

Spanish Harlem - Ben E. King #10 in '60

C

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem a red rose up in Spanish Harlem

F

It is a special one it's never seen the sun it only comes out

C

When the moon is on the run and all the stars are gleaming

G7

It's growing in the street right up through the concrete

C

But soft and sweet and dreaming

C

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem a red rose up in Spanish Harlem

F

With eyes as black as coal that looks down in my soul

C

And starts a fire and then I lose control I have to beg your pardon

G7

I'm gonna pick that rose and watch her as she grows in my garden

C

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