

## Mr Jones - Counting Crows

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 dances well his father plays guitar and shes suddenly beautiful

Am F G

And we all want something beautifulman 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, shes 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 youyou 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? Its 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

