

On the Cover of the Rolling Stone

by Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show

[C] Well, were big rock singers, we got golden fingers
And we're loved everywhere we [G] go
We sing about beauty and we sing about truth
At [G7] ten thousand dollars a [C]show

We take all kind of pills that give us all kind of thrills
But the thrill we've never [F] known
Is the [G] thrill that'll getcha when you get your picture
On the cover of the Rolling [C] Stone

Rolling [G]Stone

Gonna see my picture on the cover

[C]Stone

Gonna buy five copies for my mother

[G]Stone

Gonna see my smilin' face

On the [F] cover of the Rolling [C] Stone

I got a freaky old lady, name of Cocaine Katy,
Who embroideries on my [G] jeans
I got my poor old, grey-haired daddy,
[G7] drivin' my limou[C]sine

Now, it's all designed to blow our minds
But our minds won't really be [F] blown
Like the [G] blow that'll getcha when you get your
picture
On the cover of the Rolling [C] Stone

Chorus

We got a lot of little teenage blue-eyed groupies
Who'll do anything we [G] say
We got a genuine Indian guru,
Who's [G7]teachin' us a better [C]way

We got all the friends that money can buy,
So we never have to be a[F]lone
and we [G]keep gettin' richer but we can't get our picture
On the cover of the Rolling [C]Stone

Chorus X2