

City Of New Orleans

Jerry Reed

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday mornin' rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail

All along the south-bound odyssey
The train pulls out of Kankakee
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Passin' towns that have no name

And freight yards full of old black men
And the grave-yards 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
Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car
Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score

Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels grumblin' '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 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 five-hundred miles when the day is done
Night time on the City of New Orleans
Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee

Halfway home, we'll be there by mornin'
Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' 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 refrain
This trains got the disapearin' 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 five-hundred miles when the day is done