



## Fill in the gaps

### Mr. Jones by Counting Crows

(Sha la la la la la..... hmm, uh huh...)  
I was down at the New Amsterdam  
Staring at (1)\_\_\_\_\_ yellow-haired girl  
Mr. Jones strikes up a conversation  
With a black-haired  
Flamenco dancer  
She dances while his (2)\_\_\_\_\_ plays  
Guitar  
She's suddenly beautiful  
We all want something beautiful  
Man I wish I was beautiful  
So come dance this silence down through the mornin'  
(Sha la la la la la la yeah.. uh huh, yeah...)  
Cut up, Maria!  
Show me some of that Spanish dancin'  
Pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones  
Believe in me  
Help me (3)\_\_\_\_\_ 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. Ah, no, no, she's looking at me."  
Smiling in the bright lights  
Coming through in stereo  
When everybody (4)\_\_\_\_\_ you  
You can never be lonely  
Well, I'm gonna paint my picture  
Paint myself in blue and red and black and gray  
All of the beautiful colors are very very meaningful  
Yeah, well, you know (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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  
Yeah, we (6)\_\_\_\_\_ at the beautiful women

"She's looking at you. 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'll never be lonely  
I'll never be lonely  
Son, I'm never gonna be LONELY  
I wanna be a lion  
E-Everybody wants to pass as cats  
We all wanna be big big stars, yeah, but  
We've got different reasons for that  
Believe in me  
'Cause I don't believe in anything  
And I, I wanna be someone  
To believe, to believe, to believe, yeah  
Mr. Jones and me  
Stumbling through the barrio  
Yeah we stare at the beautiful women  
"She's perfect for you  
Man, there's got to be somebody for me."  
I wanna be Bob Dylan  
Mr. Jones wishes he was someone just a little more funky  
When everybody loves you  
Oh, son, that's just' (7)\_\_\_\_\_ as funky as you can be  
Mr. Jones and me  
Staring at the video  
When I look at the television  
I wanna see me (8)\_\_\_\_\_ right back at me  
We all wanna be big stars  
But we don't know why  
And we don't know how  
But when everybody loves me  
I'll be just' bout as happy as I could be  
Mr. Jones and me  
We're gonna be big stars



Answer

1. this
2. father
3. believe
4. loves
5. gray
6. stare
7. bout
8. staring

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