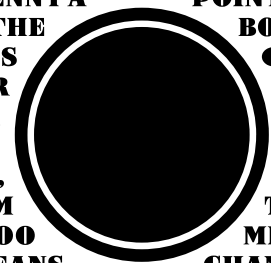


The City of New Orleans

RIDING ON THE CITY OF

NEW ORLEANS ILLINOIS CENTRAL,
MONDAY MORNING RAIL 15 CARS AND
15 RESTLESS RIDERS THREE CONDUCTORS
AND 25 SACKS OF MAIL ALL ALONG THE SOUTH-
THE TRAIN PULLS OUT AT KANKAKEE ROLLS ALONG PAST HOUSES, FARMS, AND
FIELDS PASSING TRAINS THAT HAVE NO NAMES FREIGHT YARDS FULL OF OLD BLACK
MEN AND THE GRAVEYARDS 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 500 MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE DEALIN'
CARD GAMES WITH THE OLD MEN IN THE CLUB CAR PENNY A
KEEPIN' SCORE PASS THE PAPER BAG THAT HOLDS THE
WHEELS RUMBLIN' 'NEATH THE FLOOR AND THE SONS
PORTERS AND THE SONS OF ENGINEERS RIDE THEIR
CARPETS MADE OF STEEL MOTHERS WITH THEIR
ARE ROCKIN' TO THE GENTLE BEAT AND THE RHYTHM
IS ALL THEY FEEL GOOD MORNING, AMERICA,
SAY, DON'T YOU KNOW ME? I'M YOUR NATIVE SON I'M
CALL THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS I'LL BE GONE 500
DAY IS DONE NIGHTTIME ON THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE HALFWAY HOME AND 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 RAIL STILL AIN'T HEARD
THE NEWS THE CONDUCTOR SINGS HIS SONGS AGAIN THE PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE
REFRAIN THIS TRAIN GOT THE DISAPPEARING RAILROAD BLUES GOOD NIGHT,
AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU? SAY, DON'T YOU
NATIVE SON I'M THE TRAIN THEY CALL
OF NEW ORLEANS I'LL BE GONE 500
MILES WHEN THE DAY IS DONE

BOUND ODYSSEY



POINT AIN'T NO ONE
BOTTLE FEEL THE
OF PULLMAN
FATHER'S MAGIC
BABES ASLEEP
OF THE RAILS
HOW ARE YOU?
THE TRAIN THEY
MILES WHEN THE
CHANGING CARS IN
KNOW ME? I'M YOUR
THE CITY

