

## Mr. Jones

## Talking Heads

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 tambourines  
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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