

All Along the Watchtower

Bear McCreary

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
Business men they drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
None will level on the wine
Nobody 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 talk falsely now
The hour's getting late

All along the watchtower
The princess kept the view
While all the women came and went,
their foot servants, too.

Outside in the distance
A wild cat did growl
Two riders were approaching
And the wind began to howl

Lyrics submitted by Luke.

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