

# City of New Orleans

Steve Goodman

Riding on the city of New Orleans  
Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
There are fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail

There all out on this southbound odyssey  
And the train pulls out of Kankakee  
Rolls past the houses, farms and fields  
Passin' towns that have no names  
And freight yards full of old black men  
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles

Singin' good morning America, how are ya  
Saying don't ya know me I'm your native son  
Yes I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone 500 miles when day is done

And I was dealing cards with the old men in the club car  
And it's penny a point, there ain't no one keeping score  
Won't ya past that paper bag that holds that bottle  
You can feel the wheels grumbling through the floor

And the sons of Pullman porters; The sons of engineers  
They ride their father's magic carpet made of steel  
And mothers with the babes asleep  
Go rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they dream

Singin' good morning America, how are ya  
Sayin' don't ya know me I'm your native son  
And I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
I'll be gone 500 miles when day is done

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans  
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee  
It's halfway home and we'll be there by morning  
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling to the sea  
And all the towns and people  
They seem to fade into a bad dream  
The old steel rails, it ain't heard the news

The conductor sings that song again  
Its passengers will please refrain  
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues

Singin' it's good night America, how are ya  
Sayin' on't ya know me I'm your native son  
And I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done

Singin' it's good night America, how are ya  
Saying don't ya know me I'm your native son  
Well I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone a long, long time when the day is done

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