

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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