

The Jimi Hendrix Experience

"All Along The Watchtower"

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y Bob Dylan

"There must be some kinda way out of here"

Said a joker to the thief

"There's too much confusion,

I can't get no relief.

Businessmen they, they drink my wine,

Ploughmen dig my earth

None will level on the line

Nobody 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'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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