

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