

Like A Rolling Stone (w/ Al Kooper)

[John Mellencamp](#)

Once upon a time you dressed so fine
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didnt you?
Peopled call, say, beware doll, youre 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 dont 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? Youve gone to the finest school all right, miss lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you find out youre gonna have to get used to it You said, youd never compromise with the mystery
tramp
But now you realize hes not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And ask him do you want to make a deal? 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 never turned around to see the frowns
On the jugglers and the clowns
When they all come down and did tricks for you
You never understood that it aint no good
You shouldnt 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
Aint it hard when you discover that
He really wasnt where its at
After he took from you everything he could steal. 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? Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
Theyre drinkin, thinkin that they got it made
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
But youd better lift your diamond ring, youd 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 cant refuse
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
Youre invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal 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?

Songwriters

Bob Dylan Published by

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