

Aretha Franklin

"Spanish Harlem"

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La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la-la
La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la-la

There's a rose in a lack and Spanish Harlem
A rose in a lack and 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, sweet and dreamin'

There's a rose in a Spanish Harlem
A rose in a lack and 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, yeah
He's going to pick that rose and watch her as she
grows in his garden

There's a rose in a Spanish Harlem
A rose in a lack and 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
He's going to pick that rose and watch her as she
grows in his garden

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