

Am F
 Well I was down at the New Amsterdam
Dm G
 Just staring at this yellow haired girl
Am F G
 Mr Jones strikes up a conversation with a black-haired flamingo dancer
Am F Dm G
 You no she dancers well his father plays guitar and she's suddenly beautiful
Am F G
 And we all want something beautiful...man I wish I was beautiful lalalala
Am F
 Oh, cut up Maria,
Dm G
 Come on, show me some of them Spanish dancers
Am F G
 And pass me a bottle Mr Jones
Am F Dm G Am F
 Oh, believe in me, come on, help me believe in anything, cause I wanna be someone
G
 who believes

C F G
 Mr Jones and me tell each other fairytales
C F G
 And we stare at the beautiful women, she's looking at you nananana, she
 217;s looking at me
C F G
 Standing in this bright light coming through his stereo
C F G
 When everybody loves you...you should never be lonely

Am F
 Well I wanna paint myself a picture
Dm G
 I wanna paint myself in blue, and red, and black and grey
Am F G
 All the beautiful colours are very very meaningful
Am F
 Ya, you know grey? It's my favourite colour
Dm G
 I just get so confused every day
Am F G
 but if I knew Picasso, I would buy myself a grey guitar and play

C F G
 Mr Jones and me look into the future
C F G
 We stare at all the beautiful women, man she's looking at you, man I don't think so she's looking at me
C F G
 Standing in this spotlight, look at me I, I got myself this grey guitar
C F

Man when everybody loves me

G

I hope I never get lonely lalalala

Am

Yeah, I wanna be a lion

F

I know, I know, everybody wants to pass as cats

Am

We all wanna be big, big, big, big, big stars

G

Yeah but then we get seconds thoughts about that

Am

F

So, believe in me, man I don't believe in anything

Am

G

And I don't wanna be someone to believe

You should not believe in me

C F

G

Cause Mr Jones and me, we just went stumbling through the barrio

C

F

G

We stare at all the beautiful women, man she's perfect for you

There's got to be someone for me

C

F

G

I wanna be Bob Dylan, Mr Jones wishes he was someone just a little more funky

C

F

G

Well man when everybody loves you, sometimes that's just about as fucked u

p as you can be

C

F

G

Well can't you hear me cause I'm dreaming

C

F

G

But I did not go outside yesterday

C

F

Oh, don't wake me cause I was dreaming

G

And I might just stay inside again today

C F

G

Cause Mr Jones and me, we don't see each other much anymore!