

Bobby Darin

"Don't Rain On My Parade"

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Hey, world, here I am...

Don't tell me not to fly
I've simply got to
If someone takes a spill
It's me and not you
Don't bring around a cloud to rain on my parade

Don't tell me not to live
Just sit and putter
Life's candy and the sun is a ball of butter
Who told you you're allowed to rain on my parade?

I'm gonna march my band out
I'll beat my drum
And if I'm fanned out
Your turn at bat, sir
Hey at least I didn't fake it, perhaps, sir
So what? I didn't make it

But whether I'm the rose of sheer perfection
Or freckle on the nose of life's complexion
The cinder of a 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

So get ready for me love
'Cause I'm a-comin'
I simply gotta march
My heart's a drummer
Don't bring around a cloud to rain on my parade

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 I'm a-comin'
I simply gotta march, my heart's a drummer
Nobody, I said nobody,
Nobody had better rain on my parade!

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