

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.