

Elton John, Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters Part Two

I used to think that New York City
Fell from grace with God
And innocence abroad
Waged a war for the underdog
When the snow falls
And Central Park looks like a Christmas card
I just looked beyond the bagman
And the madness that makes this city hard

I heard a basketball
Somewhere out beyond a chain link fence
Inner city prisoners
Argue for the right of self-defense
But there's a fast break
And every work of art wakes something in the soul
Just focus on the brush strokes
And the bouquets that the dancers hold

Spanish Harlem still sounds good to me
Yeah Mona Lisa's getting older
Standing in the shadow of Miss Liberty
While I walk along the west side
Down through Little Italy
Searching for the city that
That took away the kid in me