

“Don’t Rain On My Parade”

By

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
A 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 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
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 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 simply gotta march
my heart's a drummer
Nobody no nobody
Is gonna rain on my
Parade