

Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters
Elton John

C

F/C C

And now I know

E7 Am C/G F C/E Dm C

Spanish Harlem are not just pretty words to say

F/C C Csus4 C

I thought I knew

E7 Am C/G F C/E Dm7
C/E

But now I know that rose trees never grow in New York City

F C/E Dm7 C

Until you ve seen this trash can dream come true

F C/E G C

You stand at the edge while people run you through

F C/E F/G C

And I thank the Lord there s people out there like you

F C/E Dm G

I thank the Lord there s people out there like you

C Bb

While Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters

F/A C/G

Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers

C F

Turn around and say good morning to the night

E7 Am C/G

For unless they see the sky

F C/G D

But they can t and that is why

F G F

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 tunes I might join in

I ll 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