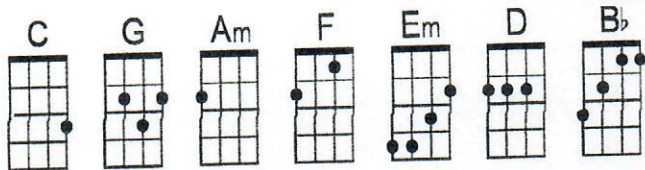


# City of New Orleans

by Steve Goodman



Riding on the City of New Orleans, Illinois Central, Monday morning rail.  
 There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders, the three con-duc-tors and twenty-five sacks of mail.  
 They're out on the southbound odyssey, as the train pulls out of Kankakee,  
 And rolls past the houses, farms and fields.  
 Passing towns that have no name, and freight yards full of old black men  
 And the graveyards of rusted automobiles.

**Chorus:** Singing Good morning, America, how are you?  
 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 day is done.

I was dealin' cards with the old men in the club car, penny a point, ain't no one keeping score  
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, feel the wheels grumbling 'neath the floor.  
 And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers,  
 Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steam *STEEL*  
 Mothers with their babes asleep, rocking to the gentle beat  
 And the rhythm of the rails is all they ~~dream~~ *FEEL*

## Chorus

It's night time on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.  
 Halfway home and we'll be there by morning, through the Mississippi darkness, rolling to the sea.  
 And 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 that song again, "It's passengers will please refrain,  
 This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues."

## Final Chorus x 2:

Good night, America, how are you? 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.