



ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

From Album Footsteps . By Chris de Burgh . Written by Bob Dylan

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

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,
"There are many here among us now,
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 not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late;"

All along the Watchtower, Princes kept the view,
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants too,
Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl;

"There must be some way out of here,"
"There must be some way out of here..."