

City of New Orleans

Johnny Cash

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday mornin' rail
15 cars and 15 restless riders
Three conductors, 24 sacks of mail

All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out of Kanknke
e
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Passin' graves that have no name, freight yards full of old bla
ck men
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles

R: Good mornin' America, how are you?
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

Dealin' cards 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
And 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, rockin' to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

R: Good mornin' America, how are you?...

Night time on the City of New Orleans
Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee
Halfway home, we'll be there by mornin'
Thru the Mississippi darkness rollin' 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 song again
The passengers will please refrain:
This train has got the disappearing railroad blues

R: Good mornin' America, how are you?...