

**All Along the Watchtower  
(Dylan – The Jimi Hendrix Experience)**

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  
Plowmen dig my earth  
None will level on the line  
Nobody of it is worth

No reason to get excited  
The thief he kindly spoke  
There are too 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's getting late, hey

All along the watchtower  
Princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went  
Bare-foot servants too  
Outside in the cold distance  
A wild cat did a growl  
Two riders were approachin'  
And the wind began to howl, hey