

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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