

**John Elton****"Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters Part Two - Elton John"**

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I used to think that New York City  
Fell from grace with God  
And innocence abroad  
Waged a war for the underdog  
When the snow falls  
And Central Park looks like a Christmas card  
I just looked beyond the bagman  
And the madness that makes this city hard

I heard a basketball  
Somewhere out beyond a chain link fence  
Inner city prisoners  
Argue for the right of self-defense  
But there's a fast break  
And every work of art wakes something in the soul  
Just focus on the brush strokes  
And the bouquets that the dancers hold

Spanish Harlem still sounds good to me  
Yeah Mona Lisa's getting older  
Standing in the shadow of Miss Liberty  
While I walk along the west side  
Down through Little Italy  
Searching for the city that  
That took away the kid in me

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