"On the Cover of the Rolling Stone"

[A][A][A][A][A][A][A][A]

Well, were big rock singers, we got golden fingers, and we're loved everywhere we go

A

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

D

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

E7

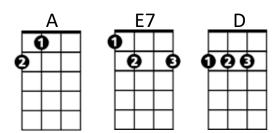
D

A (hold)

Is the thrill that'll getcha when you get your picture, on the cover of the Rolling Stone

CHORUS:

E7
Rolling Stone....wanna see my picture on the cover
A
Stone.... wanna buy five copies for my mother
E7
Stone.... wanna see my smilin' face
D
A
[A][A][A]



On the cover of the Rolling Stone

E7

I got a freaky old lady, name of Ukulele Katy, who embroiders on my jeans

I got my poor old, grey-haired daddy, drivin' my limousine

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

E7

A (hold)

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

(CHORUS)

A E7

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

E7

A (hold)

and we keep gettin' richer but we can't get our picture On the cover of the Rolling Stone

(CHORUS 2x)

(hold A at end)

