

Mona Lisa's and Mad Hatters

Mandy Moore

And now I know
Spanish Harlem are not just pretty words to say
I thought I knew
But now I know that rose trees never grow in New York City
Until you've seen these trash can dreams come true
You stand at the edge while people run you through
And I thank the Lord
There's people out there like you
I thank the Lord
There's people out there like you
While Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters
Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers
Turn around to say good morning to the night
For unless they see the sky
But they can't and that is why
They know not if it's dark outside or light
This Broadway's got
It's got a lot of songs to sing
If I knew the tune I might join in
Oh, and go my way alone
Grow my own
My own seeds shall be sown in New York City
Subway's no way for a good man to go down
Rich man can ride and the hobo he can drown
And I thank the Lord
For the people I have found
I thank the Lord
For the people I have found
Oh, While Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters
Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers
Turn around and say good morning to the night
For unless they see the sky
But they can't and that is why
They know not if it's dark outside or light
And now I know
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Well, unless they see the sky
But they can't and that is why
They know not if it's dark outside or light
They know not if it's dark outside or light

Songwriters

JOHN, ELTON / TAUPIN, BERNIEPublished by

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