

## Mr.jones

### Hidden in Plain View

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

And she dances while his father plays guitar  
She's suddenly beautiful  
And we all want something beautiful  
Man, I wish I was beautiful

So, come dance this silence down through the morning  
Sha la la la la la la la la  
Cut up, Maria! Show me some of that Spanish dancing  
Pass me a bottle, Mr. Jones

Believe in me  
Help me, believe in anything  
'Cause I want to be someone who believes

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 loves you  
You can never be lonely

I wanna paint my picture  
Paint myself in blue and red and black and gray  
All of the beautiful colors are very, very meaningful  
And you know, gray 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  
And we stare 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 will never be lonely

I will never be lonely  
And I'm never gonna be lonely

I want to be a lion  
Everybody wants to pass as cats  
We all want to be big, big stars  
And we got different reasons for that

Believe in me  
Because I don't believe in anything  
And I want to be someone who believes

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 want to be Bob Dylan  
Mr. Jones wishes he was someone just a little more funky  
And 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

And when everybody loves me  
I want to be just about as happy as I can be

Mr. Jones and me, we're gonna be big stars