

Title: ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER (Bob Dylan)

Am G F G Am (play it forever)

There must be some kind of way out of here

Said the joker to the thief

There's too much confusion

I can't get no relief

Buisness men they drink my wine

Plowmen dig my earth

None would ever compromise

Nobody of this world

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 place

So let us stop talking 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

All along the watchtower

All along the watchtower

All along the watchtower