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