

Spanish Harlem

Bowling for Soup

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
It's soft and sweet and dreamin' There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
There is a rose in Spanish Harlem

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