

Black Rose

Black 47

Mister Frankie Diamond was my best friend
We were partners in a business down on C and 7th
Nothin' ever got this good brother down
He was a real live wire in an electric town Frankie started hangin' with an uptown girl
A Harlem lady in the social whirl
On Saturday night he'd put on his best clothes
And go out steppin' with his Black Rose Now Frankie went upstate for a couple of years
A guest of the nation and he was in tears
He called me up, he said, "Hey friend of mine
I got one favor to ask you while I'm doin' my time" She's the Queen of New York City
She bewitch all men soul
She the blood that flow right through me
So don't be messin' with my Black Rose
Keep your hands off my Black Rose
My Black Rose, he don't own ya While Frankie was upstate, his Harlem girl
Continued to spiral in her social whirl
So I paged her from my gig on East 7th I said
"Hey, babe, you doin' anythin' 'round about 11?" She said, "Uh uh", in her uptown voice
So we met at Beirut for cocktails and ice
When she crossed that room in her tight red dress
I wasn't thinkin' of Frankie, I have to confess She said, "Hey, best friend, let's go back to my
place
I need to fix my mascara and remodel my face"
But it rained on the way back to her house
And when she closed the door she took off her blouse She's the Queen of New York City
She bewitch all men soul
Next thing I know, I'm whisperin' sweet nothin's
Lysin' in bed with my Black Rose
I'm makin' love to my Black
My Black Rose, he don't own ya So stay with me tonight
At nights I'd lie there and listen to her breathe
With the sweat on my brow
How could she sleep So deep, so sweet, as calm as a rock
While I pushed back the seconds oozing from the clock
Now the letters I wrote Frankie returned unread
The word leaked out, I'd be better off dead But in the crimson dawn, Black Rose would unfold
And drain all the poison from my soul
Now I'm standin' up here on forty deuce
Another terminal man waitin' for his bus Here come Frankie with his head all shaved
Is that a piece in his pocket or is it a blade
Now I'm lyin' face down in the terminal dirt
With a hole in my chest, but I don't feel no hurt I don't wanna go to heaven, I been there before

Just spent two years in paradise with my Black Rose
She's the Queen of New York City
She bewitch all men soul
When you go and find her body
Bury me next to my Black Rose
Still in love with my Black Rose
She's up in heaven now, my Black Rose
You won't be makin' love to my Black
My Black Rose, he don't own ya
So stay with me tonight, for the rest of your life
Roisin Dubh, me no can get over you
A time is in me mind no matter what I do
Roisin Dubh me no can get over you
Now Frankie comin' back and I know that I am through
Mister Frankie Diamond tell me do the right thing
Watch his girl while he away at Sing Sing
But me and Rosie, we have a little fling
Now Frankie comin' home, wicked trouble it will bring
Wicked trouble it will bring, Lord have mercy

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>