Aretha Franklin, Spanish Harlem

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 dreamin'

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 starts a fire there and then I lose control
I have to beg your pardon
I'm going to pick that rose and watch her as she grows in my garden

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

(There is a rose in Spanish Harlem)
La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la-la
(There is a rose in Spanish Harlem)
La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la-la
(There is a rose in Spanish Harlem)
FADE