

# All Along the Watchtower

[Bear McCreary](#)

There must be some way out of here  
Said the joker to the thief  
There's too much confusion  
I can't get no relief  
Businessmen they drink my wine  
Plowmen dig my earth  
None of them along the line  
Know what any of it is worth  
No reason to get excited  
The thief he kindly spoke  
There are many here among us  
Who feel that life is but a joke  
But you and I, we've been through that  
And this is not our fate  
So let us not talk falsely now  
The hour is getting late  
All along the watchtower  
princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went  
barefoot servants, too.  
Outside in the distance  
a wildcat did growl  
Two riders were approaching  
the wind began to howl, yeah!  
All along the watchtower  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>