

Like a Rolling Stone

by Bobby Dylan

||: C Dm Em F | G // /:||

Once upon a time you dressed so fine
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
You thought they were all kiddin' you

|F / G /| F / G /|F Em Dm C|F Em Dm C|F | G |

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 for your next meal.

[Refrain] 5X||: G C F G :|| G7 / / / |

How does it feel? How does it feel, to be without a home,
like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it

And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it

You said you'd 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 ask him do you want to make a deal?

How does it feel? How does it feel, to be on your own, **With no
direction home**, Like a complete unknown Like a rolling stone?

You never turned **around** to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns, When they all come down and did tricks for you

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 be on your own, **With no direction home**, Like a complete unknown Like a rolling stone?

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made

Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
But you'd better lift 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 got nothing, you got nothing to lose. You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

How does it feel? How does it feel, To be on your own, **With no direction home**, Like a complete unknown Like a rolling stone?