

## **Me First and the Gimme Gimmes**

### **"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 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' cards 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 carpet made of steam  
Mothers with their babes asleep  
Are rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

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

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

Final Chorus

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

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