A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A

a rose in Black and Spanish Harlem.

It is the special one, it never sees
with eyes as black as coal that look down in

the sun, it only comes up when the moon is on the run,
his soul, it starts a fire there and then he loses con-

trol.

I'm gonna beg his par-

A

and all the stars are gleam-

D
It's growing in the street, right up through the concrete,
that rose and watch her as she grows.

He's going to pick but soft, sweet.

1. A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A
   and dream.

2. A D/A A D/A A D/A
   garden.

A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A A D/A
with eyes as black as coal that look down
in his soul and start a fire there and then he loses con-
trol.
And I want to beg his pardon.

He's going to pick