

## Duquesne Whistle

Bob Dylan

Intro:

**Eb Eb Eb Eb**  
**Eb Eb Eb Eb**  
**Dbm Ab Fm Bb**  
**Eb Eb Eb Eb**

**Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb Bb Eb**

**Ab Eb Ab Eb**  
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
**Ab Eb Bb Eb**  
Blowing like it s gonna sweep my world away  
**Ab Eb Ab Eb**  
I wanna stop at Carmbondale and keep on going  
**Ab Eb Bb Eb**  
That Duquesne train goin rock me night and day

**Dbm Ab**  
You say I m a gambler, you say I m a pimp  
**Fm Bb**  
But I ain t neither one

**Ab Eb Ab Eb**  
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
**Ab Eb Bb Eb**  
Sounding like it s on a final run

**Ab Eb Ab Eb**

**Ab Eb Ab Eb**  
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
**Ab Eb Bb Eb**  
Blowing like she never blowed before  
**Ab Eb Ab Eb**  
Little light blinking, red light glowing  
**Ab Eb Bb Eb**  
Blowing like she s at my chamber door

**Dbm Ab**  
You smiling through the fence at me  
**Fm Bb**  
Just like you always smiled before  
**Ab Eb Ab Eb**  
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
**Ab Eb Bb Eb**  
Blowing like she ain t goin blow no more

Ab Eb	Ab Eb	Ab Eb	Bb Eb
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Eb Eb  
 Can t you hear that Duquesne whistle blowing?  
 Eb Eb  
 Blowing like the sky s gonna blow apart  
 Eb Eb  
 You re the only thing alive that keeps me going  
 Eb Eb  
 You re like a time bomb in my heart  
 Dbm Ab  
 I can hear a sweet voice steadily calling  
 Fm Bb  
 Must be the mother of our Lord  
 Ab Eb Ab Eb  
 Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
 Ab Eb Bb Eb  
 Blowing like my woman s on board

Ab Eb Ab Eb

Ab Eb Ab Eb  
 Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
 Ab Eb Bb Eb  
 Blowing like it s gon blow my blues away  
 Ab Eb Ab Eb  
 You old rascal, I know exactly where you re going  
 Ab Eb Bb Eb  
 I ll lead you there myself at the break of day

Dbm Ab  
 I wake up every morning with that woman in my bed  
 Fm Bb  
 Everybody telling me she s gone to my head  
 Ab Eb Ab Eb  
 Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
 Ab Eb Bb Eb  
 Blowing like it s goin kill me dead

Eb	Bb	Ab	Cm	Ab	Ab/Bb	Bb
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Ab Eb Ab Eb Ab Eb Bb Eb

Ab Eb Ab Eb  
 Can t you hear that Duquesne whistle blowing?  
 Ab Eb Bb Eb  
 Blowing through another no good town  
 Ab Eb Ab Eb  
 The lights on my native land are glowing  
 Ab Eb Bb Eb  
 I wonder if they ll know me next time round  
 Dbm Ab  
 I wonder if that old oak tree s still standing

**Fm** **Bb**  
That old oak tree, the one we used to climb  
**Ab Eb** **Ab Eb**  
Listen to that Duquesne whistle blowing  
**Ab Eb** **Bb Eb**  
Blowing like she s blowing right on time

**Bb** . . . . .

**Ab Eb** **Ab Eb**  
**Ab Eb** **Bb Eb**