Map to the Treasure

Laura Nyro

Where is your woman? Gone to Spanish Harlem?
Gone to buy you pastels? Where is your woman?
Gone to Spanish Harlem? Gone to buy you books
And bells beneath Indian summer?Take my hand now, there is a land now
In the treasure of love, Jade and coral
Perfume from Siam in the treasure of loveTo your fingertips, to the summer sunset
In the treasure of love, in the treasure of love
In the treasure of loveLight the night, oh, light the night
Come my way, light the nightCome to me baby, you got the look that I adore
That I understand, my pretty medicine man
My pretty medicine man
Got pretty medicine in his headFor you I bear down, soft and burning
In the treasure of love, in the treasure of love
In the treasure of love, loveWhere is your woman? Gone to Spanish Harlem?
Gone to buy you pastels?

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