

# Black 47, Black Rose

mr frankie diamond was my best friend  
we were partners in a business down on c & 7th  
nothin' ever got this good brother down  
he was a real live wire in an electric town  
frankie started hangin' with an uptown girl  
a harlem lady in the social whirl  
on saturday night he'd put on his best clothes  
and go out steppin' with his black rose

now frankie went upstate for a couple of years  
a guest of the nation and he was in tears  
he called me up, he said "hey friend of mine  
i got one favour to ask ya while i'm doin' my time

she's the queen of new york city  
she bewitch all men soul  
she the blood that flow right through me  
so don't be messin' with my black rose  
keep your hands off my black rose"

my black rosie, he don't own ya...

while frankie was upstate, his harlem girl  
continued to spiral in her social whirl  
so i paged her from my gig on east 7th  
i said, "hey, babe, you doin' anythin' roundabout 11?"  
she said "uh-uh" in her uptown voice  
so we met at beirut for cocktails and ice  
when she crossed that room in her tight red dress  
i wasn't thinkin' of frankie, I have to confess

she said "hey, best friend, let's go back to my place  
i need to fix my mascara and remodel my face"  
but it rained on the way back to her house  
and when she closed the door she took off her blouse

she's the queen of new york city  
she bewitch all men soul  
next thing i know i'm whisperin' sweet nothin's  
lyin' in bed with my black rose  
i'm makin' love to my black..  
my black rosie, he don't own ya  
so stay with me tonight...

at nights i'd lie there and listen to her breathe  
with the sweat on my brow, how could she sleep?  
so deep, so sweet as calm as a rock  
while i pushed back the seconds oozing from the clock...  
now the letters i wrote frankie returned unread  
the word leaked out i'd be better off dead  
but in the crimson dawn, black rose would unfold  
and drain all the poison from my soul...  
drain me rosie...

now i'm standin' up here on forty deuce  
another terminal man waitin' for his bus  
here come frankie with his head all shaved  
is that a piece in his pocket, or is it a blade?  
now i'm lyin' face down in the terminal dirt  
with a hole in my chest, but i don't feel no hurt  
i don't wanna go to heaven, i been there before  
just spent two years in paradise with my black rose...

she's the queen of New york city

she bewitch all men soul  
when you go and find her body  
bury me next to my black rose  
still in love with my black rose  
she's up in heaven now, my black rose  
you won't be makin' love to my black...  
my black rosie, he don't own ya...  
so stay with me tonight, for the rest of your life...

roisin dhubh me no can get over you  
a time is in me mind no matter what i do  
roisin dhubh me no can get over you  
now frankie comin' back and i know that i am through  
mister frankie diamond tell me do the right thing  
watch his girl while he away at sing sing  
but me and rosie, we have a little fling  
now frankie comin' home, wicked trouble it will bring...  
wicked trouble it will bring...  
lord have mercy!