

Hank Snow, 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 of Kankakee
And moves along past houses farms and fields
Passing trains that have no name and freighyards full of old black men
And the graveyards full of rusted automobiles

Good morning America how are ya
Say don't you know me I'm your native son
I'm a train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done

Dealing card games with an old man on the club car
Many a point and no one keeping score
Pass that paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels a rumbling neath the floor
And the sons of poor men porters and the sons of engineers
Ride their father's magic carpet made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep rocking to that gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel
Good morning America...

Night time on the City of New Orleans changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
Half way home and we'll get 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 conductor sings his song again the passengers will please refrain
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues
Good morning America...