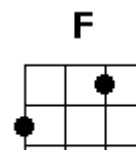


Spanish Harlem: Ben E. King

C

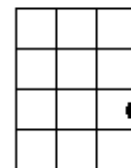
There is a rose in Spanish Harlem
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem



C

F

It is a special one, it's never seen the sun
It only comes out when the moon is on the run



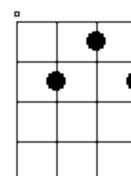
C

And all the stars are gleaming

G7

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

G7



C

But soft and sweet and dreamin'

C

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

F

With eyes as black as coal that look down in my soul
And starts a fire there and then I lose control

C

I have to beg your pardon

G7

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

C

G7

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

C