

## The Cats "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 dreamin'

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 starts a fire there  
and then I lose control  
I have to beg your pardon  
I'm going to pick that rose and watch her as she grows  
in my garden (Garden, garden (Garden, garden  
(Garden, garden)))

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(There is a rose in Spanish Harlem)

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