

Spanish Harlem

Cliff Richard

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem
It is a special one,
that never sees the sun
And only comes out
when the moon is on the run
And all the stars are gleamin'
I'm going to pick that rose
and watch her as she grows in my garden

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem
With eyes as black
as coal that look down in my soul
And starts a fire there
and then I lose control
I have to beg your pardon
I'm going to pick that rose
and watch her as she grows in my garden

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I have to beg your pardon
I'm going to pick that rose
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I'm going to pick that rose
and watch her as she grows in my garden
(There is a rose in Spanish Harlem)
In Spanish Harlem
(There is a rose in Spanish Harlem)
In Spanish, in Spanish, in Spanish ...