

## 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

And I'll let it slide  
I could wait all night  
In a falling rain  
I soaked in a lie

And why don't I  
I could wait and find  
And I'll write it slow  
In a written reply

And why don't I  
I could end that sigh  
And I wanted to write  
And f\_\_\_\_\_ in a \_\_\_\_\_

And I lied and told  
That I'll write it slow (or That I want it slow)  
I can write it slow (or I can want it slow)  
And \_\_\_\_\_

Oh lie lie lie  
Lala lie lie lie  
Lala lie lie lie  
Lala lie lie lie

Lala lie lie lie  
Lala lie lie lie  
Lala lie lie lie  
Lala lie lie lie