

City of New Orleans

MP3 – C-Dur

Arlo Guthrie

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 at Kankakee
and rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
Passing trains that have no names,
freight yards, full of old black men
and the grave-yards of the rusted automobiles.

*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.*

< 1 x optakt! >

Dealing cards with the old men in the club car.
A Penny a point ain't no one keeping score.
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle,
feel the wheels grumbling 'neath the floor.
And the sons of Pullman porters, and the sons of engineers,
ride their father's magic carpet, made of steel.
Mothers with their babies asleep, rocking to the gentle beat
and the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

Good morning America, how are you?

<Mellemspil – lige over!>

Night-time on the City of New Orleans.
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.
Halfway home, 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 rails still ain't heard the news.
The conductor sings his songs again:
“The passengers will please refrain.”
This train has got to disappear into railroad blues.

Good night America, how are you?