

Before the Parade Passes By

Look at the crowd up ahead
Listen and hear that brass harmony growing
Look at the crowd up ahead
Pardon me if my old spirit is showing
All of those lights over there
Seem to be telling me where I'm going
When the whistles blow
And the cymbals crash
And the sparklers light up the sky
I'm gonna raise the roof
I'm gonna carry on
Give me an old trombone
Give me an old baton
Before the parade passes by!