

Counting Crows - Mr. Jones (acústico)

Tom: C

Am F Dm G sha la 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 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 Dm 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 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 colors are very very meaningful

Am F Dm G (you know) Gray is my favorite color 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 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

F I will never be lonely

Am G I will never gonna be lonely

Am F I want to be a lion 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.

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

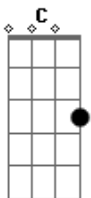
C F G When I look at the television, I want to see me staring right back at me.

C F G We all want to be big stars, but we don't know why, and we don't know how.

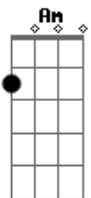
C F G But when everybody loves me, I'm going to be just about as happy as I can be.

C F G Mr. Jones and me, we're gonna be big stars.....

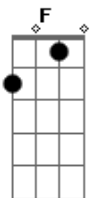
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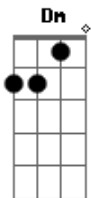
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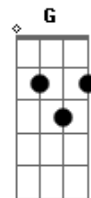
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