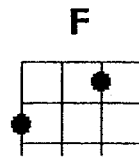
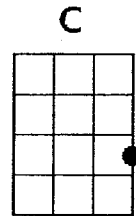


Spanish Harlem: Ben E. King

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

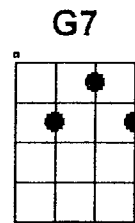


F  
It is a special one, it's never seen the sun  
It only comes out when the moon is on the run



C  
And all the stars are gleaming

G7  
It's growing in the street right up through the concrete



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