools before me

I always think with my heart.

Only a fool, that same old story

Seems I was born for the part.

\*It’s a lesson that I’ve learned

And a page I should have turned

I shouldn’t cry, but I do.

Like an ordinary fool

When her ordinary dreams

Fall through.

How many times have I mistaken

Good looks and laughs

For bad news?

How many times have I mistaken

Love songs and laughs

For the blues?

When a road I’ve walked before

Ends alone at my front door

I shouldn’t cry but I do

Like an ordinary fool

When her ordinary dreams

Fall through.

\*Repeat twice.

***My Name is Tallulah***

My name is Tallulah

My first rule of thumb

I don’t say where I’m going

Or where I’m coming from

I try to leave a little reputation behind me

So if you really need to

You’ll know how to find me.

My name is Tallulah

I live till I die

I’ll take what you give me

And I won’t ask why

I’ve made a lot of friends

In some exotic places

I don’t remember names

But I remember faces.

\*Lonely, you don’t have to be lonely

Come and see Tallulah

We can chase your troubles away

If you’re lonely

You don’t have to be lonely

When they talk about Tallulah

You know what they say

No-one south of heaven’s gonna treat you finer

Tallulah had her training

In North Carolina

My name is Tallulah

And soon I’ll be gone

An open invitation

Is the road I’ll travel on

I’ll never say goodbye

Because the words upset me

You may forgive my going

But you won’t forget me.

\*Repeat

***So You Wanna Be a Boxer***

So you wanna be a boxer

In the golden ring

Can you punch like a southbound freight train?

Tell me just one thing.

Can you move in a whirl

Like a humming bird’s wing

If you need to? (That’s fast)

Can you bob, can you weave

Can you fake and deceive

When you need to?

Well you might as well quit

If you haven’t got it.

So you wanna be a boxer

Can you pass the test?

I can tell if you’ve got it in you

I’ve trained the best.

When you work and you sweat and you bet

That you train to a buzz saw.

Then you near lose your mind when you find that

Your boy has a glass jaw.

So you might as well quit

If you haven’t got it.

Put him in the ring Joe

Look at what you found

We can use the fun Joe

Pushing him around.

We’ll show him the ropes

And destroy his hopes.

Put him in the ring Joe

Give the guy a chance

Let him feel the sting Joe

We can make him dance

We’ll pulp him to bits

Then he’ll call it quits

For sure Joe.

So you want to be a boxer

Want to be the champ.

There’s a golden boy inside you

Not a punched-out tramp

If you listen you learn

There’s an honour you can earn and defend here

When you do see the crown

You’re a king, not a clown

A contender

But you might as well quit

If you haven’t got it.

Put him in the ring Joe

Something new to punch.

Let me have a swing Joe

Then we’ll go to lunch.

We’ll make it quite swift

Then he’ll get the drift.

Put him in the ring Joe

Chicken a la carte.

Let me have a wing Joe

Tearing him apart.

That chicken will crow

Oh, let me have him Joe.

***Down and Out***

*Down ,Down, Down and out, Down Down, Down and out, Down, Down, Down and out…..(repeated throughout)*

You don’t have to sit around

Complaining ‘bout the way your life has wound up.

Think of all the time you waste

And time’s a precious thing to let roll by.

Sure you’ve hit the bottom

But remember you’ll be building from the ground up.

Every day’s another step

That takes you even closer to the sky

So give it a try.

You don’t have to sit around

Depressed about the way that luck deceived you.

Fortune sailed away

You missed the boat

And found that you’d been left behind.

Fight and fight some more

Until you know the world is ready to receive you.

Lady Luck is fickle

But a lady is allowed to change her mind.

You don’t have to sit around

Complaining ‘bout the way your life has wound up

So be a man

You know you can’t be certain

That you’ll lose until you try.

You don’t have to sit about

Complaining ‘bout the way your life has wound up

So be a man

You know you can’t be certain

That you’ll lose until you try

So give it a try.

***You Give a Little Love***

We could have been anything that we wanted to be

And it’s not too late to change.

I’d be delighted to give it some thought

Maybe you’ll agree that we really ought two… three… four

\*We could have been anything that we wanted to be

Yes, that decision was ours.

It’s been decided we’re weaker divided

Let friendship double-up our powers.

We could have been anything that we wanted to be

And I’m not saying we should

But if we try it, we’d learn to abide it

We could be the best at being good guys.

Flowers of the earth

Who can even guess how much

A real friend is worth?

Good guys shake an open hand

Maybe we’ll be trusting

If we try to understand.

No doubt about it

It must be worthwhile,

Good friends to tend to make you smile.

*\*Repeat*

\*\* You give a little love

And it all comes back to you.

You’re gonna be remembered

For the things that you say and do.

*\*\* Repeat for as long as possible, on stage and off.*