

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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