

All Along the Watchtower

Affinity

"There must be some way out of here," said the seeker to the thief

"There's too much confusion and I can't get no relief

Businessmen drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth

None of them along the line know any of its worth""No reason to get excited," he spoke

"You know there are many here who feel that life is a joke

But you and I, we've been through that and this is not our fate

So let us not talk falsely, for the hour is getting late" All along the watchtower the prince, he kept the view

All his women came and went, all the foot servants too

Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl

Two riders were approaching and the wind began to howl

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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