

Elton John - Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters

Tom: C

C F C

And now I know

E7 Am C F C Dm F

Spanish Harlem are not just pretty words to say

F C C C

I thought I knew

E7 Am C F C

Dm C

But now I know that rose trees never grow in New York City

F C Dm

Until you've seen this trash can dream come true

F C G

C

You stand at the edge while people run you through

F C F

C

And I thank the Lord there's people out there like you

F C

Dm G

I thank the Lord there's people out there like you

C Bb

While Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters

F C

Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers

C

Turn around and say good morning to the night

E7 Am C

For unless they see the sky

F C D

But they can't and that is why

F G F

They know not if it's dark outside or light

C

This Broadway's got

It's got a lot of songs to sing

If I knew the tunes I might join in

I'll 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

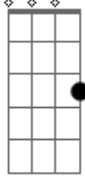
Rich man can ride and the hobo he can drown

And I thank the Lord for the people I have found

I thank the Lord for the people I have found

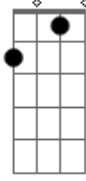
Acordes

C



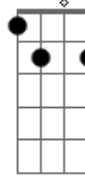
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F



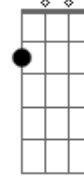
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E7



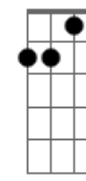
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Am



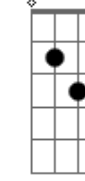
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Dm



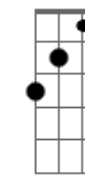
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G



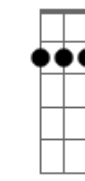
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Bb



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D



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