

City of New Orleans

Willie Nelson

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 at Kankakee
and rolls along past houses farms and fields
Passin' trains that have no names
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
and I'll be gone five-hundred 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
feel the wheels grumblin' 'neath the floor

And the sons of Pullman porters
and the sons of engineers
ride their father's 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

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

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 rails still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again
the passengers will please refrain
this train has got the disappearin' railroad blues.

Good night 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