

Spanish Harlem

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem

A red rose up in Spanish Harlem

It is a special one, it's never seen the sun

It only comes out when the moon is on the run

And all the stars are gleaming

It's growing in the street right up through the concrete

But soft and sweet and dreaming

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem

A red rose up in Spanish Harlem

With eyes as black as coal

Then look down in my soul

And starts a fire there

And then I lose control

I have to beg your pardon

A I'm going to pick that rose

And watch her as she grows in my garden

A I'm going to pick that rose

And watch her as she grows in my garden

La la la, la la la, la la la la

(There is a rose in Spanish Harlem)

La la la, la la la, la la la la

(There is a rose in Spanish Harlem)