Michael Ball, Don't Rain On My Parade (Funny G

(Bob Merrill/Jule Styne)

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,
Or a freckle on the nose of life's complexion,
The Cinderella or the shinny apple of its eye.
I gotta fly once, I gotta try once.
Only I 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 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 she'll bang!
One throw, that bell will go clang!
Eye on the target and wham!
One shot, one gun shot and bam!

Hey, everybody, here I am!
I'll march my band out! I'll beat my drum!
And if I'm fanned out, you turn at bat, sir.
I guess I didn't make it. Hat, sir.
At least I didn't fake 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!