

City of New Orleans

<http://www.8notes.com/scores/3919.asp>



Ri- ding on the Ci- ty of New Or- leans, Illi- nois Cen- tral Mon- day mor- ning rail,



Fif- teen cars and fif- teen rest- less ri- ders, Three con- duc- tors twen- ty five sacks of



mail. All a- long the south- bound Od- ys- sey the train pulls out of Kan- ka- kee and



rolls a- long the hou- ses farms and fields; Pas- sing towns that had no names and



freight yards full of old black men and the grave- yards of the rus- ted au- to- mo- biles.



Good mor- nong A- me- ri- ca how are you, Say don't you know me,



I'm your na- tive son, I'm the train they call the Ci- ty of New Or- leans,



I'll be gone five hun- dred miles when the day is done.