

Elton John - Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters

Tom: C

C E7 Am
 F Now I know, "Spanish harlem" are not just pretty words to say
 C E7 Am
 F I thought I knew, but now I know that rose trees never grow
 C Dm
 F In New York city
 C Dm
 C Until you've seen this trash can dream come true
 F C G
 C You stand at the edge, while people run you through
 F C F
 C And I thank the Lord, there's people out there like you
 F C
 Dm G I thank the Lord there's people out there like you

C Bb
 F While Mona Lisas and mad hatters
 C
 F Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers
 F
 E7 Turn around and say, "good morning" to the night
 Am F
 D For unless they see the sky, but they can't and that is why
 F G F C
 C They know not if it's dark out side or light

C E7 Am
 F This Broadway's got, its got a lot of songs to sing
 C Dm
 F If I knew the tunes I might join in
 C E7
 F I go my way alone, grow my own
 Am F C

Dm
 F My own seeds shall be sown, in New York city
 C Dm
 C Subways no way , for a good man to go down
 F C G
 C Rich man can ride, and the hobo he can drown
 F C F
 C

And I thank the Lord, for the people I have found
 F C
 Dm G I thank the Lord for the people I have found
 C Bb
 C While Mona Lisas and mad hatters
 F C
 F Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers
 F
 E7 Turn around and say, "good morning" to the night
 Am F
 D For unless they see the sky, but they can't and that is why
 F G F C
 C They know not if it's dark out side or light
 C E7 Am F
 C Now I know, "Spanish harlem" are not just pretty words to say
 C E7 Am
 F I thought I knew, but now I know that rose trees never grow
 C Dm
 F In New York city
 C Dm
 F Subways no way , for a good man to go down
 C G
 C Rich man can ride, and the hobo he can drown
 F C F
 C And I thank the Lord, for the people I have found
 F C
 Dm G I thank the Lord for the people I have found

C Bb
 F While Mona Lisas and mad hatters
 C
 F Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers
 F
 E7 Turn around and say, "good morning" to the night
 Am F
 D For unless they see the sky, but they can't and that is why
 F G F C
 C They know not if it's dark out side or light
 F C
 C They know not if it's dark out side or light

C E7 Am
 F This Broadway's got, its got a lot of songs to sing
 C Dm
 F If I knew the tunes I might join in
 C E7
 F I go my way alone, grow my own
 Am F C
 Dm
 F My own seeds shall be sown, in New York city
 C Dm
 C Subways no way , for a good man to go down
 F C G
 C Rich man can ride, and the hobo he can drown
 F C F
 C

Acordes

