

City of New Orleans

Arlo Guthrie

Riding on the City Of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Three Conductors; twenty-five sacks of mail
All along the southbound odyssey - the train pulls out of Kankakee
And rolls along past houses, farms, and fields
Passing trains that have no name, and freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted automobile
Good morning, America, how are you?
Say, 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 games with the old man in the Club Car
Penny a point - ain't no one keeping score
As the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor
And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of Engineers
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel
And, mothers with their babes asleep rocking to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel
Good morning, America, how are you?
Say, 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
Night time on the City Of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
Halfway 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 rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again - the passengers will please refrain
This train got the disappearing railroad blues
Good night, America, how are you?
Say, 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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