

All Along The Watchtower

Bob Dylan

There must be some way out of here
Said the joker to the thief
There's too much confusion
I can't get no relief
Business men they drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
None would ever compromise
Nobody of this world

No reason to get excited
The thief he kindly spoke
There are many here among us
Who feel that life is but a joke
But you and I we've been through that
And this is not our place
So let us stop talking falsely now
The hour's getting late

All along the watchtower
Princess kept the view
While all the women came and went
Barefoot servants too
Outside in the cold distance
A wildcat did growl
Two riders were approaching
And the wind began to howl

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