Don't Rain On My Parade

Japan

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?
Love is juicy, juicy and you see

I've got to have my bite sir
Get ready for me love
'Cause I'm a comer
I've simply got to 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 Mr. Arnstein, 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've simply got to march
My heart's a drummer
Nobody, no nobody
Is gonna rain on my parade

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