

Spanish Harlem
Aretha Franklin

D
There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
D
A rare rose up in Spanish Harlem
G
It is a special one, its never seen in the sun

It only comes up when the moon is on the run
D
And all the stars are gleaming

A
Its growing in the street right up through the concrete
D
But soft and sound in pale moon

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A rare rose up in Spanish Harlem
With eyes as black as coal that look down in my soul
And start a fire there and I lose control
I have to beg your pardon

A7
I m going to pick that rose and watch her as she grows
D
In my garden