

# Arlo Guthrie, The City Of New Orleans

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 along the southbound odyssey  
The train pulls out at Kankakee  
And rolls along past houses, farms and fields  
Passing trains that have no name  
And freight yards full of old black men  
And the graveyards 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  
I'll be gone five hundred 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  
And 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

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans  
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee  
Half way 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

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