

Donna Summer

"Mac Arthur Park"

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Spring was never waiting for us, girl
It ran one step ahead
As we followed in the dance.

Between the parted pages
We were pressed,
In love's hot, fevered iron
Like a striped pair of pants.

Mac Arthur'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, nooo!

I recall the yellow cotton dress
Foaming like a wave
On the ground beneath your knees
Birds like tender babies in your hands
And the old men playing
Chinese checkers
By the trees

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'cause it took so long to bake it
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Oh, nooo!

There'll be another song for me
And I will sing it
There'll 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, oh yeah
And after all the loves of my life
After all loves in my life

You'll 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
Oh and after all the loves in my life
After all the loves in my life
You'll still be the one
And I'll ask myself why.

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