

The Supremes, Don't Rain On My Parade

(Jule Styne/Bob Merrill)

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,
A freckle on the nose of life's complexion,
The cinder or the shiny apple of his 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 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 shebang,
One throw, that bell will go clang,
Eye on the target--and wham--
One shot, one gun shot, and bam--
Hey, Mister, here I am!

I'll march my band out, I will 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.

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!