Spanish Harlem

Neil Diamond

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 gleamingIt's growing in the street
Right up through the concrete
Soft and dreamin'I found 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 pardonI'm going to pick that rose
And watch her as she grows
In my garden

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