

Heads Talking

"Mr Jones"

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Mr. Jones

Put a wiggle in your stride

Loosen up

I believe he'll be alright

Changing clothes

Now he's got ventilated slacks

Bouncing off the walls

Mr. Jones is back!

Bulge out

And wind your waist

Tight pants

Got curly hair

Drinking cold beer

From metal cans

Moonshine

And Handi-Wipes!

Mr. Jones is back in town

It's his lucky day

Hold up your hands and shout

Jones is on his way

Pitter pat

Mr. Jones is back in town

Aces high

Now his pants are falling down

He looks so fine

In those patent leather shoes

Mr. Jones you look tired

I believe you'll be alright

Sales men

Conventioneers

Some rock stars

With tamborines

Short skirts

And skinny legs

Selling bibles

And real estate

It's a big day for Mr. Jones

He is not so square

Mr. Jones will stick around

He's everybody's friend

Fast cars

And motorbikes

I'm sure glad

He's on our side

The Jones Gang

Down at the bar

Watch out, this time
They've gone too far
They call for Mr. Jones
They put him in charge
Mr. Jones will help us out
He's a lucky guy
It is Mr. Jones' Birthday party
For another year
In his hotel room Party favors
It's a holiday

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