

# Like a Rolling Stone

Bruce Springsteen

Once upon a time you dressed so fine  
You threw the bums a dime in your prime  
Didn't you  
People called say beware doll  
You're bound to fall  
You thought they were all  
Kidding you  
You used to laugh about  
Everybody that was hanging it 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  
Allright miss lonely  
But you know you only used to get  
Juiced in it  
Nobody's ever taught you  
How to live in 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 do  
Make a deal

How does it feel  
How does it feel  
To be on your home  
With no direction home  
A complete unknown  
Like a rolling stone

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 hang on your home  
With no direction home  
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Princess on the steeple  
And all the pretty people  
They're drinking thinking  
That they got it made  
Exchanging all precious gifts  
But you'd better  
Take a 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 are invisible now You got no secrets to conceal

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