

# **Eddie Vedder & The Million Dollar Bashers**

## **"All Along The Watchtower"**

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There must be some kind of 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 nothing 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  
For the hour's getting late

All along the watchtower  
Princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went  
And barefoot servants too

Outside in the distance  
A wildcat did growl  
Two riders were approaching  
And the wind began to howl

Two riders were approaching  
Two riders were approaching  
Two riders were approaching  
Two riders were approaching

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