

Henson Cargill, City Of New Orleans

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans Illinois Central Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Three conductors twenty-four sacks of mail
All along the southbound odyssey the train rolls out of Kankakee
Rolls along past houses farms and fields
Passin' trains that have no names switchyards full of old black men
Of graveyards full of rusted automobiles
Good morning America how are you
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 five hundred miles when the day is done

Playin' card games with an old man on the club car
Many a point no one's keepin' score
Pass that paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels a rumblin' 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 rockin' to that gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel
Good morning America how are you...

Well it's night time on the City of New Orleans
Changin' cars in Memphis Tennessee
Half way home I'll be there by morning
Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea
And 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 songs again the passengers will please refrain
This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues
Good night America how are you...