

# Like a Rolling Stone

Bob Dylan

Once upon a time you dressed so fine  
Threw the bums a dime  
In your prime  
Didn't you?  
People call  
Say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"  
You thought they were all  
Kiddin' you  
You used to  
Laugh about Everybody that was Hangin' out Now you don't  
Talk so loud  
Now you don't  
Seem so proud About having to be scrounging  
Your next meal How does it feel How does it feel To be without a home Like a complete unknown  
Like a rolling stone?  
Ah, you've  
Gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely  
But you know you only used to get  
Juiced in it  
Nobody's ever taught you how to live out on the street  
And now you're gonna  
Have to get  
Used to it  
You say you never  
Compromise  
With the mystery tramp, but now you  
Realize  
He's not selling any Alibis  
As you stare into the vacuum  
Of his eyes  
And say  
"Do you want to  
Make a deal?"  
How does it feel  
How does it feel  
To be on your own  
With no direction home  
A complete unknown  
Like a rolling stone?  
Ah, you  
Never turned around to see the frowns  
On the jugglers and the clowns when they all did

Tricks for you  
Never understood that it ain't no good  
You shouldn't  
Let other people  
Get your  
Kicks for you  
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your  
Diplomat  
Who carried on his shoulder a  
Siamese cat  
Ain't it hard  
When you discover that  
He really wasn't  
Where it's at  
After he took from you everything  
He could steal?  
How does it feel  
How does it feel  
To have on your own  
No direction home  
Like a complete unknown  
Like a rolling stone?  
Ah  
Princess on the steeple and all the  
Pretty people they're all drinkin', thinkin' that they  
Got it made  
Exchanging all precious gifts  
But you'd better  
Take your diamond ring  
You'd better pawn it, babe  
You used to be  
So amused  
At Napoleon in rags  
And the language that he used  
Go to him now  
He calls you  
You can't refuse  
When you ain't got nothin'  
You got  
Nothin' to lose  
You're invisible now  
You got no secrets  
To conceal  
How does it feel  
Ah, how does it feel  
To be on your own  
With no direction home  
Like a complete unknown

Like a rolling stone?

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