

# Cover of the Rolling Stone

● *Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show*

<spoken, ad lib>

Ha, ha, ha, I don't believe it  
Da, da, ah, ooh, don't touch me  
Hey, Ray!  
Hey, Sugar!  
Tell 'em who we are

Well, we're big rock singers  
We 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 thousand dollars a show (Right!)

We take all kind of pills  
That give us all kind of thrills  
But the thrill we've never known  
Is the thrill that'll get ya  
When you get your picture  
On the cover of the Rolling Stone

● **Chorus:** (Rolling Stone) Wanna see my picture on the cover  
(Of the Stone) Wanna buy five copies for my mother (Yeah!)  
(Stone) Wanna see my smilin' face  
On the cover of the Rolling Stone (That's a very, very, good idea!)

I got a freaky ol' lady name o' Cocaine Katy  
Who embroiders on my jeans  
I got my poor old gray-haired daddy  
Drivin' my limousine

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

● **Chorus:** (Rolling Stone) Wanna see our pictures on the cover  
(Stone) Wanna buy five copies for our mothers (yeah)  
(Stone) Wanna see my smilin' face

## On the cover of the Rolling Stone

Chorus: [Break]  
(Hey, I know how, rock and roll!!)

[Guitar Solo]  
(Ah, that's beautiful)

We got a lot of little teenage blue-eyed groupies  
Who do anything we say  
We got a genuine Indian guru  
Who's teaching us a better way

We 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

Chorus: (Rolling Stone) Wanna see my picture on the cover  
(Stone) Wanna buy five copies for my mother (I want one!)  
(Stone) Wanna see my smilin' face  
On the cover of the Rolling Stone  
On the cover of the Rolling Stone

Chorus: Wanna see my picture on the cover  
(Man, I don't know why we ain't on the cover, baby)  
(We're beautiful fellas)  
Wanna buy five copies for my mother  
(I ain't kiddin', why, we would make a beautiful cover)  
(Fresh shot, right up front, man)  
On the cover of the Rolling Stone  
(I can see it now, we'll be up on the front)  
(Smilin', man ... ahh, beautiful!)