

# 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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