

Cover of the Rolling Stone

Poison

C'mon Bret
Don't touch me. now
Tell'em!
I'm gonna tell'em who we are

We were big rock singers
We've got golden fingers
And we're loved everywhere we go (that sounds like us)

We sing about beauty
And we sing about truth
At ten million dollars a show (yeah sure)

We take all kinds of pills
That give us all kinds of thrills
But the thrill we've never known

Is the thrill that'll get you
When you get your picture on
The cover of the Rolling Stone

(Rolling Stone) Gonna get our pictures on the cover
(Stone) Gonna buy five copies for our mothers
(Stone) Gonna see my smiling face on the
Cover of the Rolling Stone

That sounds like a very very good idea

I got a freaky old lady
Named Cocaine Katie
Who embroiders all my jeans
I got my poor old gray haired daddy
Driving my limousine

Now It's all designed
To blow our mind
But our minds won' really be blown

By the blow that'll get you
When you get your picture on the
Cover of the Rolling Stone

(Rolling Stone) Gonna get our pictures on the cover
(Stone) Gonna buy five copies for our mothers
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Hey I know how- Rock and Roll

We got a lot of
little teenage, blue eyes groupies
Who do anything we say

We got a genuine
Indian Guru
Who's teaching us a better way

I 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