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.