

# Mandy Moore, Mona Lisa & Mad Hatters

Now I know &quot;Spanish harlem&quot; 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 &quot;good morning&quot; 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 &quot;good morning&quot; 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 &quot;Spanish harlem&quot; 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 &quot;good morning&quot; 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