



Mr. Jones: Counting Crows

Intro:

Am F Dm G

Sha la la la la la

Am F G G

uh huh...

Am F Dm G

I was down at the New Amsterdam staring at this yellow-haired girl

Am F 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 G

We all want something beautiful, man I wish I was beautiful

Am F

So come dance this silence down through the morning

Dm G Am F G

Sha la la la la la la yeah uh huh...

Am F Dm G

Cut up, Maria! Show me some of them Spanish dances

Am F G

Pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones

Am F Dm G

Believe in me. Help me believe in anything

Am F G

'Cause I want to be someone who believes

Chorus 1

C F G

Mr. Jones and me tell each other fairy tales

C F

Stare at the beautiful women

G

"She's looking at you. Ah, no, no, she's looking at me."

C F G

Smiling in the bright lights, coming through in stereo

C F G

When everybody loves you, you can never be lonely

Am F Dm G

I will paint my picture. Paint myself in blue and red and black and gray

Am F G

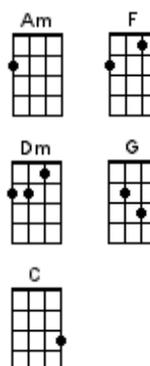
All of the beautiful colours are very, very meaningful

Am F Dm G

(you know) Gray is my favorite colour I felt so symbolic yesterday

Am F G

If I knew Picasso I would buy myself a gray guitar and play





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Chorus 2 **C F G**
Mr. Jones and me look into the future
C F
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
Standing in the spotlight I bought myself a gray guitar
C F G Am*
When everybody loves me, I will never be lonely

[Bridge] **Am* F***
I will never be lonely
Am* G
I will never gonna be lonely

Am F
I want to be a lion. Hey, everybody wants to pass as cats
Am G
We all want to be big, big stars, but we got different reasons for that.
Am F
Believe in me because I don't believe in anything
Am G
And I want to be someone to believe, to believe, to believe (yeah!)

Chorus 3 **C F G**
Mr. Jones and me stumbling through the barrio
C F
Yeah we stare at the beautiful women
G
"She's perfect for you, man, there's got to be somebody for me."
C F
I want to be Bob Dylan
G
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
Mr. Jones and me staring at the video
C F G
When I look at the television, 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.....