

Bob Dylan - All Along the Watchtower

(Album: John Wesley Harding (1967))

[**Am** | **G** | **F** | **F**] *(repeat Chords for song)*

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 will level on the wine

Nobody 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

So let us talk falsely now

The hour's getting late

All along the watchtower

The princess kept the view

While all the women came

And went bare feet servants too

Outside in the cold distance

A wild cat did growl

Two riders were approaching

And the wind began to howl