

**Linda Davis****"Don't Rain On My Parade"**

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Music: Jule Styne

Lyrics: Bob Merrill

Don't tell me not to live, just sit and putter  
Life's candy and the sun's a ball of butter  
Don't bring around a cloud to rain on my parade!  
Don't tell me not to fly, I've simply got to  
If someone takes a spill, it's me and not you  
Who told you you're allowed to rain on my parade?  
I'll march my band out  
I'll beat my drum  
And if I'm 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 I'm a rose of sheer perfection  
A freckle on the nose of life's complexion  
A cinder on the shiny apple of its 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 I'm a "comer"  
I simply gotta march, my heart's a drummer  
Don't bring around a cloud to rain on my parade! I'm  
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 gunshot, and bam!  
Hey world, here I am!!!  
I'll march my band out  
I'll beat my drum  
And if I'm 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 I'm a "comer"  
I simply gotta march, my heart's a drummer  
Nobody, no, nobody  
Is gonna rain on my parade!!!

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