EXHIBIT 184



All Along the Watchtower

John Wesley Harding • Bob Dylan • 1967

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Lyrics

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
Plowmen 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 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

WRITERS
Bob Dylan

PUBLISHERS
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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See A Problem With Something?

Lyrics Other



John Wesley Harding
1967

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Bob Dylan

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Bob Dylan

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Bob Dylan

04 All Along the Watchtower
Bob Dylan

05 The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest
Bob Dylan

06 Drifter's Escape
Bob Dylan

07 Dear Landlord
Bob Dylan

08 I Am a Lonesome Hobo
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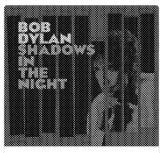
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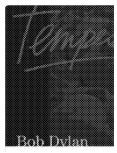
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