

All Along The Watchtower - Bob Dylan

Capo 4th fret

[Verse 1]

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

Am G F G Am G F G Am G F G Am G F G Am

[Verse 2]

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

[Verse 3]

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