

# 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