

# Bugsy Malone, 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, 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