

Bugsy Malone, So You Wanna Be A Boxer?

So you wanna be a boxer
In the golden ring
Can you punch like a south-bound freight train
Tell me just one thing

Can you move in a whirl like a humming bird's wing
If you need to
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 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.

Putting him in the ring, Joe
Look at what you found
We can use the fun, Joe
Pushing him around

Well 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 wanna be a boxer
Wanna be the champ
There's a golden boy inside you
Not a punched-out tramp

If you listen and 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

Let me have him Joe