

Andy Williams - MacArthur Park

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Bm7 G G F D7
                                                                                                                                                                                      And I'll never have that recipe again,
       Intro: Em G F Am F Am C C Em G F Am F Am C C
                                                                                                                                                                                      Interlude: ( Bb F7M Am7 G Am7 Em G F Am F Am C C Em G F Am F
                                                                                                                                                                                      Am C C )
Spring was never waiting for us, girl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Em
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Em7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            C7M C7M9
                                                                                                                                                              Am
                                                                                                                                                                                     There will be another song for me, for I will sing it \operatorname{\mathsf{Cdim}} D7 \operatorname{\mathsf{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
                                                                                                                                                                                                       C7M
                                                                                                                                                                                     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
                                                                                                                                                                                                 Am7 Cdim Am7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         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 D7M
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Am7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   Am7 D7 Am7
                                                                                                                                                                                      And after all the loves of my life
MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark
               D7M9 D7M Dm7 D D7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             G C7M
                                                                                                                                                                                     After all the loves of my life you'll still be the one
All the sweet, green icing flowing down
                                                Am7
                                                                           D
                                                                                                                                                                                      Cdim G G Em Em
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              C7M C7M9
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              and I will use it
Someone left the cake out in the rain
                                                                                                                                                                                      I will take my life into my hands,
   Fm7 A7
                              D
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Cdim
I don't think that I can take it
                          Em7
                                                              Gbm7
                                                                                                                                                                                      I will win the worship in their eyes
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       and I will lose it
'Cause it took so long to bake it

Bm7 Bm7 G G F D7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             C7M
                                                                                                                                                                                      I will have the things that I desire
And I'll never have that recipe again, oh, no
                                                                                                                                                                                                    Cdim Am7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Bm
                                                                                                                                                                                      And my passion flow like rivers through the sky
                                                                                 G
I recall the yellow cotton dress.
                                                                                                                                                                                                               Am7 Am7 D7 Am7 G
                                                                                                                                                                                              Am
                                                                                                                                                     Am F Am C7M
                                                                                                                                                                                      And after all the loves of my life
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       after all the loves
Foaming like a wave on the ground around your knees
                                                                                                                                                                                      of my life
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Am Am7 D7
                                                                                                                                                                                                          F7M
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Cdim
                                                                                                                                                                                      I'll be thinking of you $\sf and wondering why $\sf A7 D$ $\sf D$ {\sf D} {\sf D} {\sf D} {\sf D} {\sf D}
The birds, like tender babies in your hands
                                                                                                               Am F Am C C
                                                                                                                                                                                      MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark $\operatorname{\textsc{D7M}}$ D7M Dm7 D D7
And the old men playing checkers by the trees
   D D D D D7M
MacArthur's Park is melting in the dark
                                                                                                                                                                                      All the sweet, green icing flowing down
                 D7M9 D7M Dm7 D D7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Am7
                                                                                                                                                                                      Someone left the cake out in the rain
All the sweet, green icing flowing down
                                               Am7 D G
                                                                                                                                                                                                       A7 D
Someone left the cake out in the rain
      Fm7 A7 D
                                                                                                                                                                                      I don't think that I can take it. 'Cause it took so long to
                                                           Α7
I don't think that I can take it
                                                                                                                                                                                      bake it
                          Em7
                                                              Gbm7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Bm7 G G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Α7
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             D Am7 D
 'Cause it took so long to bake it
                                                                                                                                                                                      And I'll never have that recipe again, oh, no,
Acordes
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