

Like a Rolling Stone

Anberlin

Once upon a time you dressed so fine
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
People call, said, "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
You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
Nobody's ever taught you how to live out on the street
And 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 on your own with no direction of home
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone
Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made
(That they got it made) Exchanging all precious gifts
But you'd better take your diamond ring
Oh you'd better, you'd 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 can't refuse
How does it feel? How does it feel?
To be on your own with no direction of home
Like a complete unknown
How does it feel? How does it feel?
To be on your own with no direction of home
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone

Songwriters

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