

## **Guthrie Arlo**

### **"The City of New Orleans"**

Visit "[The City of New Orleans](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

by Steve Goodman

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 at Kankakee  
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields.  
Passin' trains that have no names,  
Freight yards full of old black men  
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

#### CHORUS:

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 games with the old men in the club car.  
Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.  
And the sons of pullman porters  
And the sons of engineers  
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.  
Mothers with their babes asleep,  
Are rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

#### CHORUS

Nighttime on The City of New Orleans,  
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.  
Half way home, we'll be there by morning  
Through the Mississippi darkness  
Rolling 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 song again,

The passengers will please refrain  
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

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 when the day is done.

Visit [Guthrie Arlo](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.