



## Fill in the gaps

### Duquesne whistle by Bob Dylan

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing

(1)\_\_\_\_\_ like it's gonna sweep my world away

I wanna stop at Carmangale and keep on going

(2)\_\_\_\_\_ Duquesne train gonna rock me

(3)\_\_\_\_\_ and day

You say I'm a gambler, you say I'm a pimp

But I ain't neither one

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing

Sounds like it's on a final run

(4)\_\_\_\_\_ to that Duquesne whistle blowing

Blowing like she never blowed before

Little (5)\_\_\_\_\_ blinking, red light glowing

Blowing like she's at my chamber door

You smiling through the fence at me

(6)\_\_\_\_\_ like you always smiled before

Listen to that (7)\_\_\_\_\_ whistle blowing

Blowing like she ain't gonna blow no more

Can't you hear (8)\_\_\_\_\_ Duquesne whistle blowing?

Blowing like the sky's gonna blow apart

You're the only thing alive that keeps me going

You're like a time bomb in my heart

I can hear a sweet voice steadily calling

Must be the mother of our lore

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing

Blowing like my woman's on board

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing

Blowing like it's (9)\_\_\_\_\_ blow my blues away

You old rascal, I know exactly where you're going

I'll lead you there myself at the break of day

I wake up every morning with that woman in my bed

Everybody telling me she's gone to my head

(10)\_\_\_\_\_ to that Duquesne whistle blowing

Blowing like it's gonna kill me dead

Can't you hear that Duquesne whistle blowing?

Blowing through another no good town

The lights on my lady land are glowing

I wonder if they'll know me next time round

I wonder if that old oak tree's still standing

That old oak tree, the one we used to climb

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing

Blowing like she's blowing right on time



**Fill in the gaps**

**Answer**

1. Blowing
2. That
3. night
4. Listen
5. light
6. Just
7. Duquesne
8. that
9. gonna
10. Listen