

David Hasselhoff

"City Of New Orleans"

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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

Their out on the southbound odyssey
The train pulls out of Kankakee
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Passin' towns that have no names
Freightyards full of old grey men
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

Singing good morning America, how are you?
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 with the old men in the club car
Penny a point, aint't no one keepin score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels rumblin 'neath the floor

And the sons of the pullman porters
And the sons of the engineers
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel

And the days are full of restless
And the dreams are full of memories

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Singing good morning America, how are you?
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 before the day is done

Well, its twilight on the city of New Orleans
Talk about your pocketful of friends
Half way home and we'll be there by mornin'
No tomorrow waitin' round the bend

Singing good morning America, how are you?

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 before the day is done

Singing good night America, how are you?
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 before the day is done

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