Duquesne Whistle

Bob Dylan

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 run?.

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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