

Allan Harris, Mona Lisa

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa, men have named you
You're so like that lady with the mystic smile
Is it only 'cause you're lonely, they have blamed you
For that Mona Lisa strangeness in your smile?
Do you smile to tempt the lover, Mona Lisa
Or is this your way to hide a broken heart?
Many dreams have been brought to your doorstep
They just lie there and they die there
Are you warm, are you real, Mona Lisa
Or just a cold and lonely, lovely work of art?
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