

# 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.  
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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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