

Don't rain on my parade – Barbra Streisand

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 freckle on the nose
Of life's complexion,
The cinder or the shiny apple of its 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 commer,
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 show bang,
One throw, that bell will go clang,
Eye on the target and wham
One shot, one gun shot, and BAM
Hey, Mister Armstein,
Here I am!
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, guess I didn't make it
Get ready for me, love,
'cause I'm a commer,
I simply gotta march,
My heart's a drummer
Nobody, no, nobody
Is gonna rain on my parade!



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych