

# MacArthur Park

Nancy Sinatra

Spring was never waiting for us, boy,  
it ran one step ahead as we followed in the dance.  
Between the parted pages that were pressed,  
A love hot fevered like a striped pair of pants.

MacArthur Park is melting through the park,  
all the sweet, green icing flowing down.  
Someone left the cake out in the rain,  
And I don't think that I can take it,  
'cause it took so long to bake it,  
And I'll never find that recipe again, oh no!

I recall the yellow cotton dress flowing like a wave  
On the ground around your knees  
And birds, like tender babies in your hands  
And the old men playing checkers by the trees

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There will be another song for me  
For I will sing it  
And there will be another dream for me  
Someone will bring it  
I will drink the wine while it is warm  
And never let you catch me looking at the sun  
For after all the loves of my life  
After all the loves of my life  
You'll still be the one

I will take my life into my hands  
And I will use it  
I will win the worship in their eyes  
And I will lose it  
But I'll have the things that I desire  
And my passion flow like rivers through the sky  
But after all the loves of my life  
after all the loves of my life  
I'll be thinking of you  
And wondering why

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