

All Along The Watchtower

U2

Am G F G

There must be some way out of here
Said the joker to the thief
There's too much confusion here
I can't get no relief
Businessmen they drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
None of them know along the line
What any of this is worth

No reason to get excited
The thief, he kindly spoke
There are many here among us
Who think that life is but a joke
But you and I, we've been through that
And that is not our fate
So let us not talk falsely now
Because the hour is getting late

All along the watchtower
Princes kept the view
While horsemen came and went
Barefoot servants too

All I got is a red guitar
Three chords
And the truth

All I got is a red guitar
The rest is up to you

There's no reason to get excited
The thief, he kindly spoke
There are some among us here
Say that life is just a joke
You and I, we've been through that
And that is not our fate (at least today)
So let us not talk falsely now
Because the hour is getting late
Late...

(yeeeeaaaaaahhhhhh...)