

**BUGSY MALONE****Fat Sam's Grand Slam**

Any body who is anybody  
Will soon walk through that door  
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam Speakeasy  
Always able to find you a spare 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 always 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 abuzzing  
Stories by the dozen  
Look around you, cousin  
At the news were making here

Anybody who is anybody  
Will soon walk through that door  
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam Speakeasy

Da da da da da da  
Da da da da da da  
Da da da da da da

Hoc ya, Hoo ya, Hoo da da da da  
See the politicians  
Sittin' by the kitchen  
Said he caught his fingers  
In the well he was wishin'

Once you get here, feel the good cheer  
Like they always 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 abuzzing  
Stories by the dozen  
Look around you, cousin  
At the news were making here

Anybody who is anybody  
Will soon walk through that door  
At Fat Sam's Grand Slam Speakeasy

**DPA**  
**ACADEMY**

**DPA**  
**ACADEMY**

## **Bad Guys**

We could've been anything that we wanted to be  
But don't it make your heart glad  
That we decided, a fact we take pride in  
We became the best at being bad

We could've been anything we wanted to be  
With all the talent we had  
No doubt about it, we whine and we pout it  
We're the very best at being bad guys

We're rotten to the core  
And my congratulations no one likes you any more  
Bad guys, we're the very worst  
Each of us contemptible, we're criticised and cursed  
We made the big time, malicious and mad  
We're the very best at being bad

We could've been anything we wanted to be  
We took the easy way out  
With little training, we mastered complaining  
Manners seemed unnecessary  
We're so rude, it's almost scary

We could've been anything that we wanted to be  
With all the talent we had  
With little practice, we made every black list  
We're the very best at being bad  
We're the very best at being bad  
We're the very best at being bad

A large, faint, stylized watermark of the text 'DPA ACADEMY' is centered on the page. The letters are filled with a sparkling, starburst pattern, giving it a shimmering appearance. The watermark is semi-transparent and serves as a background element for the lyrics.

**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 word 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

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

**DPA**  
**ACADEMY**

**You Give a Little Love**

You could have been anything that you wanted to be  
And its not too late to change  
I'd be delighted to give it some thought  
Maybe you'll agree we really ought 2-3-4  
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 of 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 on 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 worth while  
Good friends to tend to make you smile  
We could of 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  
You give a little love and it all comes back to you  
La la la la la la  
You know your gonna be remembered for the things that you say and do  
La la la la la la