

Mr. Jones (Counting Crows)

a F d G

a F G

E. Sha la la, la la la la, uh uh hu.

1) I was down at the New Amsterdam staring at this yellow-haired girl.
Mr. Jones strikes up a conversation with this black-haired flamenco dancer.
You know, she dances while his father plays guitar, she's suddenly beautiful.
We all want something beautiful, man, I wish I was beautiful.

2) So come dance this silence down through the morning,
sha la la, la la la la, yeah, uh hu, yeah.
Cut up, Maria! Show me some of them Spanish dances,
and Pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones.
Believe in me, help me believe in anything
cause I want to be someone who believes, yeah.

**R. Mr. Jones and me tell each other fairy tales
and we stare at the beautiful women;
"She's looking at you. Ah, no, no, she's looking at me."
Smiling in the bright lights, coming through in stereo.
When everybody loves you, you can never be lonely.**

3) Well, I will paint my picture; paint myself in blue and red and black and grey.
All of the beautiful colours are very, very meaningful.
Yeah, man, you know, grey is my favourite colour. I felt so symbolic yesterday.
If I knew Picasso I would buy myself a grey guitar and play.

C F G
R² Mr. Jones and me look into the future,
C F
yeah, and we stare at the beautiful women;
G
"She's looking at you. I don't think so, she's looking at me."
C F G
Standing in the spotlight I bought myself a grey guitar.
C F G a
When everybody loves me, I will never be lonely,
I will never be lonely,
G
some never gonna be lonely.

a F
4) I want to be a lion, ey, everybody wants to pass as cats.
a G
We all want to be big, big stars, yeah, but we got different reasons for that.
a F
Believe in me cause I don't believe in anything
a G
and I, I want to be someone to believe, to believe, to believe, yeah.

C F G
R³ Mr. Jones and me stumbling through the barrio
C F
and we stare at the beautiful women;
G
"She's perfect for you, man, there's got to be somebody for me."
C F
I want to be Bob Dylan,
G
Mr. Jones wishes he was someone just a little more funky.
C F G
When everybody loves you, oh, son, that's just about as funky as you can be.

C F G
R⁴ Mr. Jones and me staring at the video.
C F G
When I look at the television, I want to see me staring right back at me.
C F G
We all want to be big stars, but we don't know why and we don't know how.
C F G
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...