

# Spanish Harlem

Tom Jones

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 that look down in my soul  
And starts a fire there and 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

(There is a rose in Spanish Harlem)  
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)