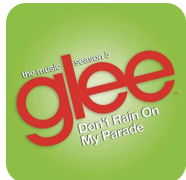


# Don't rain on my parade – Lea Michele

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 Arnstein  
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 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