

All Along the Watchtower

Bob Dylan

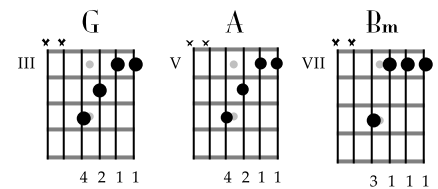
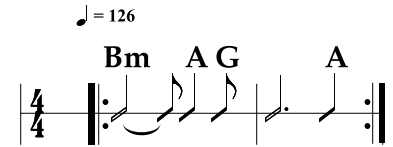
John Wesley Harding (1967)

No Capo

Bm A G A Bm A G A
 "There must be some way out of here," said the joker to the thief
 Bm A G A Bm A G A
 "There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief
 Bm A G A Bm A G A
 Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth
 Bm A G A Bm A G A
 None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

Bm A G A Bm A G A
 "No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,
 Bm A G A Bm A G A
 "There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke
 Bm A G A Bm A G A
 But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate
 Bm A G A Bm A G A
 So, let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late."

Bm A G A Bm A G A
 All along the watchtower, princes kept the view
 Bm A G A Bm A G A
 While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, too
 Bm A G A Bm A G A
 Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl
 Bm A G A Bm A G A
 Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl



All Along the Watchtower

Intro

A Bm A G A Bm

TAB

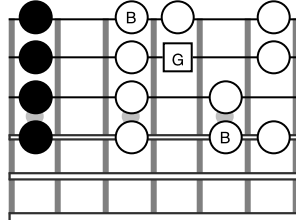
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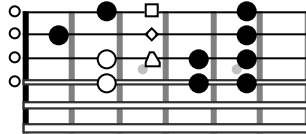
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G major



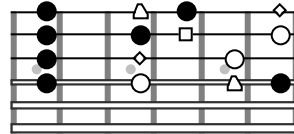
V VII IX

G major blues



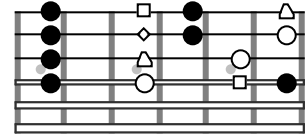
III V

G major



V VII IX

B minor



V VII IX

