

[www.practicetracks.co.uk](http://www.practicetracks.co.uk)

Don't Rain On My Parade

Reference number PT0884

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 gotta have my bite, sir!

Get ready for me, love,  
'Cause I'm a "comer,"  
I simply gotta march,  
'Cause I'm 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 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, 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!