

## 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 dancers 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 fairytale  
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

