

# Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters

Elton John

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 this trash can dream 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 tunes I might join in  
I 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  
While Mona Lisas and mad hatters, sons of bankers, sons of lawyers  
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