

## City Of New Orleans

Henson Cargill

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans Illinois Central Monday mornin  
g rail  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
Three conductors twenty-four sacks of mail  
All along the southbound odyssey the train rolls out of Kankake  
e  
Rolls along past houses farms and fields  
Passin' trains that have no names switchyards full of old black  
men  
Of graveyards full of rusted automobiles  
Good morning America how are you  
Said 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

Playin' card games with an old man on the club car  
Many a point no one's keepin' score  
Pass that paper bag that holds the bottle  
Feel the wheels a rumblin' neath the floor  
And the sons of poor men porters and the sons of engineers  
Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel  
Mothers with their babes asleep rockin' to that gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  
Good morning America how are you...

Well it's night time on the City of New Orleans  
Changin' cars in Memphis Tennessee  
Half way home I'll be there by morning  
Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea  
And 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 songs again the passengers will please  
refrain  
This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues  
Good night America how are you...