Escape (the PiÃ±a Colada Song)

Rupert Holmes

I was tired of my lady, weÂ´d been together too long.
Like a worn-out recording, of a favorite song.
So while she lay there sleeping, I read the paper in bed.
And in the personals column, there was this letter I read:

"If you like Pina Coladas, and getting caught in the rain.
If youÂ´re not into yoga, if you have half a brain.
If you like making love at midnight, in the dunes of the cape.
IÂ´m the lady youÂ´ve looked for, write to me, and escape."

I didnÂ´t think about my lady, I know that sounds kind of mean.
But me and my old lady, had fallen into the same old dull routine.
So I wrote to the paper, took out a personal ad.
And though IÂ´m nobodyÂ´s poet, I thought it wasnÂ´t half bad.

"Yes, I like Pina Coladas, and getting caught in the rain.
IÂ´m not much into health food, I am into champagne.
IÂ´ve got to meet you by tomorrow noon, and cut through all this red tape.
At a bar called O'Malley's, where weÂ´ll plan our escape."

So I waited with high hopes, then she walked in the place.
I knew her smile in an instant, I knew the curve of her face.
It was my own lovely lady, and she said, "Oh, itÂ´s you."
And we laughed for a moment, and I said, "I never knew"..

"That you liked Pina Coladas, and getting caught in the rain.
And the feel of the ocean, and the taste of champagne.
If you like making love at midnight, in the dunes of the cape.
YouÂ´re the love that IÂ´ve looked for, come with me, and escape."

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If youÂ´re not into yoga, if you have half a brain.
If you like making love at midnight, in the dunes of the cape.
YouÂ´re the love that IÂ´ve looked for, come with me, and escape."

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