

East Harlem

Beirut

Another rose wilts in East Harlem
And uptown downtown a thousand miles between us
She's waiting for the night to fall
Let it fall, I'll never make it in time Another rose wilts in East Harlem
And uptown downtown a thousand miles between us
She's waiting for the night to fall
Let it fall, I'll never make it in time Another rose wilts in East Harlem
And uptown downtown a thousand miles between us
She's waiting for the night to fall
Let it fall, I'll never make it in time Sound is the colour I know, oh,
Sound is what keeps me looking for your eyes,
And sound of your breath in the cold,
And oh, the sound will bring me home again.
Sound is the colour I know, oh,
Sound is what keeps me looking for your eyes,
And sound of your breath in the cold,
And oh, the sound will bring me home again.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>