

Elton John

"Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters"

Visit "[Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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
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

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

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
They know not if it's dark outside or light

Visit [Elton John](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.