

# Bob Dylan - All Along The Watchtower

Tom: A

Dbm E A Dbm E A Dbm Bm A Db Dbm Db E A B Dbm (Solo Gaita)

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

E A B Dbm E A B Dbm (Solo Gaita)

Dbm B A B  
 "No reason to get excited"  
 Dbm B A B  
 The thief he kindly spoke  
 Dbm B A B  
 "There are many here among  
 Dbm B A B

Us who feel that life is but a joke  
 Dbm B A B  
 But, you and I, we've been through that  
 Dbm B A B  
 And this is not our fate  
 Dbm B A B  
 So let us not talk falsely now,  
 Dbm B A B  
 Because the hour is getting late"

E A B Dbm E A B Dbm (Solo Gaita)

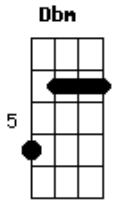
Dbm B A B  
 All along the watchtower  
 Dbm B A B  
 Princes kept their view  
 Dbm B A B  
 While other women came and went  
 Dbm B A B  
 Barefoot servants, too  
 Dbm B A B  
 Outside in the cold distance  
 Dbm B A B  
 A wild cat did growl  
 Dbm B A B  
 Two riders were approaching  
 Dbm B A B  
 And the wind began to howl.

Dbm E A Dbm E A Dbm Bm A Db Dbm Db E A B Dbm (Solo Gaita)

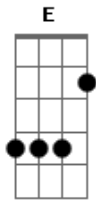
## Acordes



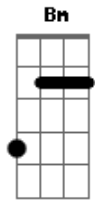
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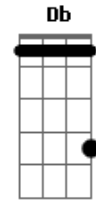
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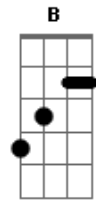
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