

Mr. Jones Counting Crows

Am F Dm G sha la la la la la la Am F G uh huh...

Am F Dm G I was down at the New Amsterdam staring at this yellow-haired girl

Am F Dm 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 Dm G We all want something beautiful. I wish I was beautiful

Am F Dm G Am F - G So come dance this silence down through the morning - sha la la la la la la la yeah uh huh...

Am F Dm G Am F G Cut up, Maria! Show me some of them Spanish dances - Pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones

Am F Dm G Am F G Believe in me - Help me believe in anything (cause) I want to be someone who believes

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 C F G Smiling in the bright lights. Coming through in stereo. When everybody loves you, you can never be lonely

Am F Dm G Am F G I will paint my picture. Paint myself in blue and red and black and gray - All of the beautiful colors are very very meaningful

Am F Dm G Am F G (you know) Gray is my favorite color I felt so symbolic yesterday. If I knew Pi-casso I would buy myself a gray guitar and play

C F G C F Mr. Jones and me look into the future. Stare at the beautiful women

G "She's looking at you. Uh, I don't think so. She's looking at me."

C F G C F G Am Standing in the spotlight. I bought myself a gray guitar. When everybody loves me, I will never be lone-ly

Am F Dm G Am F I will never be lonely - I will never be lone-ly. I want to be a lion. Everybody wants to pass as cats

Am F Dm G We all want to be big big stars, but we got different reasons for that. Believe in me because I don't believe in anything

Am F Dm G And I want to be someone to believe, to believe, to believe.

C F G C F Mr. Jones and me stumbling through the barrio. Yeah we stare at the beautiful women

G "She's perfect for you, Man, there's got to be somebody for me."

C F G I want to be Bob Dylan. Mr. Jones wishes he was someone just a little more funky

C F G When everybody loves you, son, that's just about as funky as you can be.

C F G C F G Mr. Jones and me staring at the video. When I look at the tele-vision, 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.....