

# Frank Sinatra, MacArthur Park

(J.Webb)

[Recorded August 20, 1979, New York]

Spring was never waiting for us, girl, 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 in the dark, all the sweet, green icing flowing down.  
Someone left the cake out in the rain,  
I don't think I could take it, `cause it took so long to bake it,  
And I'll never have that recipe again, oh no!  
I still see the yellow cotton dress foaming like a wave upon the ground.  
Around your knees, and the birds like tender babies in your hands,  
And the old men playing checkers by the trees.  
There will be another song for me, for I will sing it.  
There would be another dream for me, someone will bring it.  
Oh, I will drink the wine while it is warm,  
And never let you catch me looking at the sun.  
But after all the loves of my life, after all the loves, you'll still be the one.  
I would take my life into my hands and I will use it,  
I will win the worship in their eyes, and I will lose it.  
I will have all the things that I desire, and my passions flow like rivers in the sky,  
And after the loves of my life, after all the loves of my life,  
You'll still gonna be the one.  
MacArthur 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 I can take it, cause it took so long to bake it,  
And I'll never have that recipe again, oh no, oh no!