



## Fill in the gaps

### Duquesne whistle by Bob Dylan

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like it's gonna sweep my world away  
I wanna stop at Carmangale and keep on going  
That Duquesne train gonna rock me night and day  
You say I'm a gambler, you say I'm a pimp  
But I ain't neither one  
(1)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 light blinking, red light glowing  
Blowing like she's at my chamber door  
You smiling through the fence at me  
Just (2)\_\_\_\_\_ you (3)\_\_\_\_\_ smiled before  
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
(4)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 gonna 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 (6)\_\_\_\_\_ up every (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (9)\_\_\_\_\_ if that old oak tree's (10)\_\_\_\_\_  
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



Answer

1. Listen
2. like
3. always
4. Blowing
5. thing
6. wake
7. morning
8. hear
9. wonder
10. still

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