

# City of New Orleans

John Denver

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans  
Illinois Central Monday mornin' rail  
There's fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
Three conductors and twentyfive sacks of mail

They're all on a southbound odyssey  
And the train pulls out of Kankakee  
Rollin' along past the houses, farms and fields  
Passin' towns that have no names  
And freightyards full of old grey men  
The grave yards of the rusted automobiles

Singin' good mornin' America, how are you?  
Sayin' 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.

I am dealin' cards with the old men in the club car.  
Penny a point, aint no one keepin' score  
Say won't you pass the paper bag that holds the bottle.  
And I'm feelin' the wheels a rumblin' through the floor.

And the sons of Pullman Porters and the sons of engineers  
Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel  
And their days are full of restless and their dreams are full of memo  
ries  
And the and the echos of the freight train whistle's clear

Singin' good mornin' America, how are you?  
Sayin' don't you know me I'm your native son.  
Yes, I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans  
I'll be gone 500 miles when they day is done.

But its twilight on the City of New Orleans.  
Talk about your pocket full of friends  
Half way home, and we'll be there by mornin'  
With no tomorrow waiting'round the bend

Singin' good night America, I love you,  
Sayin' 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.

Singin' good morning America, how are you?  
Sayin' 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.