

All Along The Watchtower

Words & Music by Bob Dylan

Always moving on (♩ = c. 120)

B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b

“There must be some kind of way

A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b

out of here,” said the jo-ker to the thief. There’s too much con-fu-sion,

Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b

I can’t get nore-lief. Bus-’ness-men, they drink my wine, plough-men dig my earth.

A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b

None. will lev-el on the line, no-bod-y of it is worth. Hey,...

Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b

hey. All a - long the watch - tow - er,

Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b

prin - ces kept in view, while all the wo - men came and went, -

Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b

bare - foot ser - vants too. Out - side in the cold dis - tance, a wild cat did growl. ...

A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b

Two ri - ders were ap - proach - in', and the wind be - gan to howl. Hey!

Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm B^b A^b B^b Cm