

# 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  
There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
Yeah

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