

# Spanish Harlem

Rebecca Pidgeon

There's a rose in black at Spanish Harlem  
A rose in black at Spanish Harlem  
It is the special one  
It never sees the sun It only comes up  
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 sweet and dreamy There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
A rose in black at Spanish Harlem)  
With eyes as black as coal  
That look down in his soul  
It start a fire there and then he loses control  
I'm gonna beg his pardon yeah  
He's going to pick that rose  
And watch her as she grows In his garden  
There is a rose in Spanish Harlem uum uum  
A rose in black at Spanish Harlem uum uum  
With eyes as black as coal  
That look down in his soul  
And start a fire there and then he loses control  
And I wanna beg his par-ar-ar-don  
He's going to pick that rose  
And watch her as she grows In his garden

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>