

INTRO: E7 //// //// D //// A ///

Well we're 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

(Stone) Wanna buy five copies for my mother

(Stone) Wanna see my smilin' face

On the cover of the Rolling Stone

I've got a freaky old lady name of Cocaine Katy

Who embroiders on 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 **REPEAT CHORUS**

We got a lot of little teenage, blue-eyed groupies

Who'll do anything we say

We got a genuine Indian guru who's teachin' us a better way

We got all the friends that money can buy

So we never have to be alone

And we keep gettin' richer but we can't get our picture

On the cover of the Rolling Stone **REPEAT CHORUS X2**