

Mona Lisas 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 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
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
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
And stand at the edge while people run you through
And I thank the Lord, there's people out there like you, yeah
I thank the Lord, there's people out there like you, oh
While Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters, sons of bankers, sons
of lawyers
Turn around and say good morning to the night
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

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