

## Duquesne whistle by Bob Dylan

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing

Blowing (1)\_\_\_\_\_ it's gonna (2)\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ my world away I wanna stop at (3)\_\_\_\_\_ and keep on going That Duquesne train gonna (4)\_\_\_\_\_ me night 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 Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing Blowing like she never blowed before Little (5)\_\_\_\_\_ blinking, red (6)\_ \_\_\_\_\_ glowing Blowing like she's at my chamber door You smiling through the fence at me Just like you always smiled before \_\_\_\_\_ to that Duquesne whistle blowing (7)\_\_\_\_ Blowing like she ain't gonna blow no more Can't you hear that 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 gonnna blow my blues away You old rascal, I know exactly where you're going I'll lead you there (8) 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 Listen 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 (9)\_\_\_\_\_ old oak tree's still standing That old oak tree, the one we used to climb Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing (10)\_\_\_\_\_ like she's blowing right on time



- 1. like
- 2. sweep
- 3. Carmangale
- 4. rock
- 5. light
- 6. light
- 7. Listen
- 8. myself
- 9. that
- 10. Blowing

## Fill in the gaps