

# City of New Orleans

## The Highwaymen

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans  
Illinois Central, Monday mornin' rail  
15 cars and 15 restless riders  
Three conductors, 25 sacks of mail  
All along the southbound odyssey the train pulls out of  
Kankakee  
Rolls along past houses, farms & fields  
Passin' graves that have no name, freight yards full of old black men  
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles  
Good mornin' America, how are you?  
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 500 miles when the day is done  
Dealin' cards 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  
And feel the wheels grumblin' neath the floor  
And the sons of Pullman porters & the sons of  
engineers  
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel  
Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel  
Night time on the City of New Orleans  
Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee  
Halfway home, we'll be there by mornin'  
Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' down to the sea  
But all the towns & people seem to fade into a bad dream  
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news  
The conductor sings his song again  
"The passengers will please refrain,  
This train has got the disappearin' railroad blues

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>