

# 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  
for the people I have found  
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