

Waylon Jennings, Mac Arthur Park

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 stripped pair of pants
Mac Arturh Park is melting in the dark all the sweet green ising 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
Mac Arturh Park is melting...

(steel)

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 life
I'll still be along wondering why
Mac Arturh Park is melting...