

# Like A Stone

[Chris Cornell](#)

Once upon a time you dressed so fine  
You 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 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?  
Well, you've gone to the finest school alright, Miss Lonely  
But you know you only used to get juiced in it  
And nobody's has ever taught you how to live out on the street  
And baby you're gonna have to get used to it  
You said you'd never compromise  
With the mystery tramp but now you, you realize  
He's not selling any alibis  
As you stare in the vacuum of his eyes  
And you ask him, "Do you wanna, do you wanna make me a deal?"  
How does it feel? How does it feel?  
To be without a home  
Like a complete unknown  
Like a rolling stone?  
Well, you never turned around to see the frowns  
On the jugglers and the clowns  
When they came down to do 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? I said, "How does it feel?"  
To be without a home

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