

Poison, Cover Of The Rolling Stone

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!