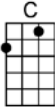
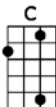


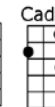


# SPANISH HARLEM (BAR) - Jerry Leiber/Phil Spector

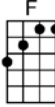
**Intro:**      (X2)

**1&2**     

There is a rose in Spanish Harlem,

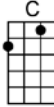


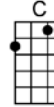

    

A red rose up in Spanish Harlem



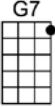
It is a special one, it's never seen the sun

With eyes as black as coal, that looks down in my soul

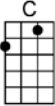
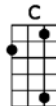



It only comes out when the moon is on the run, and all the stars are gleaming

And starts a fire there and then I lose control, I have to beg your pardon



It's growing in the street, right up through the concrete,

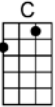






I'm goin' to pick that rose and watch her as she grows

     (X2)

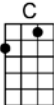
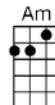





But soft and sweet and dreaming

In my garden

# UP ON THE ROOF - Carole King/Gerry Goffin

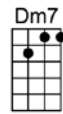
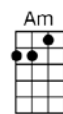
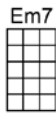
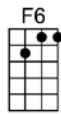
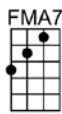
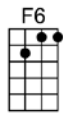
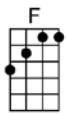
      

When this old world starts getting me down and people are much too much... for me to take  
So when I come home feeling tired and beat I go up where the air ... is fresh and sweet

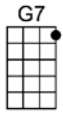
      

I climb right up to the top of the stairs and all my cares just drift... right into space  
I get far away from the hustling crowds and all the rat race noise... down in the street

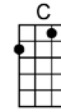
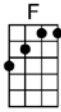
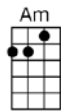
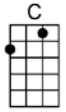
**p.2. Drifters' Medley**



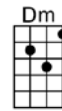
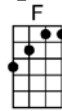
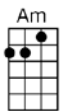
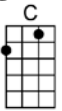
On the roof it's peaceful as can be and there the world be-low don't bother me (2nd verse)  
 On the roof that's the only place I know Where you just have to wish to make it so,



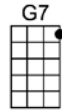
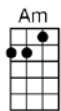
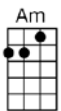
I keep on tellin' you that



Right smack dab in the middle of town I found a para-dise that's trouble-proof

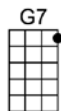
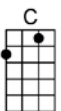


And if this world starts getting you down, there's room enough for two... up on the roof

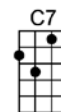
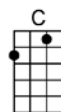


Up on the roof, up on the roof, up on the roof,

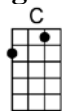
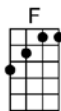
**UNDER THE BOARDWALK**-Kenny Young/Arthur Resnick



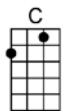
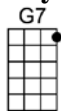
Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar upon the roof  
 From the park you hear the happy sound of a carou-sel



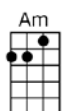
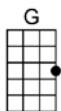
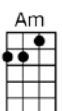
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire-proof  
 You can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell



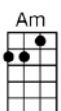
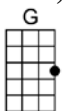
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea...yeah



On a blanket with my baby, that's where I'll be



UT-BW, out of the sun, UT-BW, we'll be havin' some fun, UT-BW people walkin' above



UT-BW, we'll be fallin' in love, under the boardwalk, boardwalk