

Mona Lisa

Harry Connick, Jr.

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa
Men have named you
You're so like the lady with the mystic smile
Is it only 'cause you're lonely
They have blamed you
For that Mona Lisa strangeness in your smile

Do you smile to tempt a lover, Mona Lisa
Or is this your way to hide a broken heart
Many dreams have been brought to your doorstep
They just lie there, and they die there
Are you warm, are you real, Mona Lisa
Or just a cold and lonely, lovely work of art

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