

# 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