

Toya London, La

"Don't Rain On My Parade"

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HEY, WORLD, HERE I AM...
Don't tell me not to live, just sit and putter
Life's candy and the suns a ball of butter
Who told you you're allowed to rain on my parade..
I'm gonna march my band out
I will beat my drum yeah
And when I'm fanned out, your turn at bat sir
Hey at least I didn't fake it
Hat sir so what, I didn't make it
But whether I'm a rose of sheer perfection
A freckle on the nose of life's complexion
The cinder of the shiny apple of its eye
I'm gonna fly once
I gotta try once
Only can die once, right sir?
Ooh love is juicy, juicy and you see
I've gotta have my bite sir
So get ready for me love cause I'm a comer
I simply gotta march my heart's a driver
Cause nobody yes sir nobody yeah
Is Gonna Rain ON MY...
Parade.....

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