

The Replacements, Like A Rolling Pin

Hey, Bob, c'mon in here and play the guitar
Like a rolling pin

Once upon a time, you dressed so fine
Threw the 'Mats a dime in your prime
Didn't you?
People call, you say beware doll
You're bound to fall, but we been fallin' through

You used to laugh a lot
At everybody that was hanging...out
Now you don't talk so loud
Now you don't seem so proud
'Bout having to be scrounging, well, your next meal

How does it feel? How does it feel?
To be on your own, with no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling pin!

People call and say beware doll
But y'know you only get juiced in it
Nobody taught you how to live on sixty dollars for three days
But you're gonna get used to it

You used to laugh a lot
I used to laugh a lot
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 our own, with no direction home
Like a rolling stone