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Beirut "East Harlem"

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Another rose wilts in East Harlem, And uptown, downtown, A thousand miles between us. She's waiting for the night to fall. Let it fall, I'll never make it in time. Another rose wilts in East Harlem, And uptown, downtown, A thousand miles between us. She's waiting for the night to fall. Let it fall, I'll never make it in time. Another rose wilts in East Harlem, And uptown, downtown, A thousand miles between us. She's waiting for the night to fall. Let it fall, I'll never make it in time. Sound is the colour I know, oh, Sound is what keeps me looking for your eyes, And sound of your breath in the door, And oh, the sound will bring me home again. Sound is the colour I know, oh, Sound is what keeps me looking for your eyes, And sound of your breath in the door, And oh, the sound will bring me home again.

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