

City of New Orleans

Arlo Guthrie

Riding on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
15 cars and 15 restless riders
3 conductors, 25 sacks of mail

All along the southbound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee
And rolls along past houses farms and fields
Passing trains that have no name, and freight yards full of old
black men
And the graveyards of the 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 500 miles when the day is done

Dealing card games, 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, rumblin' 'neath the floor

And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpets, made of steel
And 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
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 500 miles when the day is done

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
Halfway home, 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
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please
refrain
This train got the disappearing railroad blues

Good night 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 500 miles when the day is done