

LIKE A ROLLING STONE

Bob Dylan, as performed by the Rolling Stones

Tempo: 102, INTRO:

A D E / A D E / / /

A Bm
Once upon a time you dressed so fine
C#m D E E //
Threw the bums a dime in your prime, - didn't you.
A Bm
People call, say "Beware doll,
C#m D E E //
You're bound to fall", you thought - they were all - kidding you.

D / E /
You used to laugh about
D / E /
Everybody that was hanging out
D C#m Bm A
Now you don't walk so proud
D C#m Bm A
Now you don't talk so loud
Bm / D E //
About having to be scrounging your next meal

/ A D E / A D E
How does it feel, How does it feel
/ A D E / A D E
To be on your own, with no direction home
/ A D E / A D E ///
A complete unknown Like a rolling stone.

A Bm C#m
You've gone to the finest schools, alright, Miss Lonely
D E / / /
But you know you only used to get juiced in it.
A Bm C#m
Nobody thought you'll have to live out on the street
D E / / /
But now you're gonna have to get used to it.
D / E /
You said you'd never compromise
D / E /
With the Mystery Tramp but now you realize

D C#m Bm A
That He's not selling any alibis,
D C#m Bm A
as you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
Bm / D E / /
And he says, "Do you want to make a deal?"

/ A D E / A D E
How does it feel, How does it feel
/ A D E / A D E
To be on your own, with no direction home
/ A D E / A D E ///
A complete unknown Like a rolling stone.

Instrumental solo on one verse

A Bm C#m D E
/++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++
A Bm C#m D E
/++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++
D E
/++++ /++++ /++++ /++++
D E
/++++ /++++ /++++ /++++
D C#m Bm A
/++++ /++++ /++++ /++++
D C#m Bm A
/++++ /++++ /++++ /++++
Bm D E
/++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++ /++++

/ A D E / A D E
How does it feel, How does it feel
/ A D E / A D E
To be on your own, with no direction home
/ A D E / A D E ///
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A Bm C#m
Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
D E
They're all drinkin', thinkin' that they've got it made
A Bm C#m
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts

But you'd better lift your diamond ring, 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

When you got nothin' you got nothin' to lose

You're invisible now - you've got no secrets to conceal

How does it feel, How does it feel

To be on your own, with no direction home

A complete unknown Like a rolling stone. /+++++ /+++++ /+++++ /+++++

E
/+++++ /+++++ /+++++ /+++++
A
/-----

Last verse, is not on the RS CD "Stripped"

You never turned around to see the frowns on the juggles -
- and the downs.

When they all come down and did 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 steel

