

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!