

Cover Of The Rolling Stone

A E
Well we're big rock singers, we've got golden fingers, and we're loved everywhere we go
E7 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
E A
Is the thrill that'll get ya, when you get your picture, on the cover of the Rolling Stone

A E
Rolling Stone Wanna see my picture on the cover
A
Rolling Stone Wanna buy five copies for my mother
E
Rolling Stone Wanna see my smiling face
D A
On the cover of the Rolling Stone

A E
I've got a freaky lady, name of Cocaine Katie, who embroiders all my jeans
E7 A
I've got my poor old grey haired Daddy, drivin' my limousine
D
Now it's all designed, to blow our minds, but our minds won't really be blown
E A
Like the blow that'll get you, when you get your picture, on the cover of the Rolling Stone
(Chorus)

A E
We got a lot of little blue eyed teenage groupies, who do anything we say
E7 A
We got a genuine Indian Guru, who's teachin' us a better way
D
We got all the friends that money can buy, so we never have to be alone
E A
And we keep getting' richer, but we can't get our picture, on the cover of the Rolling Stone
(Chorus 2x)