

# 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 love To your fingertips, to the summer sunset  
In the treasure of love, in the treasure of love  
In the treasure of love Light the night, oh, light the night  
Come my way, light the night Come 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 head For you I bear down, soft and burning  
In the treasure of love, in the treasure of love  
In the treasure of love, love Where is your woman? Gone to Spanish Harlem?  
Gone to buy you pastels?

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