

The Whistle Is Blowing

The New Basement Tapes

The whistle is blowing
And the chain is going
Just what's going to happen next
I'm not wanting to see

Well, I'm sitting here yearning
While those wheels keep turning
I'll be gone by tonight, she told me today
And next turn to the corner store
By the sight of this sheet rock
I will wait for the morning like a dog in the boon

Blow, blow on
Blow, blow on

Though the minutes go slow now
And I hope it don't snow now
'Cause it's quiet and still
And the train is out of sight
All you need is a spark to blow by the farm
Oh dear me, that woman, that woman is always right

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Blow, blow on

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