Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Illinois Central, rail.
cars and fifteen restless riders,
three conductors and twenty-five sacks of
All the southbound Odyssey,
the pulls out of Kankakee,
rolling along past houses, and and
Passin' towns that have,
freight yards full of old black,
and the graveyards of the automobiles.
Good morning, America. How are you?
Don't you me, I'm your native son.
I'm the train they the City of New Orleans
and I'll be five hundred miles when the day is done.
Dealing card with the old men in the club car
Penny a point, no keeping score.
Pass the paper bag, that holds the
You can feel the, rumbling 'neath the floor.
And the of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
Ride their Father's magic carpet made of,
sing their babes to sleep
rocking to the beat
and the rhythm of the rails is all they
Good morning, America
Night time on the City of New Orleans,
cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
Half way and we'll be there by morning,
through the Mississippi rolling down to the sea.
But all the and people seem
to fade into a bad,
the steel rail still ain't heard the
The conductor sings his song,
the will please refrain.
train's got the disappearing railroad blues.
Good night, America



The *City of New Orleans* is a nightly passenger train. Operated by *Amtrak*, it travels 926 miles between Chicago, Illinois and New Orleans, Louisiana.

Before Amtrak's beginnings in 1971, the train was operated by the *Illinois Central Railroad*.

riding on the train go by train Illinois Central (railroad line) two iron bars with rail wooden supports mail post along with forward motion southbound direction south Odyssey very long trip past following freight cargo graveyard cemetery oxydation rust native born in the country deal cards distribution of cards rumble grumble, sound beneath under magic carpet flying carpet rock swing soft, sweet, kind gentle rhythmic unit beat change cars replace wagon fade lose sound or colour ain't haven't, isn't etc. refrain melody disappear pass, go away