

Counting Crows - Mr. Jones (acústico)

Tom: C

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

Am I was down at the New Amsterdam staring at this yellow-haired girl F Dm G

Mr. Jones strikes up a conversation with this black-haired flamenco dancer Am F G

Am She dances while his father plays guitar. She's suddenly beautiful F Dm G

Am We all want something beautiful I wish I was beautiful F G

Am So come dance this silence down through the morning F Dm 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

Am Pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones F Dm G

Am 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 (you know) Gray is my favorite color I felt so symbolic yesterday Am F G

Am 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 F

I will never be lonely Am G

I will never gonna 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....

Acordes

