

**John Elton****"Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters - Elton John, Bernie Ta"**

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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 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'll 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

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