

All Along The Watchtower - Bob Dylan/Jimi Hendrix

Intro **Bb-Bb Cm-Cm-Cm-Cm | Bb-Bb Ab-Ab-Ab-Ab :|| x4 - accent 2, solo 2**

Verse 1

There must be some kind of way out of here,
Said the joker to the thief,
There's too much confusion,
I can't get no relief.
Business men – they drink my wine,
Plowmen dig my earth,
None will level on the line,
Nobody of it is worth."

capo 4 **Cm Bb | Ab Bb :||**
 Am G | F G :||

Solo (short)

Verse 2

No reason to get excited,
The thief – he kindly 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 is not our fate.
So let us not talk falsely now,
The hour's getting late.

Solo (extended)

Verse 3

All along the watchtower,
Princess kept the view,
While all the women came. and went,
Bare-foot servants too.
Outside in the cold distance,
A wild cat did growl,
Two riders were approaching,
And the wind began to howl... hey!

Solo

... end on Cm
... end on Am