

# Diana Ross, Don't Rain On My Parade

(Jule Styne/Bob Merrill)

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 the cloud to rain on my parade

Don't tell me not to leave  
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'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  
A Cinderella or a shine apple of an eye  
I gotta fly once  
I gotta try once  
Only can die once, right, sir?  
Ooh, life 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  
My heart's a drummer  
Don't bring around the cloud to rain on my parade

Yes, sir  
No, sir  
I'm gonna live and live now  
Get what I want, I know how  
All that the law will allow  
One roll for the whole shebang  
One throw that bell will go clang  
Though I'm alone I'm a gang  
Eye on the target and wham  
One shot, one gun shot and bam

Hey, world, here I am...  
Get ready for me life, 'cause I'm a "comer";  
I simply gotta march, my heart's a drummer  
Nobody, no, nobody, is gonna rain on my parade!