

City of New Orleans [D] Guthrie

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Thanks to Terry Cowen

Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
All a-long the southbound odyssey, the train pulls out at Kankanee
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
Passin' trains that have no names, freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted automo-biles

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.

Dealin' card games 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 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 with their babes asleep, are 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,
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennes--see.
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
And the steel rails still ain't heard the news,
The con-(Em)-ductor sings the songs again, the passengers will please refrain
This train got the disappearing 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.