

# All Along The Watchtower

Chris de Burgh

"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,  
Businessmen, they drink my wine, ploughmen dig my earth,  
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth;"

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,  
"There are many here among us now,  
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, the hour is getting late;"

All along the Watchtower, Princes kept the view,  
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants too,  
Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,  
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl;

"There must be some way out of here,"  
"There must be some way out of here..."