

Bob Dylan

① Once upon a time <sup>You dressed so fine</sup>  
 You threw the bums a dime in your prime  
 Didn't you? <sup>(Gee whizz)</sup>  
 People call or say doll you're bound to fall  
 You thought they were all <sup>kidnappers</sup>  
 You used to laugh about <sup>kidnappers</sup>  
 Everybody that was hangin' out  
 Now you don't talk so loud  
 Now you don't seem so proud  
 About havin' to be scroungin' for

So your next meal  
 How does it feel?  
 How does it feel  
 T'be on yer own

Like a  
 Rolling  
 Stone

(Like) A complete unknown  
 Best like a Rolling Stone

② You want to the best schools  
 Allright Miss lovely <sup>[know you only]</sup>  
 But you used t' get juiced in it  
 Now you're gotta have to live out  
 On the street and get used to it

You used to ride on a chrome horse <sup>you're gonna</sup>  
 with your diplomat <sup>bring</sup>  
 who carried on his shoulder a satchel  
 Ain't it hard when you discover that  
 He really wasn't where it's at  
 After he took everything <sup>(from you)</sup>  
 He could steal

How does  
 How does  
 T'be  
 with no direction for home <sup>[cho]</sup>  
 A complete unknown  
 Like

③ You used to laugh at the frowns on  
the jugglers and the clowns  
When they all did tricks for you  
You never understood it ain't no good  
You shouldn't let other people  
Get your kicks for you

two  
You say you ~~would~~ never compromise  
With the mystery tramp  
But how 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 ~ } cho.

Like a  
Rolling  
Stone

④ Princess on the steeple ah' all  
The pretty people drinkin'  
And thinkin' that they got it made  
You better take your diamond ring  
And <sup>put</sup> paw it Babe  
You used to be so amused  
At Napoleon in rags  
And the language that he used  
Go to him how he calls you uh  
You can't refuse 'cause  
When you got nothin' 'gint  
You got nothin' to lose  
You're invisible now  
You got no secrets to conceal

\* cho \*

Hey Mr. Tambourine Man  
Play a song for me

Bob Dylan

I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey Mr. Tambourine Man play a song for me  
In the jungle jungle morning I'll come followin'  
you

(cho.)  
Though I know that evening's empire  
Has returned into sand  
Vanished from my hand  
Left me blindly here to stand  
But still not sleeping  
My weariness amazes me  
I'm braced on my feet  
And the ancient empty streets  
Are too dead for dreaming  
(cho.)

Take me on a trip upon your magic  
(swirling ship)

My hands can't feel + grip  
My ~~feet~~ toes too numb to step  
Wait only for my boot heels to go wandering  
I'm ready to go anywhere  
I'm ready for to fade  
Into my own parade  
Cast your dancing spell ~~my way~~  
I promise to go under it

(cho.)

Tambourine Man ②

Take me disappearing through the  
Smoke rings of my mind  
Down the fog ~~of~~ ruins of time {54  
Far past the frozen ~~leaves~~ leaves  
The haunted frightened ~~trees~~ trees  
Out to the windy beach  
Far from the twisted reach of ~~crazy~~ crazy

To dance beneath her diamond sky  
With one hand waving free  
Silouetted by the sea  
Circled by the circus sands  
With all memory and fate  
Driven deep beneath the waves  
Let me forget about today until  
tomorrow

[cho.]

W. Tam  
P. W.