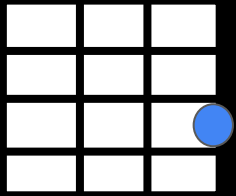


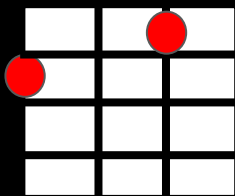
96 BPM

||:C F/C :|| 4x

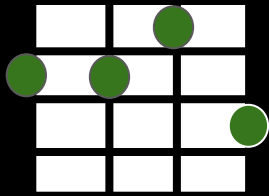
C



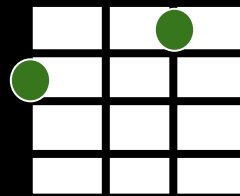
F



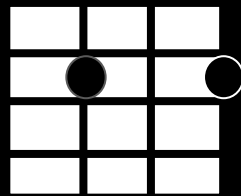
Dm7



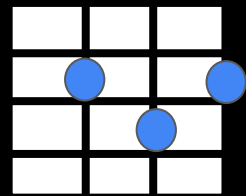
Dm7



Em7



G



C Dm7
Once upon a time you dressed so fine

Em7 F | G | |
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?

C Dm7
People'd call, say, "Beware doll,
Em7 F
you're bound to fall" You thought they were all
| G | | |
a kiddin' you

Like A Rolling
Stone

Bob Dylan

C

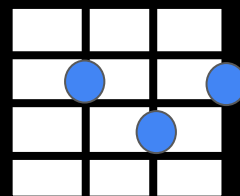
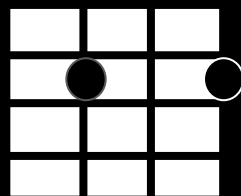
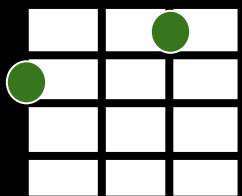
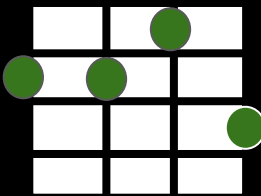
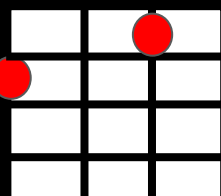
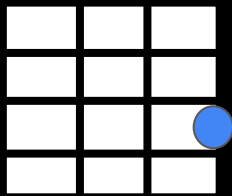
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



F G
You used to laugh about

F G
Everybody that was hangin' out

F Em7 Dm7 C
Now you don't talk so loud

F Em7 Dm7 C
Now you don't seem so proud

Dm7 F | G | |
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

Like A Rolling
Stone

Bob Dylan

C

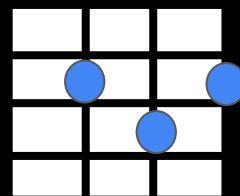
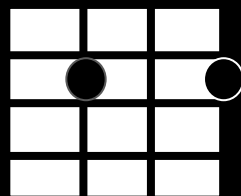
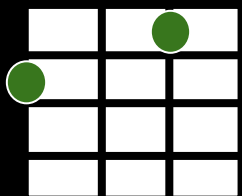
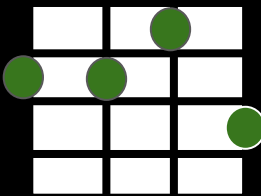
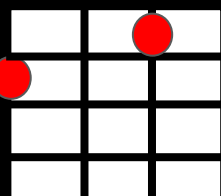
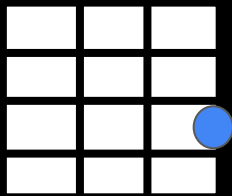
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



|C F |G |C F |G |

How does it feel How does it feel

|C F |G |

To be without a home

|C F |G |

Like a complete unknown

|C F |G |

Like a rolling stone

|C F |G | |

Like A Rolling Stone

Bob Dylan

C

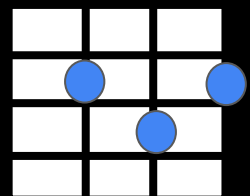
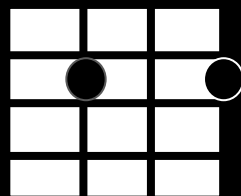
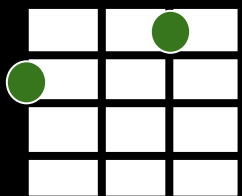
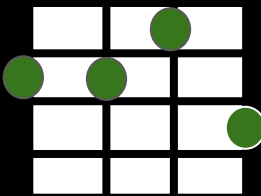
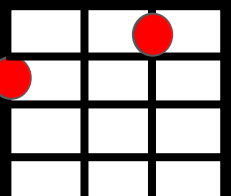
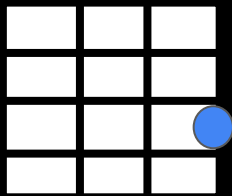
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



C

Dm7

Em7

Aww, You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely

F

|G

|

|

But you know you only used to get juiced in it

C

Dm7

Em7

Nobody has ever taught you how to live out on the street

F

|G

|

|

And now you're gonna have to get used to it

Like A Rolling
Stone

Bob Dylan

C

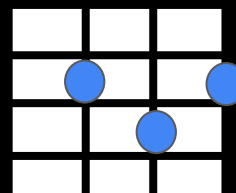
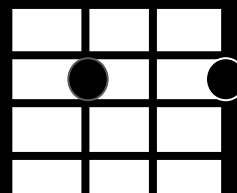
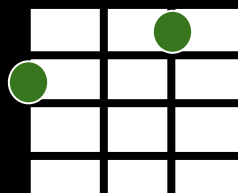
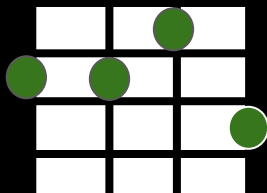
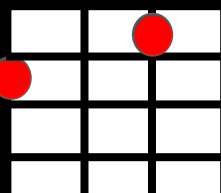
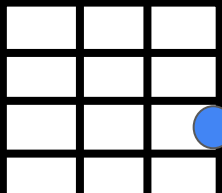
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



F G
You said you'd never compromise

F G
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize

F Em7 Dm7 C
He's not selling any alibis

F Em7 Dm7 C
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes

Dm7 F | G | |
And say do you want to make a deal?

Like A Rolling
Stone

Bob Dylan

C

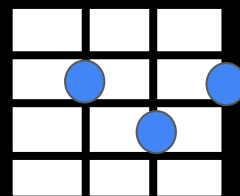
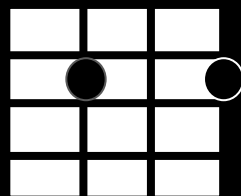
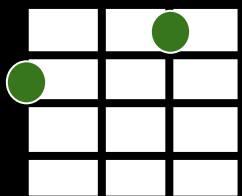
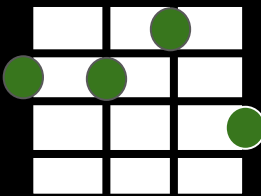
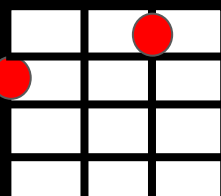
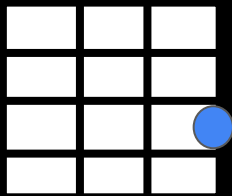
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



|C F |G |C F |G |

How does it feel How does it feel

|C F |G |

To be on your own

|C F |G |

With no direction home

|C F |G |

A complete unknown

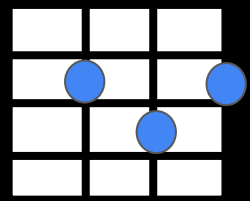
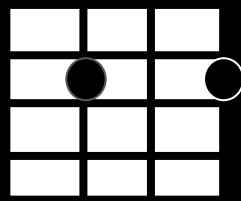
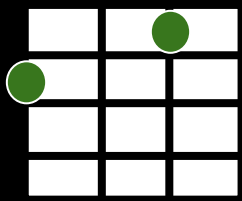
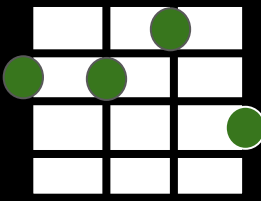
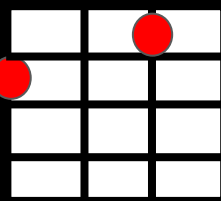
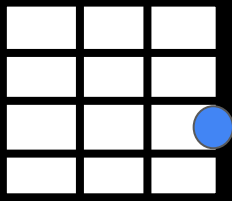
|C F |G |

Like a rolling stone

|C F |G | |

Like A Rolling Stone

C F Dm7 Dm7 Em7 G Bob Dylan



C

Dm7

Em7

Aww, You never turned around to see the frowns

F

|G

|

|

On the jugglers and the clowns when they all did tricks for you

C

Dm7

You never understood that it ain't no good

Em7

F

|G

|

|

You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you

Like A Rolling Stone

Bob Dylan

C

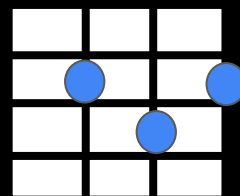
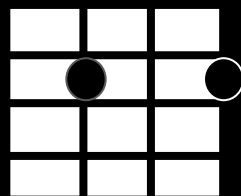
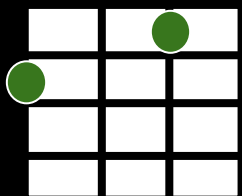
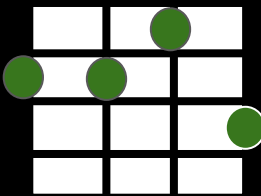
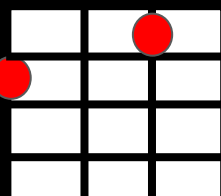
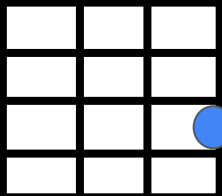
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



F You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat G

F Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat G

F Em7 Dm7 C
Ain't it hard when you discover that

F Em7 Dm7 C
He really wasn't where it's at

Dm7 F | G | |
After he took from you everything he could steal.

Like A Rolling Stone

Bob Dylan

C

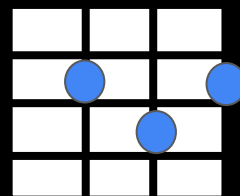
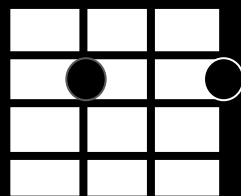
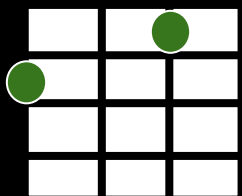
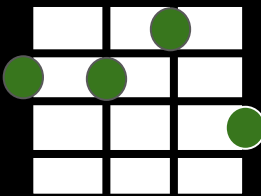
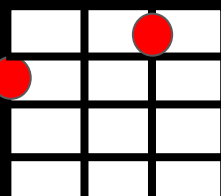
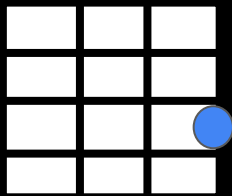
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



|C F |G |C F |G |

How does it feel How does it feel

|C F |G |

To be without a home

|C F |G |

To be on your own

|C F |G |

Like a complete unknown

|C F |G |

Like a rolling stone

|C F |G | |

Like A Rolling Stone

Bob Dylan

C

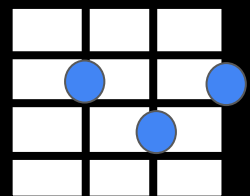
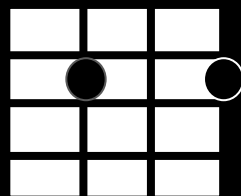
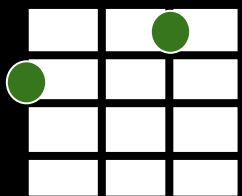
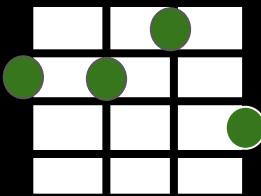
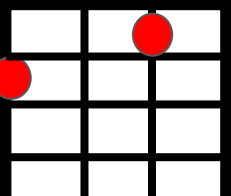
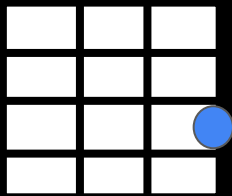
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



C

Dm7

Em7

Aww, Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people

F

|G

They're all drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made

C

Dm7

Em7

Exchanging all precious gifts

F

|G

But you'd better take your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe

Like A Rolling Stone

Bob Dylan

C

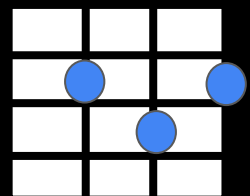
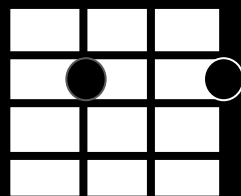
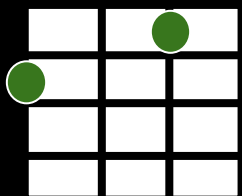
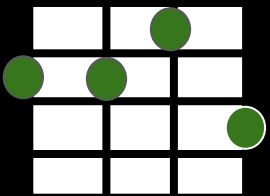
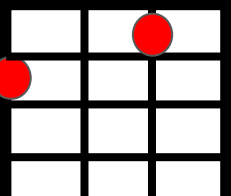
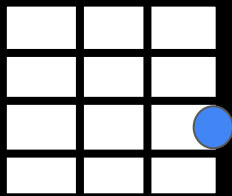
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



F G
You used to be so amused

F G
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used

F Em7 Dm7 C
Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse

F Em7 Dm7 C
When you ain't got nothing, you got nothing to lose

Dm7 F | G | |
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

Like A Rolling
Stone

Bob Dylan

C

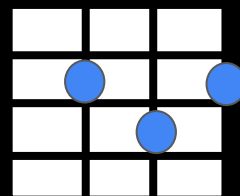
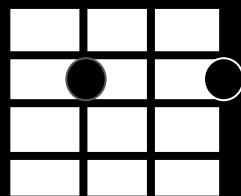
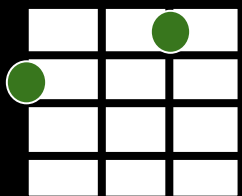
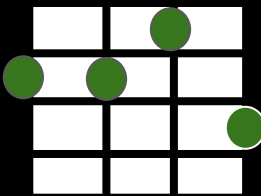
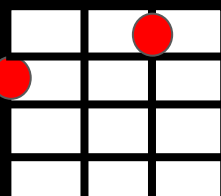
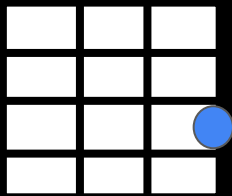
F

Dm7

Dm7

Em7

G



|C F |G |C F |G |
 How does it feel How does it feel
 |C F |G |
 To be on your own
 |C F |G |
 With no direction home
 |C F |G |
 Like a complete unknown
 |C F |G |
 Like a rolling stone
 ||:C F |G :|| 4x
 C!

Like A Rolling
 Stone
 Bob Dylan
 LAST

