

Spanish Harlem

Ben E. King

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 looks down in my soul
And starts a fire there and then I lose control
I have to beg your pardon.
I'm goin' to pick that rose and watch her as she grows in my garden.
Music##
I'm goin' to pick that rose and watch her as she grows
in my garden.
(There is a rose in Spanish garden)
La la la, la la la, la la la la. (There is a rose in Spanish garden)
La la la, la la la, la la la la. (There is a rose in Spanish garden)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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