

And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel
Mothers while their babies sleep, rockin' to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

Good morning, America, how are you?
Don't you know me, I'm your native son?
I'm a train they call the City Of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

Nighttime on the City Of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
Halfway home, we'll be there by the mornin'
Through the Mississippi darkness, rolling down to the sea
And 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

Goodnight, America, how are you?
Don't you know me, I'm your native son?
I'm a train they call the City Of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.