

Mr. Jones

Talking Heads

Mr. Jones, put a wiggle in your stride
Loosen up, I believe he'll be alright
Changing clothes, now he's got ventilated slacks
Bouncing off the walls, Mr. Jones is backBulge out and wind your waist
Tight pants and got curly hair
Drinking cold beer from metal cans
Moonshine and handi-wipesMr. Jones is back in town
It's his lucky day
Hold up your hands and shout
Jones is on his wayPitter pat, Mr. Jones is back in town
Aces high and now his pants are falling down
He looks so fine in those patent leather shoes
Mr. Jones, you look tired, I believe you'll be alrightSales men, conventioners
Some rock stars with tambourines
Short skirts and skinny legs
Selling Bibles and real estateIt's a big day for Mr. Jones
He is not so square
Mr. Jones will stick around
He's everybody's friendFast cars and motorbikes
I'm sure glad, he's on our side
The Jones gang down at the bar
Watch out, this time they've gone too farThey call for Mr. Jones
They put him in charge
Mr. Jones will help us out
He's a lucky guyIt is Mr. Jones' birthday party
For another year
In his hotel room party favors
It's a holiday

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