

# ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER ( WOODSTOCK 94)

Bob Dylan

There must be some way out of here  
Said the joker to the thief  
There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief  
Businessmen, they drink my wine  
Plowmen dig my earth  
None of them along the line know what any of 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, we've been through that, and this is not our fate  
So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late  
All along the watchtower, princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, too  
Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl  
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl

Songwriters

BOB DYLAN Published by

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