

Guster

"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; 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

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