

# All Along the Watchtower

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*written by Bob Dylan*

There must be some kind of way outta here  
Said the joker to the thief  
There's too much confusion  
I can't get no relief

Business men, they drink my wine  
Plowman dig my earth  
None were level on the mind  
Nobody up at his word  
Hey, hey

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, uh, but you and I, we've been through that  
And this is not our fate  
So let us stop talkin' falsely now  
The hour's getting late, hey

All along the watchtower  
Princes 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