

Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters

Heart

Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters

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 out side or light.

This Broadway's got, its 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.

Subways 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,
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turn around and say, "good morning" to the night.

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For 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.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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