

All Along the Watchtower 57/112

Am ♭ Am/G ♭ F - G

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.
Businessman they drink my wine,
Plowman dig my earth
None will level on the line,
nobody offered his word, 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 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 cold distance
A wildcat did growl
Two riders were approaching
And the wind began to howl
business men there, drink my wine,
Come and take my herb