

Fill in the gaps

Duquesne whistle by Bob Dylan

(1) to that (2) whistle	Must be the mother of our lore
blowing	Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
Blowing (3) it's gonna sweep my world away	(7) like my woman's on board
I wanna stop at Carmangale and keep on going	Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
That Duquesne train (4) rock me night and day	Blowing like it's gonnna blow my blues away
You say I'm a gambler, you say I'm a pimp	You old rascal, I know exactly where you're going
But I ain't neither one	I'll lead you there myself at the break of day
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing	I wake up every morning with that woman in my bed
Sounds like it's on a final run	Everybody (8) me she's (9) to
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing	my head
Blowing like she never blowed before	Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
Little light blinking, red light glowing	Blowing like it's gonna kill me dead
Blowing like she's at my chamber door	Can't you hear that Duquesne whistle blowing?
You smiling through the fence at me	Blowing through another no good town
Just like you always smiled before	The lights on my lady land are glowing
(5) to that Duquesne whistle blowing	I wonder if they'll know me next time round
Blowing like she ain't gonna blow no more	I wonder if that old oak tree's still standing
Can't you hear that Duquesne whistle blowing?	That old oak tree, the one we used to climb
Blowing like the sky's gonna blow apart	Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
You're the only thing alive that keeps me going	Blowing like she's blowing right on time
You're like a time bomb in my heart	
I can hear a (6) voice steadily calling	



- 1. Listen
- 2. Duquesne
- 3. like
- 4. gonna
- 5. Listen
- 6. sweet
- 7. Blowing
- 8. telling
- 9. gone

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