

Poison

"Cover Of The Rolling Stone"

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Coughing, blues? : "gol, bret--don't touch me there!"
Bret: I'm gonna tell you 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 million dollars a show
(yeah, right!)

We take all kinda pills
That give us all kinda thrills
But the thrill we've never known
Is the thrill that it gets ya
When you get your picture
On the cover of the rolling stone

Chorus:
Rolling stone
I'm gonna see my picture on the cover
Stone
Gonna buy five copies for my mother
Stone
Gonna see my smiling face
On the cover of the rolling stone

I got a freaky old lady named cocaine katie
Who embroiders on my jeans
I got my poor old gray-haired daddy
Driving my limousine.

Now it's all designed to blow our minds,

But our minds won't really be blown
Like the blow that'll getcha
When you get your picture
On the cover of the rolling stone

Chorus

Spoken: hey, I know how!!!

Solo

Spoken: beautiful!

We gotta lot of little teen-aged

Blue-eyed groupies

Who do anything we say

We got a genuine indian guru

He'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 gettin' richer,

But we can't get our picture

On the cover of the rolling stone

Chorus

Talking:

I don't know why we ain't on the cover, baby!

Ah we're beautiful fellas!

I ain't kiddin' you man, we'd make a beautiful cover

I mean, I can see it right now--we be up front,

Oh, we be smilin'....beautiful!

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