(all Along The) Watchtower

Devlin

There must be some kind of way out of here
Said the joker to the thief, yeah
There Â’s too much confusion
Mmm I can Â’t get no relief

Yeah
I see jokers on my left, thieves upon my right
You Â’d find me in the middle if I picked a different life
Before my name started tripling in size
But I'm still showing signs all attributed tonight
In the pitch black, it Â’s too cold
I Â’m all alone take me back to the roads
I had to rode to get here and I Â’ll hitch back
Get a cab to my mother Â’s house
See my old man and grab a six pack
Tell my brother I love him
And give him something that will see him through the hard times
What Â’s a brother for?
When I Â’m sick of this life I see
It has to be my family who lift me off the floor
Make sense of all the madness in a world full of money, full of tears, full of war
I was a failed man and worse I couldn Â’t give a fuck
Save your wine for the entrepreneurs

All along the watchtower
Princes kept the view
While all the women came and went
Barefoot servants too, yeah
Outside in the cold distance
A wildcat did growl
Two riders were approaching
And the wind began to howl

Cause your world is the same as mine
Pour more blood in your cup
Take a sip full of sin and let your taste buds savour the buzz
The flavour of an ill-mannered nature
That lingers on as animals in all of us
Trying to fight for the right to live a life

But some will never win though
ThatÂ’s why they live a lie
I donÂ’t think IÂ’ll ever win
All of this is anything
When I die I hope a brotherÂ’s at my side
ThereÂ’s no trap door, or get out clause
The world can be your oyster or a set of jail doors
YouÂ’ve seen mine, I think itÂ’s time I see yours
I bet you that weÂ’ve been scarred by the same swords
Some are lost some are...
Apart from the fact I live my life in the light and now IÂ’m trapped in it
The way I feel within a few years time
I might have a couple kids and just forget I ever wrote lyrics

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Take away the treasure of a man
Convinced that he holds heaven in his hands
Even though I ainÂ’t religious IÂ’m a little superstitious
Maybe there is a promised land
But will I make it or not is a different matter
IÂ’ve been a joker, IÂ’ve been a thief, IÂ’ve been a rapper
IÂ’ve been the only enemy that I can never beat
Give me a piece of mind upon a platinum platter

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