

Laura Nyro "Spanish Harlem"

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La, la, la
La, la, la
La, la, la

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in 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
Love's growing in the street right
And through the concrete, and through the concrete
And through the concrete, soft and dreamin'

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem
With eyes as black as coal he looks down in my soul
And starts a fire there and then I lose control

I have to beg your pardon
I'm going to pick that rose
And watch his as she grows in my garden

La, la, la
La, la, la
La, la, la

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