

# All Along the Watch Tower

Words and Music By Bob Dylan

There must be some way out of here," said the joker to the thief  
"There's too much confusion,... I can't get any 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  
No time to speak talk falsely now, the hour is getting late"

Bridge

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went, bare-foot servants, too  
Outside in the cold distance... a wildcat did growl  
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl