All Along The Watchtower

3. 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

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