

Don't Rain On My Parade

Bobby Darin

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
Hat, sir, so what 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 cinder of a shiny apple
Of its eye.

I gotta fly once
I gotta try once
Only can die once, right, sir?
Ooh â?| love is juicy
Juicy and you see
I gotta have my bite, sir!

So 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 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!

Umm, ahh, get ready for me, love
'cause I'm a "comer"
I simply gotta march
My heart's a drummer
Nobody
I said, nobody

Nobody had better
Rain on my parade!
Yeah!