

# Like a Rolling Stone

Jimi Hendrix

Once upon a time, you dressed so fine  
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 around for your next meal  
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've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely  
Don't you know you only used to get juiced in it?  
Nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street  
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 without a home, 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 came down and did tricks for you  
You never understood that it ain't no good  
You should never 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's taken everything he could steal  
How does it feel, how does it feel  
To be without a home, with no direction home?  
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone  
Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people  
Drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made  
Exchanging all precious gifts and things  
But take your diamond ring down and 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, and you can't refuse  
When you ain't got nothing, you got nothing to lose  
You're invisible, you got no secrets to conceal  
How does it feel, how does it feel  
To be without a home, with no direction home?  
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone

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