

# Don't rain on my parade – Glee

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 its eye  
I've gotta fly once  
I've gotta try once  
Only can die once, right sir  
Oooh, life is juicy, juicy and you see  
I've gotta have my bite, sir  
Get ready for me love 'cause I'm a comer  
I've simply gotta march, my hearts 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 gunshot and bam!  
Hey Mr Arnstein, 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 comer  
I've simply gotta march, my hearts a drummer  
No body, no nobody is gonna  
Rain on my parade



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych