

# City Of New Orleans

Hank Snow

Riding on the City of New Orleans Illinois Central Monday mornin  
g rail  
Fisteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail  
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out of Kankake  
e  
And moves along past houses farms and fields  
Passing trains that have no name and freighyards full of old bl  
ack men  
And the graveyards full of rusted automobiles

Good morning America how are ya  
Say don't you know me I'm your native son  
I'm a train they call the City of New Orleans  
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

Dealing card games with an old man on the club car  
Many a point and no one keeping score  
Pass that paper bag that holds the bottle  
Feel the wheels a rumbling 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 rocking to that gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  
Good morning America...

Night time on the City of New Orleans changing cars in Memphis  
Tennessee  
Half way home and we'll get 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 rails still ain't heard the news  
The conductor sings his song again the passengers will please r  
efrain  
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues  
Good morning America...