

Don't Rain On My Parade

Barbra Streisand

[At the end of the Baltimore run, Fanny's train is leaving to go on to to Chicago, while Nick must catch the train for New York and then head to Europe. Nick tells Fanny he loves her and she suggests he marry her, but he wants to have a fortune before he does. On the spur of the moment, Fanny decides to leave the tour and follow Nick to New York. Eddie who has arrived to visit tries to talk her out of it. Ziegfeld tries as well, but Fanny is intent on following Nick; she has success in show business and now she wants a personal life as well. Eddie tries to advise her one more time, "Don't", and she replies:]

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'll see
I'm gonna 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 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 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 "comer,"
I simply gotta march,
My heart's a drummer.
Nobody, no, nobody
Is gonna rain on my parade!