

# All Along The Watchtower

Cm	Bb	Ab	Bb
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There must be some kind a 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 plowmen dig my earth  
None will level on the vine nobody of it is worth Hey!

(solo 1)

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 hours gettin' late.

(solo 2)

All along the watchtower princes 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

(outro)

fade out