

City Of New Orleans

D **A** **D**
Riding on the City of New Orleans,
Bm **G** **D** **A7**
Illinois Central Monday morning rail
D **A** **D**
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders,
Bm **A** **D**
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
Bm
All along the southbound odyssey
F#m
The train pulls out at Kankakee
A **E**
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields.
Bm
Passin' trains that have nonames,
F#m
Freight yards full of old black men
A **G** **D**
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

G **A** **D**
Good morning America how are you?
Bm **G** **D**
Don't you know me I'm your native son,
A7 **D** **A** **Bm** **E7**
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,

C G A D
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

D A D
Dealin' card games with the old men in the club car.

Bm G D A7
Penny a point ain't no one keepin' score.

D A D
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle

Bm A D
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor.

Bm
And the sons of pullman porters

F#m
And the sons of engineers

A E
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel.

Bm
Mothers with their babes asleep,

F#m
Are rockin' to the gentle beat

A G D
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

G A D
Good morning America how are you?

Bm G D
Don't you know me I'm your native son,

A7 D A Bm E7
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,

C G A D
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.

D A D
Nighttime on The City of New Orleans,
Bm G D A7
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee.

D A D
Half way home, we'll be there by morning
Bm A D
Thru the Mississippi darkness rollin down to the sea.

Bm
And all the towns and people seem
F#m
To fade into a bad dream _

A E
And the steel rails still ain't heard the news.

Bm
The conductor sings his song again,
F#m

The passengers will please refrain
A G D
This train's got the disappearing railroad blues.

G A D
Good night, America, how are you?
Bm G D
Don't you know me I'm your native son,

A7 **D** **A** **Bm** **E7**
I'm the train they call The City of New Orleans,
 C **G** **A** **D**
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done