

# All Along the Watchtower

## Brewer & Shipley

There must be some kind of way out of here  
Said the joker to the thief, yeah  
There's too much confusion  
Mmm I can't get no relief Business men, they drink my wine  
Plowman dig my earth  
None were level on the mind  
No one up at his word Yeah, I see jokers on my left, thieves upon my right  
You'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 to mine  
In the pitch black, it's too cold  
I'm all alone take me back to the roads  
I had to roam to get here and I'll hitch back  
Get a cab to my mother'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's a brother for?  
When i'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 plowman and worked from the earth up  
Save your wine for the entrepreneurs Well all along the watchtower  
Princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went  
Barefoot servants, too  
Outside in the cold distance  
A wildcat did growl (like a failed man I worked from the earth up)  
Two riders were approaching  
And the wind begins 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 that's why they live a lie  
I don't think I'll ever win  
All of this is anything  
When I die I hope a brother's at my side

There's no trap door, or get out clause  
The world can be your oyster or a set of jail doors  
You've seen mine, I think it's time I see yours  
I bet you that we've been scarred by the same swords  
So we are not so unlike  
Apart from the fact I live my life in the light and now i'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 Well 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 begins to howl Take away the treasure of a man  
Convinced that he holds heaven in his hands  
Even though I ain't religious i'm a little superstitious  
Maybe there is a promised land  
But will I make it or not is a different matter  
I've been a joker, I've been a thief, I've been a rapper  
I've been the only enemy that I can never beat  
Give me a piece of mind upon a platinum platter Well all along the watchtower  
Princes kept the view oh oh oh  
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 begins to howl

Songwriters

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