

Refrain:

grave-yards of rust-ed au-to- mo- biles, sing-ing Good morn- ing A-

me- ri- ca, how are you? Don't you know me, I'm your na- tive son

I'm the train they call — the "Cit- y — of New Or- leans"

and I'll be gone five-hund-red miles when the day is done.

2. Dealin' cards to the old men in the club car
 Penny a point and no one's keepin' score
 Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
 You can feel the wheels grumblin' 'neath the floor.

The sons of Pullman porters
 And the sons of engineers
 Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steam
 And mothers with their babes asleep
 Are rockin' to the gentle beat
 The rhythm of the rails is all they dream.

Singing:
 Refrain:

3. Nighttime on the City of New Orelans
 Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
 Halfway home and we'll be there by morning
 Through the Mississippi darkness rollin' to the sea.

But all the towns and people seem
 To fade into a bad dream
 The steel rail hasn't heard the news
 The conductor sings his song again,
 Its passengers will please refrain
 This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues.

Singing:
 Good night . . .