

# City Of New Orleans

Willie Nelson

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  
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out at Kankakee  
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields  
Passin' trains that have no names and freight yards full of old black men  
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles  
Good morning America how are you?  
See, don't you know me I'm your native son  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done  
Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car  
Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor  
And the sons of pullman porters and the sons of engineers  
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel  
Mothers with their babes asleep are rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  
Good morning America how are you?  
See, 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  
Nighttime on The City of New Orleans  
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee  
Half way home, we'll be there by morning  
Through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea  
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad  
dream  
And the steel rails still ain't heard the news  
The conductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain  
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues  
Good morning America how are you?  
See, 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

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