

## Cover Of The Rolling Stone

Dr. Hook

Oh, we're big rock singers.  
We got golden fingers.  
And we're loved everywhere we go.  
We sing about beauty,  
And we sing about truth  
At ten thousand dollars a show.  
We take all kinds of pills  
To give us all kind of thrills,  
But the thrill we've never known  
Is the thrill that'll getcha  
When you get your picture  
On the cover of the Rolling Stone.

Rolling Stone...  
Wanna see my picture on the cover.  
Stone...  
Wanna buy five copies for my Mother.  
Stone...  
Wanna see my smiling face  
On the cover of the Rolling Stone.

I got a freaky old lady  
Named Cocaine Katy  
Who embroiders all my jeans.  
Got my poor old grey-haired daddy  
Drivin' my limousine.  
It's all designed to blow our minds,  
But our minds won't really get blown  
Like the blow that'll getcha  
When you get your picture  
On the cover of the Rolling Stone.

We gotta lotta little teenage blue-eyed groupies  
Who do anything we say.  
We got a genuine Indian guru  
Who's teaching us a better way.  
We got all the friends that money can buy,  
So we never have to be alone.  
And we keep getting richer,  
But we can't get our picture  
On the cover of the Rolling Stone.