

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 mail
They'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 automobiles
Singing, 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 done
Dealing 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 floor
And 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 feel
Singing, 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 done
Well, 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 bend
Singing, 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 done
Singing, 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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