

## **Three Degrees, The "Mac Arthur Park"**

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Spring was never waiting for us, boy  
It ran one step  
As we followed in the dance  
Between the parted pages and were pressed  
In love's hot, fevered iron  
Like a striped pair of pants

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, no!

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

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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, no!

There will be another song for me  
For I will sing it  
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  
And 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

I will have the things that I desire  
And my passion flow like rivers through the sky  
And 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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And I'll never have that recipe again  
Oh, no!  
Oh, no  
No, no  
Oh, no!!

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