

# 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!