

## Neil Young

# "All Along The Watchtower"

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"There must be some kind of way out of here"  
Said a joker to the thief  
"There is too much confusion, I can't get no relief  
Businessmen, they drink my wine, ploughmen dig my  
earth  
None of them along the line, nobody up 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 have been through that and it is not our  
fate  
So let us not talk 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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