

CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

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 of Kankakee,
And rolls along the houses, farms and fields
Passing trains that have no name,
And freight yards full of old black men,
And graveyards of the rusted automobiles

**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 cards with the old men in the club cars
A penny a point, ain't no one keeping score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
And feel the wheels rumbling '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
Rocking 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, and 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
The steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again
The passengers will please refrain
This train's got the disappearing' railroad blues

chorus

C G C
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Am F C G
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail,
C G C
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Am G C
Three conductors, and twenty five sacks of mail

Am
All along the southbound odyssey,
Em
The train pulls out of Kankakee,
G D
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Am
Passing trains that have no name,
Em
And freight yards full of old black men,
G F C
And graveyards of the rusted automobiles

F G C
Good morning America, how are you?
Am F C G
Say don't you know me, I'm your native son
C G Am D7
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
F G
I'll be gone five hundred miles
C
when the day is done