Wildflower

In a tenement near the Henry Hudson River From my favorite spot on a rusting fire escape I would look below. And see Mario Braving the ferocious dandelions

Mario, our fearless superintendent Kept the garden green, despite the parkway smog But the flowering weeds Their fates decreed Pulled, to keep his rosebush from dying

Then I would creep inside, curl up in my bed Something strong was pulling at my head Pulling at my heart

Wild flower, growing in all the wrong places Wild flower, so lonely 'neath that lovely rose bush Proper garden's nightmare, queen of opened fields Tell me, who will love this wildflower For exactly what she is?

Years passed by, we left that red brick building Left Mario behind For a brand new house But my dark brown skin On the white washed walls within Stood out, so it'd get me up and cryin'

My growing pains had many rooms to fill, then Mother never know ..Had a garden to keep clean While there was NY grease On her young flower from the Middle East She was busy pulling dendelions

Then I would creep inside, curl up in my bed Something strong was pulling at my head Pulling at my heart

Wild flower, growing in all the wrong places Wild flower, so lowly 'neath that lovely rosebush Proper garden's nightmare, queen of opened fields Tell me, who will love this wildflower For exactly what she is?