

## Counting Crows "Mr Jones (Across A Wire)"

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So you wanna be a rock and roll star  
Well listen now to what I say  
Just get an electric guitar  
And take some time  
And learn how to play  
Just learn how to play

I was down at the New Amsterdam  
Just'a starin' at this yellow haired girl  
Mr Jones strikes up a conversation  
With a black hair flamenco dancer  
You know, she dances while his father plays guitar  
She's suddenly beautiful  
And we all want something beautiful  
And I wish I was beautiful-la la la la

Aw, cut up Maria!  
C'mon  
Show me some of them Spanish dances  
And pass me a bottle Mr. Jones  
Believe in me  
C'mon  
Help me believe in anything  
Cause I wanna be someone who believes, yeah

Mr Jones and me  
Tell each other fairy tales  
And we stare at the beautiful women  
"She's looking at you  
Oh no no she's looking at me"  
Standing in this bright light  
Comin' through in stereo  
When everybody loves you  
You should never be lonely

Well, I wanna paint myself a picture  
I wanna paint myself in blue and red and black and  
grey  
All the beautiful colors are very very meaningful  
Yeah, you know grey it's my favorite color,  
I just, get so confused everyday  
But if I knew Picasso

I would buy myself a grey guitar  
And play

Mr Jones and me  
Look into the future  
We stare at all the beautiful women  
"She's looking at you  
I don't think so, she's looking at me"  
Standing in this spot light  
Look at me, I bought myself this grey guitar  
Man, when everybody loves me  
I hope I never get lonely

I wanna be a lion  
I know, I know, everybody wants to pass as cats  
We all wanna be big big big big big stars  
Yeah but then we get second thoughts about that  
So believe in me  
man, I don't believe in anything  
And I wanna be someone to believe  
You should not believe in me

Cause, Mr Jones and me, we just went stumbling  
through the barrio  
We stare at all the beautiful women  
"She's perfect for you  
There's got to be someone for me."  
I wanna be Bob Dylan  
Mr Jones wishes he was someone just a little more  
funky  
When everybody loves you  
Sometimes, that just about as fucked up as you can be  
Well, can't you hear me 'cause I'm screamin'  
But I did not go outside yesterday  
Oh, don't wake me 'cause I was dreamin'  
And I might just stay inside again today

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

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