**1) 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 of Kankakee**

**And rolls along past houses, farms and fields - passing trains that have no name**

**And freight yards full of old black men - and graveyards of the rusted automobiles.**

**CHORUS**

**Good morning 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.**

**2) Dealing cards with the old men in the club cars - a penny a point, ain’t no-one keeping**

 **score**

**Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle - and feels the wheels rumbling ‘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**

**Rocking to the gentle beat - and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.**

**CHORUS**

**Good morning 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.**

 **3) Nighttime on the City of New Orleans - changing cars in Memphis, Tennesee**

**Halfway home, and we’ll be there by morning - through the Misissippi darkness rolling**

**own to the sea.**

**But all the towns and people seem - to fade into a bad dream**

**The steel rail still ain’t heard the news - the conductor sings his songs again**

**The passengers will please refrain - this train has got the disappearing’ railroad blues.**

**CHORUS**

**Good morning 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.**