

## MacArthur Park

Donna Summer

Spring was never waiting for us dear  
It ran one step ahead  
As we followed in the dance

MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark  
All the sweet, green icing flowing down  
Someone left the cake out in the rain  
I don't think that I can take it  
'cause it took so long to bake it  
And I'll never have that recipe again  
Oh, nooooo

I recall the yellow cotton dress  
Foaming like a wave  
On the ground beneath your knees  
The birds like tender babies in your hands  
And the old men playing chinese checkers by the trees

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(Instrumental)

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