Couting Crows, Mr. Jones

I was down at the New Amsterdam staring at this yellow-haired girl
Mr. Jones strikes up a conversation with this black-haired flamenco dancer
She dances while his father plays guitar
She's suddenly beautiful
We all want something beautiful
I wish I was beautiful
So come dance this silence down through the morning
Cut Maria! Show me some of them Spanish dances
Pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones
Believe in me
Help me believe in anything
I want to be someone who believes
Mr. Jones and me tell each other fairy tales
Stare at the beautiful women
"She's looking at you. Ah, no, no, she's looking at me."
Smiling in the bright lights
Coming through in stereo
When everybody loves you, you can never be lonely
I will paint my picture
Paint myself in blue and red and black and gray
All of the beautiful colors are very very meaningful
Greg is my favorite color
I felt so symbolic yesterday
If I knew Picasso
I would buy myself a gray guitar and play
Mr. Jones and me look into the future
Stare at the beautiful women
"She's looking at you.
Uh, I don't think so. She's looking at me."
Standing in the spotlight
I bought myself a gray guitar
When everybody loves me, I will never be lonely
I want to be a lion
Everybody wants to pass as cats
We all want to be big big stars, but we got different reasons for that Believe in me because I don't b
and I want to be someone to believe
Mr. Jones and me stumbling through the barrio
Yeah we star at the beautiful women
"She's perfect for you, Man, there's got to be somebody for me."
I want to be Bob Dylan
Mr. Jones wishes he was someone just a little more funky
When everybody loves you, son, that's just about as funky as you can be
Mr. Jones and me staring at the video
When I look at the television, I want to see me staring right back at me
We all want to be big stars, but we don't know why and we don't know how
But when everybody loves me, I'm going to be just about as happy as can be
Mr. Jones and me, we're gonna be big stars..