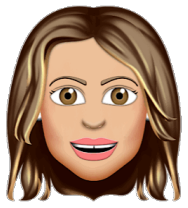


Whitbread

House Singing 2019





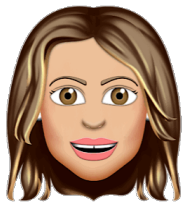
Bad Guys



We could've been anything 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

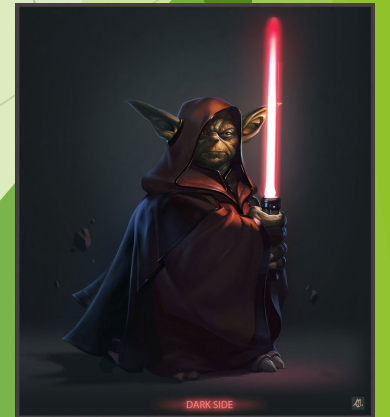
We could've been anything we wanted to be
With all the talent we had
No doubt about it, we whine and we pout it
We're the very best at being bad guys

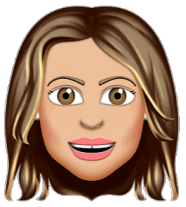




We're rotten to the core
And my congratulations no one likes you any more
Bad guys, we're the very worst
Each of us contemptible, we're criticised and cursed
We made the big time, malicious and mad
We're the very best at being bad

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

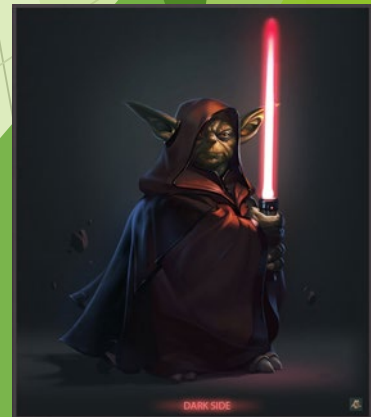
With all the talent we had

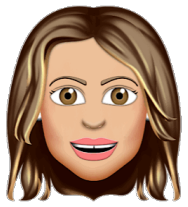
With little practice, we made every
black list

We're the very best at being bad

We're the very best at being bad

We're the very best at being bad

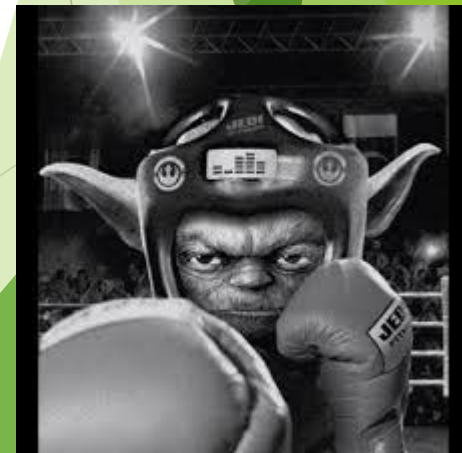


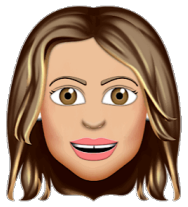


Bugsy Malone – So You Wanna Be A Boxer

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
Can you bob, can you weave, can you fake, and
deceive when you need to?



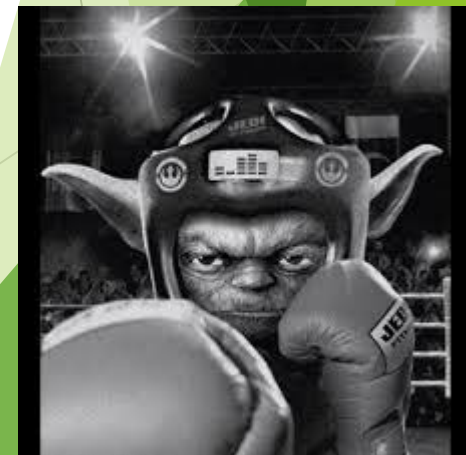


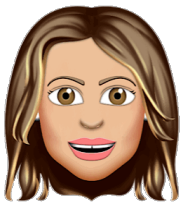
Well, you might as well quit
If you haven't got it

So you wanna be a boxer
Can you pass the test?
I can tell 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

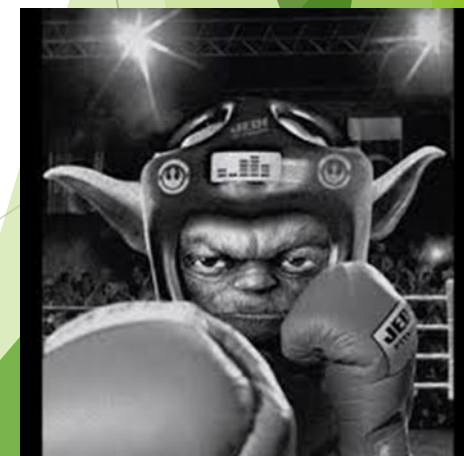
So you might as well quit
If you haven't got it.

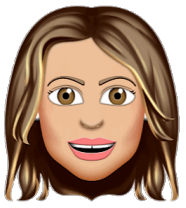




That chicken will crow

Let me have him Joe





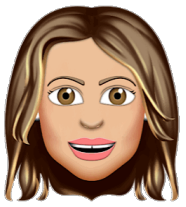
Bugsy Malone – Fat Sam's Grand Slam Lyrics

Anybody 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 Speaskeasy





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

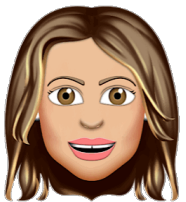
Each night astounds you

Rumours are a-buzzin

Stories by the dozen

Look around your 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

