

Rollin' Stone

The Kingston Trio

Stan Wilson

A rollin' stone gathers no moss. (Repeat) So, as far as I can see, I guess I was meant to be just a rollin' stone.

A rollin' stone gathers no moss. A rollin' stone hasn't a boss. Just like a Spring or a Summer's breeze, I can roll just where I please. I'm just a rollin' stone.

Can't lose my way, all directions are the same when I'm a-travelin'. I've got no home, sweet home. Just keep boppin', never stoppin', couldn't even if I wanted to, I've got to roam and roll.

A rollin' stone gathers no moss. A rollin' stone's like that co in that you toss. But I don't need level ground. I can roll up hill or down. I'm just a rollin' stone.

When I'm travelin', all directions are the same. A string unravelin', I don't think that I'm to blame.

Some might think my life's a loss. A rollin' stone never gets lost. So, I'll just keep playin' it straight 'til I roll right through that gate. I'm just a rollin' stone. A rollin' stone. (Repeat and fade)