

# Otis Redding

## "Spanish Harlem"

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There is a rose in black at Spanish Harlem  
A rose in black at Spanish Harlem

It is the special one  
It never sees the sun  
It only comes up  
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 dreamy

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
A rose in black at Spanish Harlem

With eyes as black as coal  
That look down in his soul  
It start a fire there  
And then he loses control

I'm gonna beg his pardon, yeah  
He's going to pick that rose  
And watch her as she grows  
In his garden

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
A rose in black at Spanish Harlem

With eyes as black as coal  
That look down in his soul  
And start a fire there  
And then he loses control

And I wanna beg his pardon  
He's going to pick that rose  
And watch her as she grows  
In his garden

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