

All Along the Watchtower.....Bob Dylan

Am G F G Am G F G
"There must be some way out of here," said the joker to the thief,

Am G F G Am G F G
"There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.

Am G F G Am G F G
Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my herbs,

Am G F G Am G F G
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

Am G F G Am G F G Am G F G Am G F G Am

"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."

Am G F G Am G F G Am G F G Am G F G Am

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.