

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 worthNo 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 lateAll along the watchtower, princes kept the view

While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, tooOutside in the distance a wildcat did growl

Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl

Songwriters

BOB DYLANPublished by

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