

Am G F G Am

## ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

Dylan

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

Business 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