

Brian Odlum / Composer

Like a Rolling Stone (Slight Return)

Music and Lyrics by Bob Dylan

Arrangement by Brian Odlum

Once upon a time you dressed so fine,
Threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
People call say 'beware doll, you're bound to fall'
You thought they were all kidding you,
You used to laugh about, Everybody that was hanging out,
Now you don't talk so loud, Now you don't seem so proud,
About having to be scrounging 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 schools, alright 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're gonna have to get used to it,
You say you 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 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 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 a chrome horse with your diplomat,
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat, Ain't it hard when you discovered that,
He really wasn't where it's 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 a steeple and all the pretty people,
They're all drinking, thinking that they've got it made,
Exchanging all precious gifts,
But you better take your diamond ring, you better pawn it babe,
You used to be so amused, At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used,
Go to him he calls you, you can't refuse,
When you ain't got nothing, you got nothing 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,
Like a complete unknown, Like a rolling stone.