

# Counting Crows - Mr. Jones

[Spicy Filters from BeWellPlayed.com](http://BeWellPlayed.com)

## [Intro]

Shalalala la la la  
Uh huh

## [Verse 1]

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  
And we all want something beautiful  
Man, I wish I was beautiful

So come dance this silence down through the morning  
Shalalala la la la la, yeah..  
Uh huh, yeah.. Cut up, Maria!  
Show me some of them Spanish dances  
And pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones  
Believe in me, help me believe in anything

'Cause I wanna be someone who believes, yeah

### **[Chorus for Verse 1]**

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

### **[Verse 2]**

Well, I'm gonna 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

### **[Chorus for Verse 2]**

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 will never be lonely

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

**[Verse 3]**

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

**[Chorus for Verse 3]**

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 want to be Bob Dylan  
Mr. Jones wishes he was someone just a little more  
funky  
When everybody loves you, ah son  
That's just about as funky as you can be

**[Chrous]**

Mr. Jones and me, staring at the video  
When I look at the television, I want to see me

Staring right back at me  
We all want to be big stars  
But we don't know why, and we don't know how  
But when everybody loves me  
I want to be just about as happy as I can be

**[Outro]**

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

[Lyrics from genius.com](https://www.genius.com)



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