

Bobby Darin, Don't Rain On My Parade

Hey world, here I am.....
Don't tell me not to fly I've simply got to
If someone takes a spill
It's me and not you
Don't bring around a cloud to 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
Who told you you're allowed to rain on my parade
I'm gonna march my band out
I'll beat my drum
And if I'm fanned out
Your turn at bat sir
Hey! At least I didn't fake it
Hat sir? So what 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 shin the apple of it's eye
I gotta fly once, I gotta try once
Only can die once, right sir?
Ohh...Love is juicy, juicy and you see
I've got to have my bite sir.
So 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 gotta fly once, I gotta try once
Only can die once, right sir?
Ohh...Love is juicy, juicy and you see
I've got to have my bite sir.
(Slow) Get ready for me love cause I'm a comin
I've simply got to march my heart's a drummin
Nobody.
I said nobody.
Nobody - had better rain-on-my-parade.....