

## **Debbie Gibson**

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

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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 the rose  
Of sheer perfection  
Or freckle on the nose  
Of life's complexion  
The cinder or the shiny apple  
Of its eye

I gotta fly once, I gotta try once  
Only can die once, right sir?  
Love is juicy, juicy and you see  
I've got to have my bite sir

Get ready for me love  
'Cause I'm a comer  
I've simply got to 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 Mr. Arnstein, 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've simply got to march  
My heart's a drummer  
Nobody, no nobody  
Is gonna rain on my parade

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