

# All Along The Watchtower

By Bob Dylan/Jimi Hendrix

Am G F G  
"There must be some way out of here"  
Am G F G  
Said the joker to the thief  
Am G F G  
"There's too much confusion,  
Am G F G  
I can't get no relief.  
Am G F G  
Businessmen, they drink my wine,  
Am G F G  
Plowmen dig my earth  
Am G F G  
None of them along the line  
Am G F G  
Know what any of it is worth."

Am G F G x4

Am G F G  
"No reason to get excited,"  
Am G F G  
The thief, he kindly spoke  
Am G F G  
"There are many here among us  
Am G F G  
Who feel that life is but a joke.  
Am G F G  
But you and I, we've been through that  
Am G F G  
And this is not our fate,  
Am G F G  
So let us not talk falsely now  
Am G F G  
The hour is getting late."

Am G F G x4

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