

Like a Rolling Stone - Bob Dylan - Highway 61 revisited

Capo at the 5th fret, actual key is "C"

Intro:

|:G C |G C :|

Verse:

| G Am7 | G/B C |
Once upon a time, you dressed so fine Threw the bums a dime, in your prime,
|D |D7 |
didn't you?

| G Am7 | G/B C |
People call, say "Beware, doll, you're bound to fall" You thought they were all
|D |D7 |
kiddin' you

Pre chorus:

|C |D |C |D |
You used to laugh about Everybody that was hangin' out
|C G/B |Am7 G |C G/B |Am7 G |
But now you don't talk so loud, Now you don't seem so proud
|Am |C |D |D7 |
About havin to be scroungin' your next meal How does it

Chorus:

|G C |D |G C |D |
feel? How does it feel To be without a
|G C |D |G C |D |
home Like a complete unknown Like a rollin'
|G C |D |G C |D |
stone

Verse:

You've gone to the finest schools, alright, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
You never had to live out on the street
But now you're gonna have to get used to it

Pre chorus:

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 he says, "Do you want to make a deal?"

Chorus:

How does it feel? How does it feel?
To be on your own, with no direction home
A complete unknown, like a rolling stone

Verse:

You never turned around to see the frowns
On the jugglers and the clowns when they all did tricks for you
Never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you

Pre Chorus

used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulders 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

Chorus:

How does it feel? How does it feel?
To have to be on your own, with no direction home
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone

Verse:

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They're all drinkin', thinkin' that they've got it made
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts
But you'd better lift your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe

Pre Chorus:

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

Chorus:

How does it feel? Aaah, how does it feel?
To be on your own, with no direction home
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone