

## Spanish Harlem

The Cats

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem  
It is a special one, it`s never seen the sun  
It only comes out when the moon is on the run  
And all the stars are gleaming  
It`s growing in the street right up through the concrete  
But soft and sweet and dreaming

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 start a fire there and the I loose control  
I have to beg your pardon  
I`m going to pick that rose and watches her as  
She grows in my garden

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