

Neil Young, All Along The Watchtower

"There must be some kind of way out of here"
Said a joker to the thief
"There is too much confusion,
I can't get no relief.
Businessmen, they drink my wine,
Ploughmen dig my earth
None of them anywhere along the line
Know what any of it is worth"

"No reason to get excited"
The thief he softly 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 not our fate.
And let us not talk falsely now,
The hour's getting late"

All along the watchtower,
Princes kept the view
While all the women came and went,
Barefoot servants too.
Outside in the cold distance
A wildcat did growl
Two riders were approaching
The wind began to howl