

## Mr. Jones

### Counting Crows



Sha-la-la-la-la-la-la  
Hmm, uh-huh

I was down at the New Amsterdam  
Staring 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 morning  
Sha-la-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 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's  
looking at me"  
Smiling in the bright lights  
Coming through in stereo  
When everybody loves you  
You can never be lonely

Well, Imma paint my picture  
Paint myself in blue and red and 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"  
Standing in the spotlight  
I bought myself a gray guitar  
When everybody loves me, I'll never be  
lonely

I'll never be lonely  
'Cause I'm never gonna be lonely

I wanna be a lion  
Eh, everybody wants to pass as cats  
We all wanna be big big stars, yeah, but  
We've 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 loves you, oh, son  
That's just about as funky as you can be

Composição: Adam Duritz

Mr. Jones and me staring at the video  
When I look at the television, I wanna see  
me  
Staring 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'll be just about as happy as I could be  
Mr. Jones and me, we're gonna be big  
stars