

Andy Williams - MacArthur Park

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Bm G G F
                                                                                                                                                                                             And I'll never have that recipe again,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          oh, no
       Intro: Em G F Am F Am C C Em G F Am F Am C C
                                                                                                                                                                                             Interlude: ( Bb F Am G Am Em G F Am F Am C C Em G F Am F Am
Spring was never waiting for us, girl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          G
                                                                                                                                                                    Am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        Em
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Em
                                                                                                                                                                                            There will be another song for me, for I will sing it \operatorname{Cdim} D7 \operatorname{Cdim} G
It ran one step ahead as we followed in the dance
                                                                                                                                                                                             There will be another dream for me someone will bring it
Between the parted pages and were pressed
                                                                                                                                                                                            I will drink the wine while it is warm % \left( 1\right) =\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) \left( 1\right) +\left( 1\right) \left( 1
                                                                                                                                                                                                Am Cdim Am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Bm
In love's hot, fevered iron like a striped pair of pants
                                                                                                                                                                                             And never let you catch me looking at the sun
                                          D D D D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Am Am D7 Am
MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark
                                                                                                                                                                                             And after all the loves of my life
        D D Dm D D7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               G C
                                                                                                                                                                                             After all the loves of my life you'll still be the one
All the sweet, green icing flowing down
                                                                      D
                                                Am
                                                                                                                                                                                             Cdim G G Em Em
Someone left the cake out in the rain
                                                                                                                                                                                             I will take my life into my hands,
                                D
I don't think that I can take it
                                                                                                                                                                                             I will win the worship in their eyes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   and I will lose it
                           Em
                                                                 Gbm
 'Cause it took so long to bake it

Bm Bm G G F
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  C
                                                                                                                                                                                             I will have the things that I desire
And I'll never have that recipe again,
                                                                                                                               oh, no
                                                                                                                                                                                                             Cdim Am
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Bm
                                                                                                                                                                                             And my passion flow like rivers through the sky
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Am D7 Am G
I recall the yellow cotton dress.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Am
                                                                                                                                                           Am F Am And after all the loves of my life
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       after all the loves
                                                                                                                                                                                             of my life

Am Am D7
Foaming like a wave on the ground around your knees \bar{\ }
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Cdim
                                                                                                                                                                                             I'll be thinking of you
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            and wondering why
The birds, like tender babies in your hands
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            D D D
                                                                                                                                                                                            MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark
D D Dm D D7
                                                                                                                                      F Am C C
And the old men playing checkers by the trees D D D D D D D
                                                                                                                                                                                             All the sweet, green icing flowing down
MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Am D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       G
              D D Dm D D7
                                                                                                                                                                                             Someone left the cake out in the rain
All the sweet, green icing flowing down
                                                                                                                                                                                             Em A7 D A7
                                                Am D
Someone left the cake out in the rain
                                                                                                                                                                                             I don't think that I can take it. 'Cause it took so long to
    Em A7 D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                G G F
I don't think that I can take it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Bm
                                                                                                                                                                                             And I'll never have that recipe again, oh, no, oh no
 'Cause it took so long to bake it
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Acordes

