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 gemeing.

fire there and then I lose control I have to beg your pardon.

It's growing in the street right through the concrete but soft and sweet, in and dreamin' my garden.

Spanish Harlem