

City of New Orleans

Riding on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
15 cars and 15 restless riders
Three conductors, 25 sacks of mail

All along the southbound odyssey
The train pulls out of Kankakee
Rolls along past houses, farms, and fields
Passing trains that have no name
An' freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

**Good morning, America, how are ya?
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 500 miles when the day is done**

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor

And the sons of Pullman porters
And the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep
Are rockin' to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

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Solo

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
Halfway home, 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
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again
The passengers will please refrain
This train got the disappearing railroad blues

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**Good morning, America, how are ya?
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I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done

I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done