

# Bear McCreary, All Along the Watchtower

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