

## **Bugsy Malone**

### **"Tomorrow"**

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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, Yeah!

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

Movin' 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, ah

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 teams

I won't take no for an answer  
I was born to be a dancer now  
Anyone who feels the rhythm 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  
Ah

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