

## Mr. Jones - Counting Crows

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Am - x02210      F - 133211      Dm - xx0231      G - 320033  
C - x32010      FM7 - x33210

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Am    F    Dm  
G                    Am    F    G  
Sha la la la la la la la

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                    Dm  
So come dance this silence down through the morning  
                  G                    Am    F    G  
Sha la la la la la la la

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

C    F                    G  
Mr. Jones and me tell each other fairy tales  
                  C                    F  
And we 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  
Well I'm gonna paint my picture  
Dm                    G  
Paint myself in blue and red and black and gray  
Am                    F                    G  
All of the beautiful colors are very very meaningful  
                  Am                    F  
Yeah well you know gray is my favorite color  
Dm                    G  
I felt so symbolic yesterday  
Am                    F                    G  
If I knew Picasso I would buy myself a gray guitar and play

C F G  
Mr. Jones and me look into the future  
C F  
And we stare at the beautiful women  
G  
"She's looking at you, 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

FM7 Am G  
I will never be lonely, said I'm never gonna be lonely

Am FM7  
I want to be a lion, everybody wants to pass as cats  
Am G  
We all want to be big big stars yeah but we got different reasons for that  
Am FM7  
Believe in me cause I don't believe in anything  
Am G  
And I want to be someone to believe

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, ah 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 gonna be just about as happy as I can be  
C F G  
Mr. Jones and me, we're gonna be big stars