

# City of New Orleans

(Steve Goodman)

C

- 1) 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 southbound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee  
and rolls along the houses, farms and fields,  
passin' towns that have no name and freight yards full of old black men  
and the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

R. 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.

- 2) Dealin' card games with the old man in the club-car,  
Penny a point, no one's keepin' score.  
Pass the paper back that holds the bottle, feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.  
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers  
ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.  
Mothers sweep their babies to sleep, rocking on the gentle beat  
and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

- 3) Night time on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.  
Half way home and we'll be 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,  
the steel rail still ain't heard the news.  
The conductor sings his song again, the passengers will please refrain.  
This train got the disappearin' railroad blues.

R<sup>2</sup> Good night America, how are you? ...