

CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

V. 1

RIDIN' ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

ILLINOIS CENTRAL, MONDAY MORNIN' RAIL

THERE ARE FIFTEEN CARS AND FIFTEEN RESTLESS RIDERS

THREE CONDUCTORS AND TWENTY-FIVE SACKS OF MAIL

THEY'RE ALL OUT ON THE SOUTHBOUND ODYSSEY,

THE TRAIN PULLS OUT OF KANKAKEE,

ROLLS PAST HOUSES, MOUNTAINS FARMS AND FIELDS

PASSIN' TOWNS THAT HAVE NO NAME

FREIGHT YARDS FULL OF OLD BLACK MEN

AND THE GRAVEYARDS OF RUSTED AUTOMOBILES, SINGIN'

CHORUS:

GOOD MORNIN' AMERICA HOW ARE YA?

SAY DON'T YA 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

V.2

I WAS DEALIN' CARDS WITH THE OLD MEN IN THE CLUB CAR

PENNY A POINT, AIN'T NO ONE KEEPIN' SCORE

WON'T YOU PASS THE PAPER BAG THAT HOLDS THE BOTTLE

YOU CAN FEEL THE WHEELS GRUMBLIN' THROUGH THE FLOOR

AND THE SONS OF COLEMEN PORTERS,

AND THE SONS OF ENGINEERS

RIDE THEIR FATHERS MAGIC CARPET MADE OF STEAM

MOTHERS WITH THEIR BABES ASLEEP

GO ROCKIN' TO THE GENTLE BEAT

AND THE RHYTHM OF THE RAILS IS ALL THEY DREAM

JUST A SINGIN' (CHORUS)

V.3

NIGHT TIME ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

CHANGIN' CARS IN MEMPHIS TENNESSEE

HALF WAY HOME, WE'LL BE THERE BY MORNIN'

THROUGH THE MISSISSIPPI DARKNESS ROLLIN' DOWN TO THE SEA

AND ALL THE TOWNS AND PEOPLE SEEM

TO FADE INTO A BAD DREAM

THE OLD STEEL RAIL, IT STILL AIN'T HEARD THE NEWS

THE CONDUCTOR SINGS HIS SONG AGAIN,

THE PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REFRAIN

THIS TRAIN'S GOT THE DISAPPEARIN' RAILROAD BLUES

(CHORUS, B/W "GOOD NIGHT AMERICA, HOW ARE YA?"

