

Before the Parade Passes By

Barbra Streisand

Before the parade passes by
I'm gonna go and taste Saturday's high life
Before the parade passes by
I'm going to get some life back into my life I'm ready to move out in front
I've had enough of just passing by life
With the rest of them
With the best of them
I can hold my head up high I've got to go again
I've got to drive again
I've got to feel my heart coming alive again
Before the parade passes by Look at the crowd up ahead
Listen and heard that brass harmony growing
Look at the crowd up ahead
Pardon me if my old spirits showing
All of those lights over there
Seems to be telling me where I'm going When the whistles blow
And the cymbals crash
And the sparklers light the sky
I'm going to raise the roof
I'm going to carry on
Give me an old trombone
Give me an old baton
Before the parade passes by Before the parade passes by
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