

Glee - Don't Rain On My Parade

Tom: A

A
 Don't tell me not to live
 Just sit and putter
 Life's candy and the sun's a ball of butter
 E D A
 Don't bring around the cloud to rain on my parade

A
 Don't tell me not to fly
 I've simply got to
 If someone takes a spill
 It's me and not you
 E D A
 Who told you you're allowed to rain on my parade

A
 I'm marching my band out
 I'm beating my drum
 D
 And if I'm fanned out
 B Gb
 Your turn at bat, sir

A E
 At least I didn't fake it, hat, sir
 I guess I didn't make it

A
 But whether I'm the rose of sheer perfection
 A freckle on the nose of life's complexion
 E D B
 The cinder or the shine apple of an eye

A
 I gotta fly once
 E
 I gotta try once
 D A
 Only can die once, right, sir?
 Ooh, life is juicy
 E
 Juicy and you see

D A
 I gotta have my bite, sir

A
 Get ready for me love
 'Cause I'm a "comer"
 I simply gotta march
 My heart's a drummer
 E D A
 Don't bring around the cloud to rain on my parade

A
 I'm gonna live and live now
 Bm
 Get what I want, I know how
 Db
 One roll for the whole shebang
 Dm
 One throw that bell will go clam
 Eb
 Eye on the target and wam
 Em
 One shot, one gun shot and bang

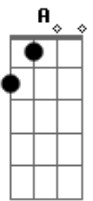
A D A
 Hey, Mr. Arnstein, here I am...

A
 I'm marching my band out
 I'm beating my drum

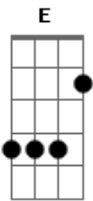
D
 And if I'm fanned out
 B Gb
 Your turn at bat, sir

A E
 At least I didn't fake it, hat, sir
 I guess I didn't make it
 (A E A)
 Get ready for me life, 'cause I'm a "comer"
 I simply gotta march, my heart's a drummer
 E A E
 Nobody, no, nobody, is gonna rain on my parade!

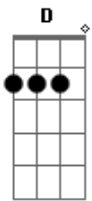
Acordes



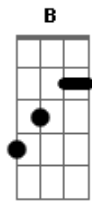
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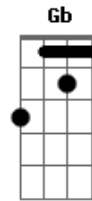
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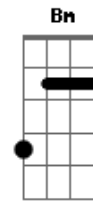
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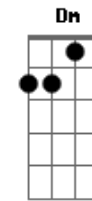
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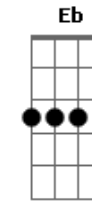
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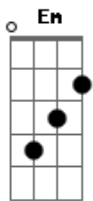
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