

018. City Of New Orleans Arlo Guthrie (Steve Goodmann)

Vers

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 south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee
rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Passing towns that have no name, freight yards full of old black men
and the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

Refr

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.

Vers

Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Penny a point and no one keeping score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle, feel the wheels grumblin' neath the floor
And the sons of Pullman porter and the sons of engineers
ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel
Mothers with their babies asleep are rockin' to the gentle beat
and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

Refr

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.

Vers

Nighttime on the City of New Orleans, changing cars in Memphis Tennessee
Halfway home and we'll be there by morning
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
and the steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

Refr

..... Instrumental

I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Tonartwechsel

Refr

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.

Schluss