

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

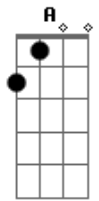
Us who feel that life is but a joke
 Dbm B A B
 But, you and I, we've been through that
 Dbm B A B
 And this is not our fate
 Dbm B A B
 So let us not talk falsely now,
 Dbm B A B
 Because the hour is getting late"

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

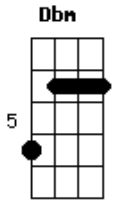
Dbm B A B
 All along the watchtower
 Dbm B A B
 Princes kept their view
 Dbm B A B
 While other women came and went
 Dbm B A B
 Barefoot servants, too
 Dbm B A B
 Outside in the cold distance
 Dbm B A B
 A wild cat did growl
 Dbm B A B
 Two riders were approaching
 Dbm B A B
 And the wind began to howl.

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

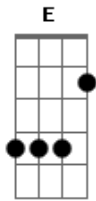
Acordes



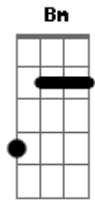
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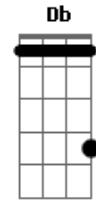
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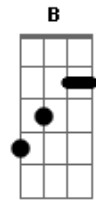
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