

Cover of the Rolling Stone

Dr Hook

Well we're [G] big rock singers, we've got golden fingers
And we're loved everywhere we [D7] go;
We sing about beauty and we sing about truth,
At ten thousand dollars a [G] show
We take all kinds of pills, to give us all kinds of thrills,
But the thrill we've never [C] known,
Is the [D7] thrill that'll get you when you get your picture
On the cover of the Rolling [G] Stone.

Chorus:

[D7] (Rolling Stone) Gonna see my picture on the cove
[G] (Stone) Gonna buy five copies for my mother
[D7] (Stone) Gonna see my smiling face
On the [C] cover of the Rolling [G] Stone

I've got a [G] freaky old lady name of Cocaine Katy,
Who embroiders on my [D7] jeans,
Got my poor old grey haired Daddy, driving my limou[G] sine
Now [G] it's all designed to blow our minds,
But our minds won't really be [C] blown,
Not the [D7] blow that'll get you when you get your picture
On the cover of the Rolling [G] Stone

Chorus

We got a [G] lot of little blue-eyed teenage groupies,
Who do anything we [D7] say,
We got a genuine Indian guru, teaching us a better [G] way
We've got [G] all the friends that money can buy,
So we never have to be [C] alone,
And we keep [D7] getting richer, but we can't get our picture
On the cover of the Rolling [G] Stone

Finish with chorus X2