

Bob Dylan & The Band

"All Along The Watchtower"

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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, plowmen 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 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

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