

Barbra Streisand, Don't Rain on My Parade

Dont tell me not to live,
Just sit and putter,
Lifes candy and the suns
A ball of butter.
Dont bring around a cloud
To rain on my parade.
Dont tell me not to fly--
Ive simply got to.
If someone takes a spill,
Its me and not you.
Who told you youre allowed
To rain on my parade!
Ill march my band out,
Ill beat my drum,
And if Im fanned out,
Your turn at bat, sir.
At least I didnt fake it.
Hat, sir, I guess I didnt make it!
But whether Im the rose
Of sheer perfection,
Or freckle on the nose
Of lifes 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 Im a comer,
I simply gotta march,
My hearts a drummer.
Dont bring around a cloud
To rain on my parade!
Im 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!
Ill march my band out,
I will beat my drum,
And if Im fanned out,
Your turn at bat, sir,
At least I didnt fake it.
Hat, sir, I guess I didnt make it.
Get ready for me, love,
cause Im a comer,
I simply gotta march,
My hearts a drummer.
Nobody, no, nobody
Is gonna rain on my parade!