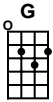
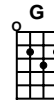
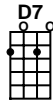
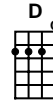


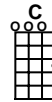
Cover of the Rolling Stone - Dr. Hook



Well, we are big rock singers, we've got golden fingers, and we're loved everywhere we go.



We sing about beauty and we sing about truth, at ten thousand dollars a show.

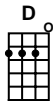


We take all kind of pills to give us all kind of thrills, but the thrill we've never known,

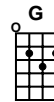


is the thrill that'll get you when you get your picture on the cover of the Rolling Stone

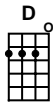
Chorus:



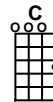
(Rolling Stone) wanna see my picture on the cover.



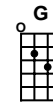
(Rolling Stone) gonna buy five copies for my mother



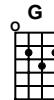
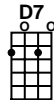
(Rolling Stone) wanna see my smilin' face



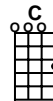
...on the cover of the Rolling Stone



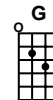
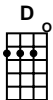
I've got a freaky old lady called Cocaine Katie who embroiders all my jeans.



I've got my poor old gray-haired Daddy, drivin' my limousine.



Now it's all designed to blow our minds but our minds won't really be blown,



like the blow that'll get you when you get your picture on the cover of the Rolling Stone

(Chorus)

(G)We got a lot of little blue-eyed, teenage groupies who do anything we (D)say.

We got a genuine Indian guru, (D7)who's teachin' us a better (G)way.

We got all the friends that money can buy, so we never have to be a(C)lone,

and we (D)keep gettin' richer but we can't get our picture on the cover of the Rolling (G)Stone

(Chorus)