

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 suns of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
 ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel
 and mothers with their babes asleep are rockin' to the
 gentle beat and the rythm of the rails is all they feel.

3. Nighttime on the City of New Orleans
 changing cars in Memphis, Tennes-see,
 halfway home and we'll be there by morning
 through the Mississippi darkness rolling to the sea.
 But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream.
 The steel rail still ain't heard the news
 the conductors sings his songs again, the passengers will
 please refrain. This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues.

