

# 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