East Harlem

Beirut

Another rose wilts in East Harlem,
And uptown, downtown,
A thousand miles between us.
She's waiting for the night to fall.
Let it fall, I'll never make it in time.
Another rose wilts in East Harlem,
And uptown, downtown,
A thousand miles between us.
She's waiting for the night to fall.
Let it fall, I'll never make it in time.
Another rose wilts in East Harlem,

And uptown, downtown,
A thousand miles between us.
She's waiting for the night to fall.
Let it fall, I'll never make it in time.
Sound is the colour I know, oh,
Sound is what keeps me looking for your eyes,
And sound of your breath in the door,
And oh, the sound will bring me home again.
Sound is the colour I know, oh,
Sound is what keeps me looking for your eyes,
And sound of your breath in the door,
And oh, the sound will bring me home again.

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