

# Mr. Jones

## Counting Crows

Sha la, la, la, la, la, la  
Oh  
Uh, huh I was down at the New Amsterdam  
Starin' at this yellow-haired girl  
Mr. Jones strikes up a conversation  
With a 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  
So come dance this silence down through the mornin' Sha la, la, la, la, la, la  
Yeah  
Uh, huh  
Yeah 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, I wanna be someone who believes  
Yeah 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 is looking at me  
Smilin' in the bright lights  
Comin' through in stereo  
When everybody loves you  
You can never be lonely Well I'm gonna paint my picture  
Paint myself in blue, red, black and gray  
All of the beautiful colors are very, very meaningful  
Yeah, well 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 Mr. Jones and me look into the future  
Yeah, we stare at the beautiful women  
She's looking at you - I don't think so, she's looking at me  
Standin' in the spotlight  
I bought myself a gray guitar  
When everybody loves me  
I will never be lonely  
I will never be lonely

Said I'm never gonna be lonely I wanna be a lion  
Ah, everybody wanna pass as cats  
We all wanna be big, big stars  
Yeah, but we got different reasons for that  
Believe in me 'cause I don't believe in anything  
And I, I wanna be someone to believe  
To believe, to believe  
Yeah 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 wanna be Bob Dylan  
Mr. Jones wishes he was someone just a little more funky  
When everybody love you  
Ah son, that's just about as funky as you can be Mr. Jones and me starin' at the video  
When I look at the television  
I wanna see me starin' right back at me  
We all wanna be big stars  
But we don't know why and we don't know how  
But when everybody loves me  
I wanna be just about as happy as I can be  
Mr. Jones and me, we're gonna be big stars

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