

# All Along the Watchtower (Live, July 4, 1989)

## Grateful Dead

There must be some way outta here  
Said the joker to the thief  
There's too much confusion here  
I can't get no relief  
Businessmen, they drink my wine  
Plowmen dig my earth  
None of them know along the line  
What any of this is worth, yeah No reason to get excited  
The thief, he kindly spoke  
There are many among us  
Who think that life is but a joke  
But you and I, we've been through that  
And that is not our fate  
So let us not talk falsely now  
Because the hour is getting late, hey, hey, hey All along the watchtower  
Princes kept the view  
While horsemen came and went  
Barefoot servants, too All I got is a red guitar  
Three chords and the truth  
All I got is a red guitar  
The rest is up to you

Songwriters  
Bob Dylan Published by  
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