

Elton John - Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters

Tom: C

C
F Now I know, "Spanish harlem" are not just pretty words to say

E7 **Am**
F I thought I knew, but now I know that rose trees never grow

E7 **Am**
C In New York city

Dm
F Until you've seen this trash can dream come true

C **G**
F You stand at the edge, while people run you through

C **F**
F And I thank the Lord, there's people out there like you

Dm **G** **C**
F I thank the Lord there's people out there like you

C **Bb**
F While Mona Lisas and mad hatters

F **C**
F Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers

E7 **Am** **F**
F Turn around and say, "good morning" to the night

D
F For unless they see the sky, but they can't and that is why

F **G** **F** **C**
F They know not if it's dark out side or light

C **E7** **Am**
F This Broadway's got, its got a lot of songs to sing

F **C** **Dm**
F If I knew the tunes I might join in

C **E7**
F I go my way alone, grow my own

Am **F** **C**
F My own seeds shall be sown, in New York city

Dm
F Subways no way , for a good man to go down

F **C** **G**
C Rich man can ride, and the hobo he can drown

F **C** **F**
C They know not if it's dark out side or light

And I thank the Lord, for the people I have found

F **C**
Dm I thank the Lord for the people I have found

C **Bb**
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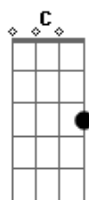
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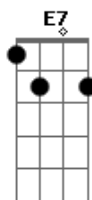
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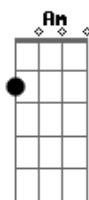
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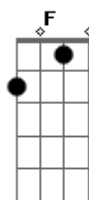
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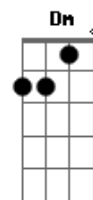
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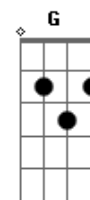
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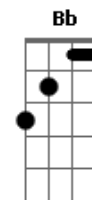
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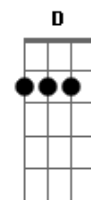
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