

## **Roch Voisine**

# **"City Of New Orleans"**

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Ridin' on The City of New Orleans  
Illinois Central Monday morning rail  
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders  
Two conductors and a-twenty-five sacks a' mail  
All along the southbound odyssey  
The train pulls out at Kankakee  
And moves on along past houses, farms and fields  
Passin' trains what ain't got no names  
Switch yards full a' old black men  
And the graveyards full of them rusted automobiles

[Chorus]

Good mornin' America, how are ya?  
Well, a don'tcha know me? I'm your native son  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  
done

A-dealin' cards with an old man down in the club car  
Just a penny a point ain't a-nobody keepin' score  
Say won't you pass that there paper bag that's a-  
wrappin' the bottle  
Feel them wheels rumblin' under that floor  
And the sons of Pullman porters  
And the sons of engineers  
Ride their daddy's magical carpet made out of steel  
Mamas with their babies asleepin'  
Are rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rockin' rails is all they feel

[Chorus]

Good mornin' America, how are ya?  
Well, a don'tcha know me? I'm your native son  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  
done

Night-time on The City of New Orleans  
A-changin' cars a-down in Memphis, Tennessee  
Well, a half way home, and a we gonna be there by  
mornin'  
Through the Mississippi darkness

Rollin' down to that sea  
Now all a' them towns and all the people seem  
To fade away into a bad ol' dream  
But the steel rail, well he still ain't heard that news  
Conductor's a-singin' that song again  
Sayin' "Passengers will please refrain  
"This train done got the disappearin' railroad blues"

[Chorus]

Good night America, how are ya?  
Well, a don'tcha know me? I'm your native son  
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans  
And I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is  
done

[Fade out]

Mamas with their babies asleepin'  
Are rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rockin' rails is all they feel

Mamas with their babies asleepin'  
Are rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rockin' rails is all they feel

Yeah.

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