

## **Barbra Streisand**

# **"Don't Rain On My Parade"**

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At the end of the baltimore run, fannys train is leaving  
to go on to to chicago,  
While nick must catch the train for new york and then  
head to europe. nick tells  
Fanny he loves her and she suggests he marry her, but  
he wants to have a fortune  
Before he does. on the spur of the moment, fanny  
decides to leave the tour and  
Follow nick to new york. eddie who has arrived to visit  
tries to talk her out  
Of it. ziegfeld tries as well, but fanny is intent on  
following nick; she has  
Success in show business and now she wants a  
personal life as well. eddie tries  
To advise her one more time, don't, and she replies:

Don't tell me not to live,  
Just sit and putter,  
Lifes candy and the suns  
A ball of butter.  
Don't bring around a cloud  
To rain on my parade.  
Don't tell me not to fly--  
Ive simply got to.  
If someone takes a spill,  
Its me and not you.  
Who told you you're allowed  
To rain on my parade!  
Ill march my band out,  
Ill beat my drum,  
And if Im fanned out,  
Your turn at bat, sir.  
At least I didn't fake it.  
Hat, sir, I guess I didn't make it!  
But whether Im the rose  
Of sheer perfection,  
Or freckle on the nose  
Of lifes complexion,  
The cinder or the shiny apple of it's eye,  
I gotta fly once,  
I gotta try once,  
Only can die once, right, sir?

Ooh, love is juicy,  
Juicy, and you see  
I gotta have my bite, sir!  
Get ready for me, love,  
Cause Im a comer,  
I simply gotta march,  
My hearts a drummer.  
Don't bring around a cloud  
To rain on my parade!

Im gonna live and live now,  
Get what I want--i know how,  
One roll for the whole shebang,  
One throw, that bell will go clang,  
Eye on the target--and wham--  
One shot, one gun shot, and bam--  
Hey, mister arnstein, here I am!  
Ill march my band out,  
I will beat my drum,  
And if Im fanned out,  
Your turn at bat, sir,  
At least I didn't fake it.  
Hat, sir, I guess I didn't make it.  
Get ready for me, love,  
Cause Im a comer,  
I simply gotta march,  
My hearts a drummer.  
Nobody, no, nobody  
Is gonna rain on my parade!

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