

## Dylan Bob

### "All Along the Watchtower"

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by Bob Dylan

"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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