

U2

"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 here
I can't get no relief

Businessmen, they drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
None of them know along the line
What any of this is worth, yeah

No reason to get excited
The thief, he kindly spoke
There are many here among us
Who think that life is but a joke

But you and I, we've been through that
And that is not our fate
So let us not talk falsely now
Because the hour is getting late
Hey, hey, hey

All along the watchtower
And princes kept the view
While horsemen came and went
Barefoot servants too

All I got is a red guitar
Three chords and the truth
All I got is a red guitar
The rest is up to you

There's no reason to get excited
The thief, he kindly spoke
There are some among us here
Say that life is just a joke

You and I, we've been through that
And that is not our fate, at least today
So let us not talk falsely now
Because the hour is getting late, late

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah-e-yeah
Yeah, yeah-e-yeah

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