

Don't Rain On My Parade (from Funny Girl)

[Linda Eder](#)

Don't 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, 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
A freckle on the nose of life's complexion
A cinder on the shiny apple of its eye
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 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 shebang
One throw that bell will go clang
Eye on the target and wham
One shot, one gunshot, and bam
Hey world, 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, at least I didn't fake it!
Hat, sir? I guess 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

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