

# Elton John - Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters

Tom: C

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 dream 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

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

## Acordes

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