

Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters

Indigo Girls

And now I know
spanish harlem aren't 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
stand at the edge
have people run you through
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 the can't and that is why
they know not if it's
dark outside or light
this broadway's got
got a lot of songs to sing and
if I knew the tunes
I might join in
I'll go my way alone
grow my own
my own seed shall be sown
in new york city
subway's no way
for this good man to go down
rich man can ride
and the hobo he can drown
I thank the lord
for the people I have found
I thank the lord
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