

Misc

"Dont Rain On My Parade"

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Don't Rain on my Parade
by Bob Merrill and Jules Styne
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's a ball of butter.
Who told you you're allowed to rain on my parade.
Chorus: 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 a freckle on the nose of life's complexion,
The Cinderella or the shiny apple of it's eye.
I gotta fly once. I gotta try once.
Only can die once. Right, sir?
Ooh life 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!
All that the law will allow!
One roll for the whole shebang!
One throw, that bell will go clang!
Tho' I'm alone I'm a gang! Eye on the target and wham!
One shot, one gun shot and bam!
Hey, Mr. Ornstein, here I am!
Chorus
Get ready for me life, '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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