

Michael Ball

"Don't Rain on My Parade"

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Don't you 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 and 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
Or a freckle on the nose of life's complexion
The Cinderella or the shinny apple of its eye

Oh, oh I've gotta fly once, I gotta try once
Only I can die once, right, sir?
Ooh love is juicy, juicy and you'll see
I'm 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 she'll bang

One throw, that bell will go clang
Eye on the target and wham
One shot, one gun shot and bam

Hey everybody, 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
I guess I didn't make it, hat sir
At least I didn't fake it

Get ready for me, love 'cause I'm a comer
I simply gotta march, my heart's a drummer

And nobody, no, nobody is gonna rain on my parade,
parade

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