

City of New Orleans

Potluck Folk Singers

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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