

# 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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