

## Fill in the gaps

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 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
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
Sounds like it's on a final run
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
Blowing (2) 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 (3) whistle blowing
Blowing like she ain't gonna blow no more
Can't you hear that (4) whistle blowing?
Blowing like the sky's gonna blow apart
You're the only thing alive that keeps me going
You're like a (5) 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 myself at the break of day I (6)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (8)\_\_\_\_\_ right on time



- 1. world
- 2. like
- 3. Duquesne
- 4. Duquesne
- 5. time
- 6. wake
- 7. wonder
- 8. blowing

## Fill in the gaps