

## **Bob Dylan**

### **"Duquesne Whistle"**

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Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like it's gonna sweep my world away  
I'm gonna stop in Carbondale and keep on going  
That Duquesne train gonna ride 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  
Sounding like she's on a final runâ€¦.

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
Blowing like she's never blowed before  
Blue light blinking, red light blowing  
Blowing like she's at my chamber door  
You're 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 whistle blowing  
Blowing like the sky is 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 gently calling  
Must be the mother of our Lord  
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 wake up every morning with that woman in my bed  
Everybody's 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 of my native land are glowing  
I wonder if they'll know me next time around  
I wondered 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 blowing right on time

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