

# Voltaire

## "Parade"

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You know it's true, we're both the same.  
In a storm of words we get lost in what is said.  
You know me and you see through me,  
so why are you confused by the things I say and do?  
Do you know me?  
You see the strain upon my face.  
Please, don't rain on my parade.  
It comes to light, it comes in waves,  
it's gone too late.  
It goes astray, it goes too far and you say  
it's clear I know where all your buttons are.  
It's not so strange, you know, it's not so queer  
that I know they're there 'cause I'm the one  
who put them there, exactly as you feared.  
I know you and I see through you  
so why am I surprised by the things you say and do?  
I don't know why.  
I see the strain upon your face.  
I won't rain on your parade.  
It comes to light, it comes in waves,  
it's gone too late.  
Don't steal the smile from off my face.  
Please don't rain on my parade.....  
I know that I can't replace you  
and it would be a lie to say that I could ever try.  
It's gone too late.  
It's gone too late.  
It cuts two ways  
It cuts two ways.  
It's gone too late.

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