

# Johnny Cash

## "City Of New Orleans"

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Ridin' on the City of New Orleans  
Illinois Central, Monday mornin' rail  
15 cars & 15 restless riders  
Three conductors and 24 sacks of mail

All along the southbound odyssey the train rolls out of  
Kankakee  
and moves along past houses, farms & fields  
Passin' trains that have no name, and switch yards full  
of old black men,  
And graveyards of rusted automobiles

Chorus:  
Good mornin' America, how are you?  
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 500 miles when the day is done

Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car  
Penny a point, and nobody's keepin' score  
Hey now pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
And feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor

And the sons of Pullman porters & the sons of  
engineers

Ride their daddys' magic carpet made of steel  
Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle  
beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Repeat Chorus

Night time on the City of New Orleans  
Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee  
Halfway home, we'll be there by mornin'  
Thru the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea

And all the towns & people seem to fade into a bad  
dream  
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news  
The conductor sings his song again

"The passengers will please refrain:  
This train has got the disappearin' railroad blues"

Repeat Chorus

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