

# Don't Rain On My Parade

Michael Ball

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