

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