

Parade

Voltaire

You know it's true we're both the same.
In a storm of words we get lost in what is said.
You know me and you see through me.
So why are you confused by the things I say and do?
Do you know me?

You see the strain upon my face.
Please, don't rain on my parade.
It comes too light, it comes in waves,
It's gone too late.

It goes astray, it goes too far and you say
It's clear I know where all your buttons are.
It's not so strange, you know, it's not so queer
That I know they're there 'cause I'm the one
Who put them there, exactly as you feared.

I know you and I see though you
So why am I surprised by the things you say and do?
I don't know why.

I see the strain upon your face.
I won't rain on your parade.
It comes too light it comes in waves.
It's gone too late.

Don't steal the smile from off my face.
Please, don't rain on my parade.
It comes too light, it comes in waves,
It's gone too late.

I know that I can't replace you
And it would be a lie to say that I could ever try.

Don't steal the smile from off my face.
Please, don't rain on my parade.
It comes too light, it comes in waves,
It's gone too late.

You see the strain upon my face
Please, don't rain on my parade.
It comes too light, it comes in waves,
It's gone too late.

It's gone too late
It cuts two ways
It cuts two ways
It's gone too late