Mona Lisas And Mad Hatters Part Two

Elton John

I used to think that New York City Fell from grace with God And innocence abroad Waged a war for the underdog When the snow falls And Central Park looks like a Christmas card I just looked beyond the bagman And the madness that makes this city hard

I heard a basketball Somewhere out beyond a chain link fence Inner city prisoners Argue for the right of self-defense But there's a fast break And every work of art wakes something in the soul Just focus on the brush strokes And the bouquets that the dancers hold

Spanish Harlem still sounds good to me Yeah Mona Lisa's getting older Standing in the shadow of Miss Liberty While I walk along the west side Down through Little Italy Searching for the city that That took away the kid in me