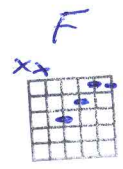
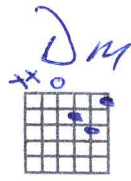




Mr. Jones - Counting Crows



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



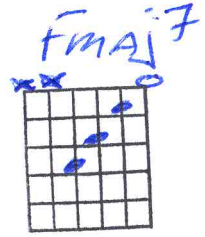
C F G %  
Mr. Jones and me look into the future  
C F  
Stare at the beautiful women

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 Fmaj7 Am G  
I will never be lonely, I will never be lonely



Am Fmaj7  
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 G  
Believe in me because I don't believe in anything  
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 G  
Yeah we stare at the beautiful women

"She's perfect for you, man, there's got to be somebody for me."

C F G  
I want to be Bob Dylan  
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  
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.....

G	Am
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