## Hank Snow "City Of New Orleans"

Visit "City Of New Orleans" on MotoLyrics.com

Riding on the City of New Orleans Illinois Central Monday morning rail Fisteen 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 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.

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 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...

Visit <u>Hank Snow</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.