All Along the Watchtower

U2

There must be some way out of here
Said the joker to the thief
There's too much confusion here
I can't get no relief
Businessmen they drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
None of them know along the line
What any of this is worth
YeahNo reason to get excited
The thief, he kindly spoke
There are many here among us
Who think that life is but a joke
But you and I, we've been through that
And that is not our fate
So let us not talk falsely now
Because the hour is getting lateAll along the watchtower
And Princess kept the view
While horsemen came and went
Barefoot servants tooAll I got is a red guitar
Three chords
And the truthAll I got is a red guitar
The rest is up to youThere's no reason to get excited
The thief, he kindly spoke
There are some among us here
Say that life is just a joke
You and I, we've been through that
And that is not our fate (at least today)
So let us not talk falsely now
Because the hour is getting late
LateYeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah ey-ey-ey
Ahh, ahh, yeah-ey-ey-ey

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