

# 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  
Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>