

# Don't Rain on My Parade

Barbra Streisand

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 the rose of sheer perfection  
Or freckle on the nose of life's complexion  
The cinder or the shiny apple of its eye I gotta fly once, I gotta try once  
Only can die once, right, sir?  
Ooh, life is juicy, juicy and you'll see  
I'm gonna 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-bang  
One throw, that bell will go clang  
Eye on the target and wham  
One shot, one gun shot, and bam  
Hey, Mister Arnstein, 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 fake it, hat, sir  
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  
No, nobody, no, nobody, is ever gonna rain on my parade

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