

Bear McCreary

"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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