

Mr. Jones - Counting Crows

C x32010
Am x02210
F x33211
Dm x00231
G 320003

(*) The following fill is used at a few points in the song, marked with an asterisk.

G Am
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---0-1-0---|-----
-----0-	-2-----
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Intro:

Am F Dm G Sha la la la la la la uh huh... Am F G G

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 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

Am
I will never be lonely
G
I will never 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.....