

Deborah Gibson, Don't Rain On My Parade

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

CHORUS:

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!

CHORUS

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