

# Bruce Springsteen, Spanish Harlem

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
A rose that grows in Spanish Harlem  
It's never seen the sun  
It only comes up when the moon is on the run  
And all the stars are leaving  
Well, it grows right in the street  
Up between the concrete  
But soft and sweet, and (breathing??)

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
A rose that grows in Spanish Harlem  
Oh, with eyes as black as coal  
That reach down in my soul  
And start a fire I can't control  
I beg your pardon  
Well, I want to pick that rose  
And watch her as she grows  
In my garden

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
There is a rose in Spanish Harlem