

Lynn Anderson

"City of New Orleans"

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(Steve Goodman)

Ridin' 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 of
Kankakee
Rolls along past houses farms and fields
Passin' trains that have no names and switchyards full
of old black men
Of graveyards full of the rusted automobiles.

Good mornin' America how are ye
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.

I see old men playing poker in a club car
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score
They pass that paper bag that holds the bottle
And feel the wheels a rumbling neath the floor.

And the sons of poor men porters and the sons of
engineers
Ride their fathers magic carpet made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep are rocking to that
gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

Good mornin' America how are ye
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
Half way home and 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 rails still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again the passengers
will please refrain
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

Oh, good night America how are ye
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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