

Duquesne Whistle

[Bob Dylan](#)

Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
Blowing like it's gonna sweep my world away
I'm gonna stop at Carmangale and keep on going
That Duquesne train gon' 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
Sound 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've always smiled before
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
Blowing like she ain't gon' blow no more
Can't you hear that Duquesne whistle blowing?
Blowing like the sky's 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 steadily 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 gon' blow my blues away
You're a 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 telling me she's gone to my head
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing
Blowing like it's gon' kill me dead
Can't you hear that Duquesne whistle blowing?
Blowing through another no good town
The lights on my native land are glowing
I wonder if they'll know me next time 'round
I wonder 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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