

Mamas & The Papas "Spanish Harlem"

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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.
It's growing in the street right up through the
concrete
But soft and sweet and dreamy.

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem,
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem.
With eyes as black as coal, that look down in my soul
And start a fire there and then I lose control;
I have to beg your pardon.
I'm gonna pick that rose and watch her as she
grows
In my garden.

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.
I'm gonna pick that rose and watch her as she
grows
In my garden.

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