

# City Of New Orleans

## David Hasselhoff

Riding on the city of New Orleans  
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders

Three conductors and twenty five sacks of mailThey're out on the southbound odyssey

Train pulls out of Kankakee  
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields  
Passing towns that have no names  
Freight yards full of old gray men

And the graveyards of the rusted automobilesSinging, Good morning, America, how are you?

Don't you know me? I'm your native son  
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans

I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is doneDealing card with the old men in the club car

Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle

Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floorAnd the sons of the Pullman porters  
And the sons of the engineers

Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel  
And the days are full of restless  
And the dreams are full of memories

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feelSinging, Good morning, America, how are you?

Don't you know me? I'm your native son  
I'm the train they call the city of New Orleans

I'll be gone five hundred miles 'fore the day is doneWell, it's twilight on the city of New Orleans

Talk about your pocketful of friends  
Half way home and we'll be there by morning

No tomorrow waiting 'round the bendSinging, Good morning, America, how are you?

Don't you know me? I'm your native son  
I'm the train they call the city of New Orleans

I'll be gone five hundred miles 'fore the day is doneSinging, Good night, America, how are you?

Don't you know me? I'm your native son  
I'm the train they call the city of New Orleans  
I'll be gone five hundred miles 'fore the day is done

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