

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!)