

# Like a Rolling Stone

The Rascals

Once upon a time you dressed so fine  
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?  
People's 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?

Ah, you've gone to the finest school, all right, little Miss Lonely  
But you know you only used to get juiced in it  
Nobody has ever taught you how to live out on the street  
And now you are 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?  
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  
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?  
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Ah, princess on the steeple and all the pretty people  
They are 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 got nothing, you got nothing to lose  
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal

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