

# ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

(BOB DYLAN)

Am Am/G F G  
**1.** There must be some way out of here,  
 Am Am/G F G  
 said the joker to the thief.  
 Am Am/G F G  
 There's too much confusion,  
 Am Am/G F G  
 I can't get no relief.  
 Am Am/G F G  
 Business men they drink my wine,  
 Am Am/G F G  
 plowmen dig my earth.  
 Am Am/G F G  
 None of them along the line  
 Am Am/G F G  
 know what any of it is worth.

Am Am/G F G  
**2.** No reason to get excited,  
 Am Am/G F G  
 the thief he kindly spoke.  
 Am Am/G F G  
 There are many here among us  
 Am Am/G F G  
 who feel that life is but a joke.  
 Am Am/G F G  
 But you and I we've been through that  
 Am Am/G F G  
 and this is not our fate.  
 Am Am/G F G  
 So let us not talk falsely now,  
 Am Am/G F G  
 the hour is getting late.

Am Am/G F G  
**3.** All along the watchtower  
 Am Am/G F G  
 princess kept the view,  
 Am Am/G F G  
 while all the women came and went,  
 Am Am/G F G  
 barefoot servants too.  
 Am Am/G F G  
 Outside in the distance  
 Am Am/G F G  
 a wildcat did growl,  
 Am Am/G F G  
 two riders were approaching,  
 Am Am/G F G Am  
 the wind began to howl.

Am *Strophe* Am/G F G Am Am/G

1. There must be some way out of here, said the jo - ker to the

F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G

thief. There's too much con - fu - sion, I can't get no re -

F G Am Am/G F G

lief. Busi - ness men they drink my wine, —

Am Am/G F G Am Am/G

plow - men dig my earth. None of them a -

F G Am Am/G F G

long the line — know what a - ny of it is worth. *D.C.*

M + T: Bob Dylan  
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