

All Along The Watchtower

[Neil Young](#)

"There must be some kind of way out of here"

Said a joker to the thief

"There is too much confusion, I can't get no relief

Businessmen, they drink my wine, ploughmen dig my earth

None of them along the line, nobody up 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 have been through that and it is not our fate

So let us not talk falsely now, the hour's getting late" All along the watchtower, princess kept the view

While all the women came and went, barefoot servants too

Outside in the cold distance a wildcat did growl

Two riders were approaching and the wind began to howl

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