

Lenny Kravitz, All Along The Watchtower

There must be some kind of way out of here
Said the joker to the thief
There's too much confusion
I can't get no relief
Business men they
They drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
No one will ever on the mine
Nobody of it is worth
No reason to get excited
The thief he kindly fool
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 talk falsely now
The hour's getting late
Yeah
All along the watchtower
The princess kept the view
While all the women came and went
Bare feet servants too
Outside in the cold distance
A wild cat did growl
Two riders were approaching now
And the wind began to howl
Yeah
All along the watchtower
Yeah
All along the watchtower
Oh come on