



## Fill in the gaps

### Duquesne whistle by Bob Dylan

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like it's gonna sweep my (1)\_\_\_\_\_ away  
I wanna stop at Carmangale and keep on going  
That Duquesne (2)\_\_\_\_\_ gonna rock 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 light blinking, red light glowing  
Blowing like she's at my chamber door  
You smiling through the fence at me  
Just like you always smiled before  
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like she ain't gonna blow no more  
Can't you hear that Duquesne (3)\_\_\_\_\_ blowing?  
Blowing like the sky's (4)\_\_\_\_\_ blow apart  
You're the only thing alive (5)\_\_\_\_\_ 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  
(6)\_\_\_\_\_ to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like it's gonna (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ me she's gone to my head  
Listen to that (9)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (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. world
2. train
3. whistle
4. gonna
5. that
6. Listen
7. blow
8. telling
9. Duquesne
10. still

**Fill in the gaps**