Spanish Harlem

The Mamas & the Papas

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in Spanish HarlemIt 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 dreamyThere is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in Spanish HarlemWith 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 gardenIt 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 gardenThere is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in Spanish HarlemThere is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem

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