

Bob Dylan - All Along The Watchtower

```
Tom: A
                                                       Us who feel that life is but a joke
                                                       Dbm E A Dbm E A Dbm Bm A Db Dbm Db E A B Dbm (Solo Gaita)
                                                            B A
                                                       Dbm
                                                                         R
                                                       And this is not our fate
                                                       Dbm B A
"There must be some kinda way out of here"
                                                       So let us not talk falsely now,
       В
                                                       Dbm
                                                            В
Said the joker to the thief
                                                       Because the hour is getting late"
          В
"There's too much confusion,
                                                       E A B Dbm E A B Dbm (Solo Gaita)
Dbm
      В
I can't get no relief
                                                        Dbm
                                                       All along the watchtower
       В
Businessmen, they drink my wine,
                                                       Princes kept their view
Dbm
      В
Plow men dig my earth
                                                        Dbm B A
Dbm
    В А
                                                       While other women came and went
None of them along the line
                                                       Dbm B
                                                                  Α
                                                       Barefoot servants, too
Know what any of it is worth"
                                                        Dbm B A
                                                       Outside in the cold distance
E A B Dbm E A B Dbm (Solo Gaita)
                                                       Dbm B A
                                                       A wild cat did growl
                                                       Dbm B A
                                                       Two riders were approaching
"No reason to get excited"
                                                        Dbm B A
Dbm
     В
                В
          Α
The thief he kindly spoke
                                                       And the wind began to howl.
Dbm B A
"There are many here among
                                                       Dbm E A Dbm E A Dbm Bm A Db Dbm Db E A B Dbm (Solo Gaita)
Dbm B
          Α
```

Acordes

