

# Guthrie Arlo, City Of New Orleans

Riding on the City Of New Orleans  
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
Three Conductors; twenty-five sacks of mail  
All along the southbound odyssey - the train pulls out of 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 automobile

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 man 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 father's magic carpets made of steel  
And, mothers with their babes asleep rocking 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 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

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