

# ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

(BOB DYLAN)  
[TRANSP. +4]

Am Am/G F G  
1. There must be some way out of here,  
Am Am/G F G  
said the joker to the thief.  
Am Am/G F G  
There's too much confusion,  
Am Am/G F G  
I can't get no relief.  
Am Am/G F G  
Business men they drink my wine,  
Am Am/G F G  
plowmen dig my earth.  
Am Am/G F G  
None of them along the line  
Am Am/G F G  
know what any of it is worth.

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

Am Am/G F G  
3. All along the watchtower  
Am Am/G F G  
princess kept the view,  
Am Am/G F G  
while all the women came and went,  
Am Am/G F G  
barefoot servants too.  
Am Am/G F G  
Outside in the distance  
Am Am/G F G  
a wildcat did growl,  
Am Am/G F G  
two riders were approaching,  
Am Am/G F G Am  
the wind began to howl.

Am **Strophe** Am/G F G Am Am/G

1. There must be some way out of here, said the jo - ker to the

F G Am Am/G F G Am Am/G

thief. There's too much con - fu - sion, I can't get no re -

F G Am Am/G F G

lief. Busi - ness men they drink my wine, —

Am Am/G F G Am Am/G

plow - men dig my earth. None of them a -

F G Am Am/G F G

long the line — know what a - ny of it is worth. *D.C.*

M + T: Bob Dylan  
© 1968 (Renewed 1996) Dwarf Music.  
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.