

# Like a Rolling Stone by Bob Dylan (1965)

*C* *Dm* *Em* *F* *G G* *G G*  
Once upon a time you dressed so fine you threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?  
*C* *Dm* *Em* *F* *G G* *G G*  
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall" You thought they were all kiddin' you  
*F F* *G G* *F F* *G G*  
You used to laugh about. Everybody that was hangin' out  
*F* *Em Dm* *C F* *Em Dm* *C*  
Now you don't talk so loud Now you don't seem so proud  
*Dm Dm* *F F* *G G* *G7 G7*  
About having to be scrounging for your next meal. How does it  
*C F G G* *C F G F*  
feel? How does it feel? To be without a  
*C F G F* *C F G F* *C F G G*  
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 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?  
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 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 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?