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## Goodman Steve "City New Orleans"

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The City of New Orleans

from the Steve Goodman LP "Steve Goodman"

The City of New Orleans.

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans

Illinois Central, Monday mornin' rail;

Fourteen cars and fourteen restless riders,

Three conductors, twenty five sacks of mail.

All along the southbound odyssey, the train rolls out of Kankakee

Ridin' past the houses, farms and fields,

Passin' trains that have no names, freight yards full of old black men,

The graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

Good mornin' America, how are you?

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 'fore the day is done.

Dealin' card games 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 a-rumblin' 'neath the floor.

And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of

## engineers

Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel;

Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat,

And the rythm of the rails is all they feel.

Good day, America, how are you?

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 'fore the day is done.

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans,

Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee.

Halfway home, we'll be there 'fore mornin',

Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea.

And all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream,

And the steel wheels still ain't heard the news,

The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain,

This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues.

Good night, America, how are you?

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'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Transcribed by Desmond P. O'Donoghue, 8614903@ul.ie

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