

MacArthur Park

Waylon Jennings

Spring was never waiting for us girl
It ran one step ahead as we followed in the dance
Between the parted pages and were pressed
In love's hot fevered iron like a strip-ed pair of pants.

Mac Arthur Park is melting in the dark
All the sweet green icing flowing down
Someone left the cake out in the rain
But I don't think that I can take it Lord
It took so long to bake it
I'll never had that recipe again, oh no.

I recall the yellow cotton dress
foaming like a wave on the ground around your knees
And birds like tender babies in your hands
The old man playing checkers by the trees.

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There will be another song for me for and I will sing it
There will be another dream for me someone will bring it
I will taste the wine while it is warm
and never let you catch me looking in the sun
But 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
And my passions flow like rivers from the sky
But after all the loves of my life after all the loves of my li
fe
I'll still be along wondering why.

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