Aretha Franklin - Spanish Harlem

Tom: D

D There is a rose in Spanish Harlem

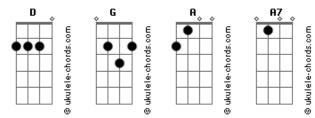
D A rare rose up in Spanish Harlem

G It is a special one, its never seen in the sun It only comes up when the moon is on the run

And all the stars are gleaming

Α

Acordes



Its growing in the street right up through the concrete $$\mathsf{D}$$ But soft and sound in pale moon

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem A rare rose up in Spanish Harlem With eyes as black as coal that look down in my soul And start a fire there and I lose control I have to beg your pardon

A7

I'm going to pick that rose and watch her as she grows $\overset{D}{\overset{}}$

In my garden