**All Along The Watchtower—Bob Dylan**

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| “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 | Capo 4th Fret  ||Am |G |F ||  Strum Pattern   |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | | Chord | Am |  | G | G F | F |  | G |  | | Beat | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 & | 1 | 2 | 3 & | 4 | | Strum | 🡫 | 🡫 | 🡫🡩 | 🡫🡩 |  | 🡫 | 🡫🡩 | 🡫 | |