

Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters

Maren Morris

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 this trash-can dream 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 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 outside or light
This Broadway's got
It's got a lot of songs to sing
If I knew the tunes, I might join in
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, hey While Mona Lisas and mad hatters
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