

City of New Orleans - a folk song written by Steve Goodman, 1971

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans – Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
15 cars, 15 restless riders, 3 conductors, 25 sacks of mail.

All along the southbound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee
And rolls along by houses, farms and fields.

Passing trains that have no name, freight yards full of old black men,
And graveyards of rusted automobiles.

CHORUS:

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.

Dealin' cards 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 fathers' magic
carpet made of steel.

Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat,
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

CHORUS

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness,
Rollin' down to the sea.

But all the towns and people seem to fade in-to a bad dream.
The steel rail still ain't hard the news.

The conductor sings his song again, passengers will please refrain.
This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues.

CHORUS:

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. REPEAT LAST LINE