**Mr. Jones.**

**Counting Crows.**

Rythmique : Bas – Bas – Bas – Haut – Bas

 Haut – Haut – Bas – Haut – Haut - Bas - Haut

Intro:

Am(lam) F(fa) I Dm(rém) G(sol) Am(lam) F(fa) I G(sol) G(sol)

 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 x2

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 x2

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 x2

 Sha la 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 x2

Pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones

Am F Dm G

Believe in me. Help me believe in anything

 Am F G x2

'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

I will never be lonely

 G

I will never 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.....