

Mr. Jones

Words & Music:
Counting Crows

Am F Dm G Am F G
Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la----- Uh-huh...

Am F Dm G
I was down at the New Amsterdam staring at this yellow-haired girl
Am F G
Mr. Jones strikes up a conversation with this black-haired flamenco dancer
Am F Dm G
She dances while his father plays guitar. She's suddenly beautiful
Am F G
We all want something beautiful I wish I was beautiful
Am F
So come dance this silence down through the morning
Dm G Am F G
Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, yeah! Uh-huh...

Cut up, Maria! Show me some of them Spanish dances
Pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones
Believe in me Help me believe in anything
'Cause I want to be someone who believes

CHORUS:

C F G C F
Mr. Jones and me tell each other fairy tales. Stare at the beautiful women.
G
"She's looking at you. Ah, no, no, she's looking at me."
C F G
Smiling in the bright lights Coming through in stereo
C F G
When everybody loves you, you can never be lonely

I will paint my picture. Paint myself in blue and red and black and gray
All of the beautiful colors are very very meaningful
you know gray is my favorite color I felt so symbolic yesterday
If I knew Picasso I would buy myself a gray guitar and play

CHORUS: *[new words:]*

Mr. Jones and me look into the future. Stare at the beautiful women.
"She's looking at you. Uh, I don't think so. She's looking at me."
Standing in the spotlight I bought myself a gray guitar
When everybody loves me, I will never be lonely
Fm7 Am G
I will never be lonely. I'm never gonna be lonely.

BRIDGE:

Am Fm7
I want to be a lion Everybody wants to pass as cats
Am G
We all want to be big big stars, but we got different reasons for that.
Am Fm7
Believe in me because I don't believe in anything
Am G
and I want to be someone to believe, to believe, to believe.

CHORUS: *[new words:]*

Mr. Jones and me stumbling through the barrio
Yeah we stare at the beautiful women
"She's perfect for you, Man, there's got to be somebody for me."
I want to be Bob Dylan
Mr. Jones wishes he was someone just a little more funky
When everybody loves you, son, that's just about as funky as you can be.

CHORUS: *[new words:]*

Mr. Jones and me staring at the video
When I look at the television I want to see me staring right back at me.
We all want to be big stars but we don't know why and we don't know how.
But when everybody loves me, I'm going to be just about as happy as I can be.
C F G
Mr. Jones and me, we're gonna be big stars...