

# All Along The Watchtower

Aynsley Lister

There must be some way outta here  
Said the joker to the thief  
There's too much confusion  
I can't get no relief

Businessman they drink my wine  
Plowman dig my earth  
None of them down out along the line,  
No one did offer his worth

No reason to get excited  
This 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 fate  
So let us not talk falsely now  
'Cause you know the, the hour is getting late

All along the watchtower  
Princes kept their view  
While women came and went  
Barefoot servants too

Outside in the cold distance  
A wild cat did growl  
Two riders were approaching  
And the wind began to howl