Mr. Jones

The Psychedelic Furs

Mrs. Jones is seventeen, and six, and twenty-four.
Moderately pretty.
She is all the girls, you know.
We are going far away.
We're going for a ride.
Mr. jones has got a plan,
If you just come inside.
So good, so far.
Slow down, ha ha.
Movie stars, and ads,
And radio define romance.
Don't turn it on,
I don't want to dance.
Mr. Jones is beautiful.
Your eyes are made of glass.
Looking through the window,
You can see the world go past.
Here's another nine o'clock,
And here's another day.
Wonder how the weather is,
And what the people say?
So good, so far.
Slow down, ha ha.
Movie stars, and ads,
And radio define romance.
Don't turn it on,
I don't want to dance.
Mr. Jones can turn you on
And turn you off again.
Mr. Jones is all of you
Who live inside a plan.
Put your head upon the pillow,
Never put it down.
That would only wake you up
And turn your head around.
So good, so far.
Slow down, ha ha.
Movie stars, and ads,
And radio define romance.

Don't turn it on,
I don't want to dance.

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