

## Spanish Harlem

Frankie Valli

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 gleaming  
It's growing in the street  
Right up through the concrete  
But soft and sweet  
And dreaming

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem  
A red rose up in Spanish Harlem  
With eyes as black as coal  
That look down in my soul  
And starts a fire there and then I lose control  
I have to beg your pardon  
I'm going to pick that rose  
And watch her as she grows  
In my garden

I'm gonna pick that rose  
And watch her as she grows  
In my garden

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 gleaming  
It's growing in the street  
Right up through the concrete  
But soft and sweet  
And dreaming

I'm gonna pick that rose  
And watch her as she grows  
In my garden

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