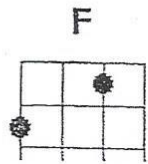


Spanish Harlem: Ben E. King

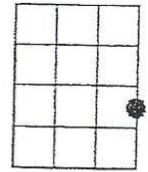
C

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem

A red rose up in Spanish Harlem



C



F

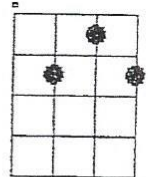
It is a special one, it's never seen the sun

It only comes out when the moon is on the run

C

And all the stars are gleaming

G7



G7

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

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

1 7 7 7 | 1 5 7 5 5 7 | 3 3 3 3 3 5 | 4 5 7

T T T T T T T T T T