

Spanish Harlem

Billy Joe Royal

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem
It is the 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 that burns down in my soul
It starts a fire burning then I lose control
I have to beg your pardon

I'm going to pick that rose and watch her as she grows in my garden

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