

# The Cover Of The Rolling Stone

Corb Lund

Well, we're big rock singers  
We got golden fingers  
And we're loved everywhere we go  
We sing about beauty  
And we sing about truth  
For a hundred thousand dollars a show  
We take all kinds of pills  
That give us all kind of thrills  
But the thrill we'll never know  
Is the thrill that'll get you  
When you get your picture  
On the cover of The Rolling Stone

Gonna see my picture on the cover (Rolling Stone)  
I'm gonna buy five copies for my mother (Stone)  
I'm gonna see my smilin' face (Stone)  
On the cover of The Rolling Stone

I got a freaky old lady  
Name o' Cocaine Kitty  
Who embroiders on my jeans  
I got my poor ol' grey-haired daddy  
Drivin' my limousine  
Well it's all designed  
To blow our minds  
But our minds won't ever be blown  
Like the blow that'll get ya  
When you get your picture  
On the cover of The Rolling Stone

Gonna see my picture on the cover (Rolling Stone)  
I'm gonna buy five copies for my mother (Stone)  
I'm gonna see my smilin' face (Stone)  
On the cover of The Rolling Stone

We got a lot of little thirty-something blue eyed groupies  
Who'll 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'll never have to be alone  
And we keep gettin' richer  
But we can't get our picture  
On the cover of The Rolling Stone

Gonna see my picture on the cover (Rolling Stone)  
I'm gonna buy five copies for my mother (Stone)  
I'm gonna see my smilin' face (Stone)  
On the cover of The Rolling Stone  
The cover of The Rolling Stone

Gonna see my picture on the cover (Rolling Stone)  
I'm gonna buy five copies for my brother (Stone)  
I'm gonna see my smilin' face (Stone)  
On the cover of The Rolling Stone