

# City of New Orleans

Lee Rocker

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  
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields  
Passin' trains that have no names  
Freight yards full of old black men  
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

Good morning America, how are you  
Well, 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

Sittin' playing poker 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  
Well, 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

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  
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 song again  
The passengers will please refrain  
This train's got the disappearing railway blues

Good morning America, how are you  
Well, 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

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