Glee - Don't Rain On My Parade

Tom: A D I gotta have my bite, sir Α Don't tell me not to live Δ Just sit and putter Get ready for me love Life's candy and the sun's a ball of butter 'Cause I'm a "comer" D I simply gotta march My heart's a drummer F Α Don't bring around the cloud to rain on my parade D Α Don't bring around the cloud to rain on my parade Don't tell me not to fly I've simply got to A If someone takes a spill I'm gonna live and live now It's me and not you Bm F Get what I want, I know how D Α Who told you you're allowed to rain on my parade Db One roll for the whole shebang Α Dm I'm marching my band out One throw that bell will go clam I'm beating my drum Eb D Eye on the target and wam And if I'm fanned out Em One shot, one gun shot and bang В Gb Your turn at bat, sir D Α F At least I didn't fake it, hat, sir Hey, Mr. Arnstein, here I am... I guess I didn't make it Α I'm marching my band out I'm beating my drum But whether I'm the rose of sheer perfection D A freckle on the nose of life's complexion And if I'm fanned out F D B Gb B The cinder or the shine apple of an eye Your turn at bat, sir Α А F I gotta fly once At least I didn't fake it, hat, sir F I guess I didn't make it (<mark>A</mark> F A) I gotta try once Get ready for me life, 'cause I'm a "comer" D Only can die once, right, sir? I simply gotta march, my heart's a drummer Ooh, life is juicy A E Nobody, no, nobody, is gonna rain on my parade! F

Juicy and you see

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Acordes

