

# Bob Dylan, Like A Rolling Stone

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  
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.

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.

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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.

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How does it feel  
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With no direction home

Like a complete unknown  
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