

Don't Rain On My Parade

Kasia Kowalska

Don't tell me not to live, just sit and putter
Life's candy and the sun's ball of butter
Don't bring around a cloud to rain on my parade
Don't tell me not to fly, I simply got to
If someone takes a spill, it's me and not you
Who told 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
A freckle on the nose of life's complexion
The Cinderella or the shine 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 bit, sir
Get ready for me love, 'cause I'm a comer
I simply gotta march, my heart's drummer
Don't bring around the could 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 gun shot and bam!
Hey, hey, hey, hey world here I am...

I'll march my band out, I will beat my drum
And if I'm fanned out, your turn at bat, sir
At least I didn't make it
Get ready for me love, 'cause I'm a 'comer?
I simply gotta march; my heart's a drummer
Nobody, no, nobody
Is gonna rain on my parade!