

Mandy Moore, Mona Lisa & Mad Hatters

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 these trash can dreams 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, mm

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 out side or light

This Broadway's got, its got a lot of songs to sing
If I knew the tunes I might join in, oh and
I 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, oh

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 out side or light

And now I know "Spanish harlem" are not just pretty words to say, hmm
I thought I knew
But now I know that rose trees never grow in New York city

Until you've seen these trash can dreams come true and
You stand at the edge while people run you through
And I thank the Lord there's people out there like you, yeah
I thank the Lord there's people out there like you, oh

While Mona Lisas and mad hatters
Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers
Turn around and say "good morning" to the night
Well unless they see the sky, but they can't and that is why
They know not if it's dark outside or light
They know not if it's dark outside or light