

# Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters

Mandy Moore

And now I know  
Spanish Harlem are not 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 dreams come true  
You stand at the edge while people run you through  
And 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 they can't and that is why  
They know not if it's dark outside or light

This Broadway's got  
It's got a lot of songs to sing  
If I knew the tune I might join in  
Oh, and go my way alone  
Grow my own  
My own seeds shall be sown in New York City

Subway's no way for a good man to go down  
Rich man can ride and the hobo he can drown  
And I thank the Lord  
For the people I have found  
I thank the Lord  
For the people I have found

Oh  
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 they can't and that is why  
They know not if it's dark outside or light

And now I know  
Spanish Harlem are not 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 dreams come true and  
You stand at the edge while people run you through  
And I thank the Lord  
There's people out there like you, yeah  
I thank the Lord  
There's people there like you, oh

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 they can't and that is why  
They know not if it's dark outside or light  
They know not if it's dark outside or light