

C F C
And now I know
E7 Am C F C Dm
“Spanish Harlem” are not just pretty words to say
C F C
I thought I knew
E7 C F C Dm
But now I know that rose trees never grow in New York City

F C Dm C
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 G C
And I thank the Lord there’s people out there like you
F C Dm G C 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 F
Turn around and say good morning to the night
E7 Am G
For unless they see the sky
F C D
But they can’t and that is why
F G F C F C
They know not if it’s dark outside or light

C
This Broadway’s got
E7 Am C F C Dm
It’s got a lot of songs to sing ; If I knew the tunes I might join in
C F C
I’ll go my way alone
E7 C F C Dm
Grow my own seeds, my own seeds shall be sown in N.Y. City

F C Dm C
Subway’s 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 G C
And I thank the Lord there’s people I have found
F C Dm G C G
I thank the Lord for the people I have found

Chorus

Verse 1

F C Dm C
Subway’s no way for a good man to go down
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Chorus