

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
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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